

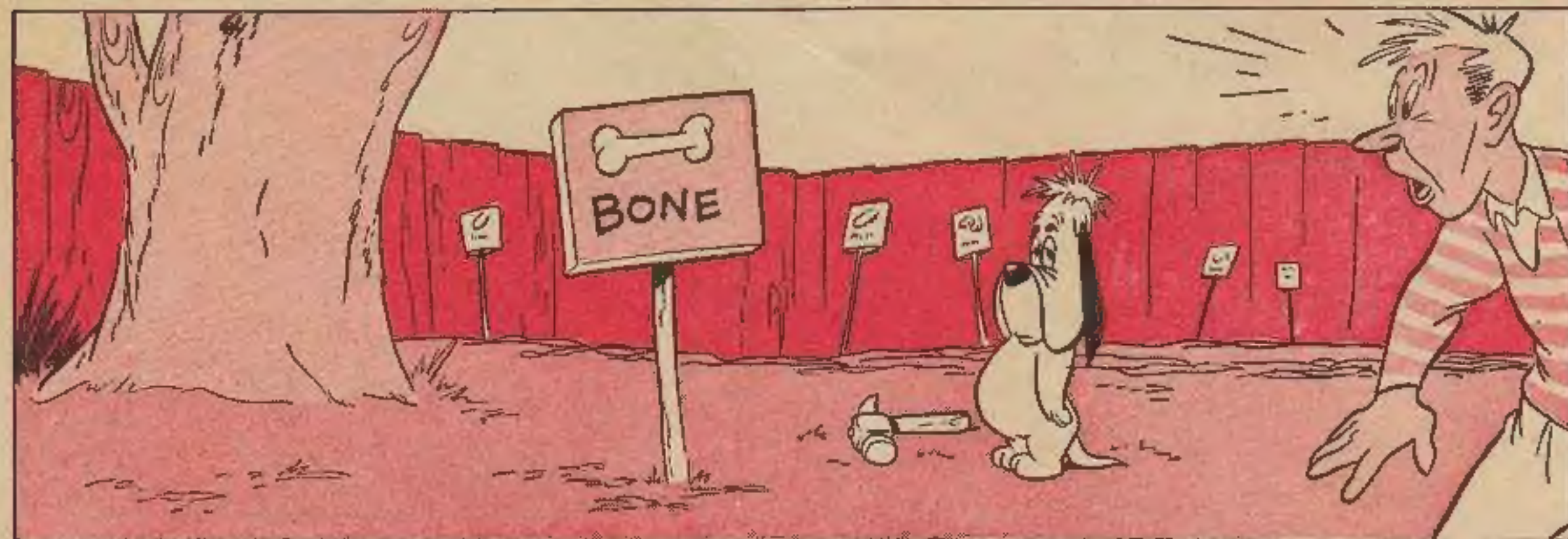
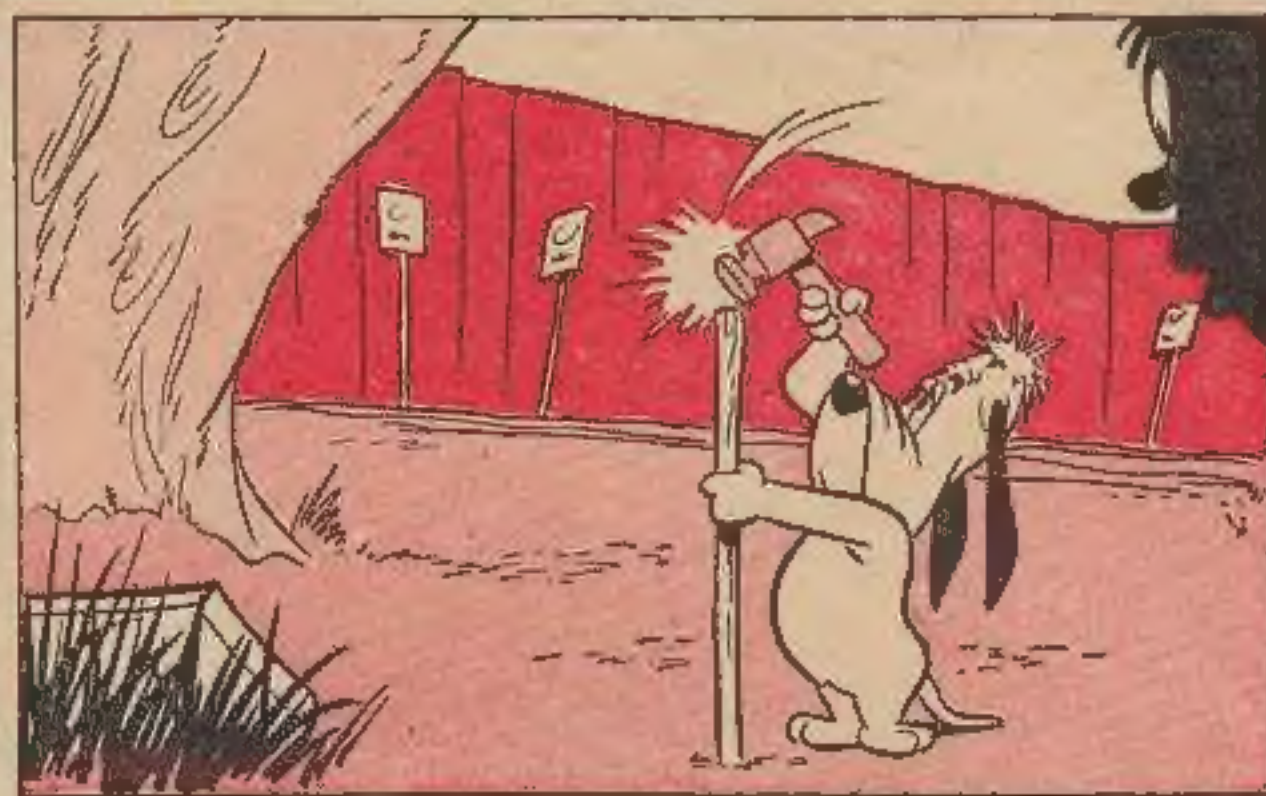
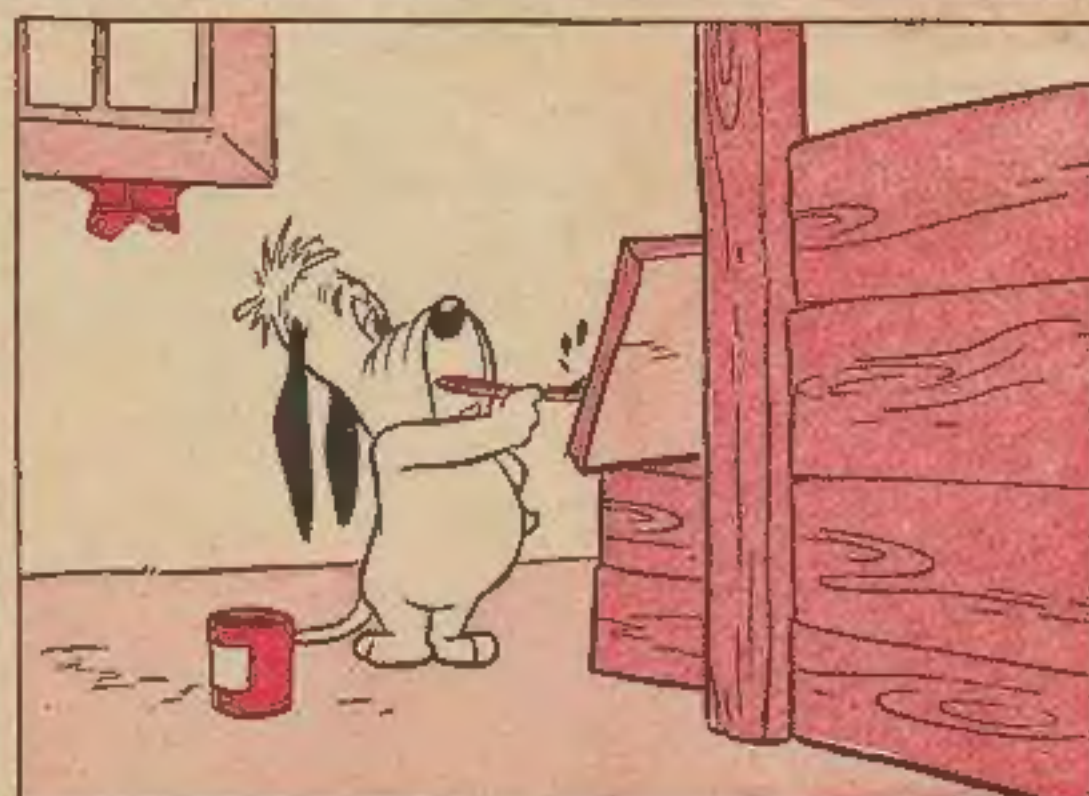
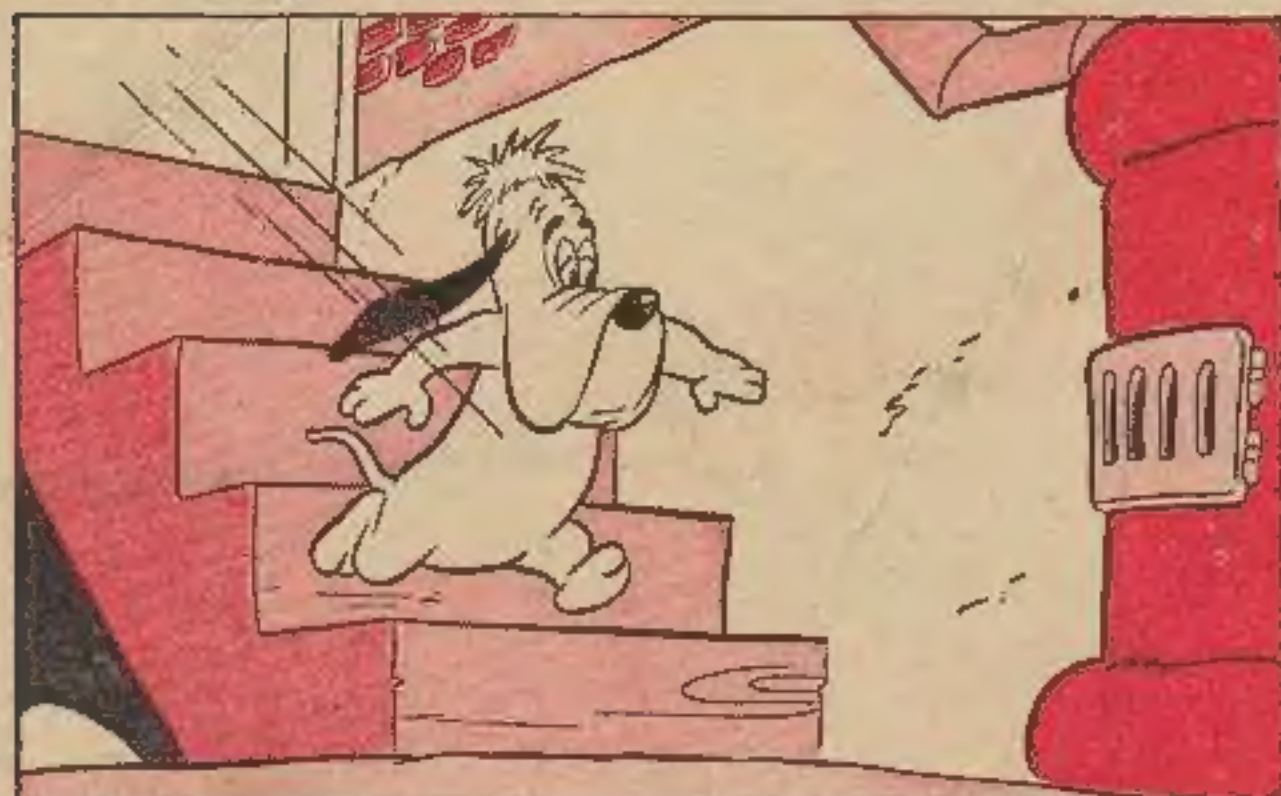
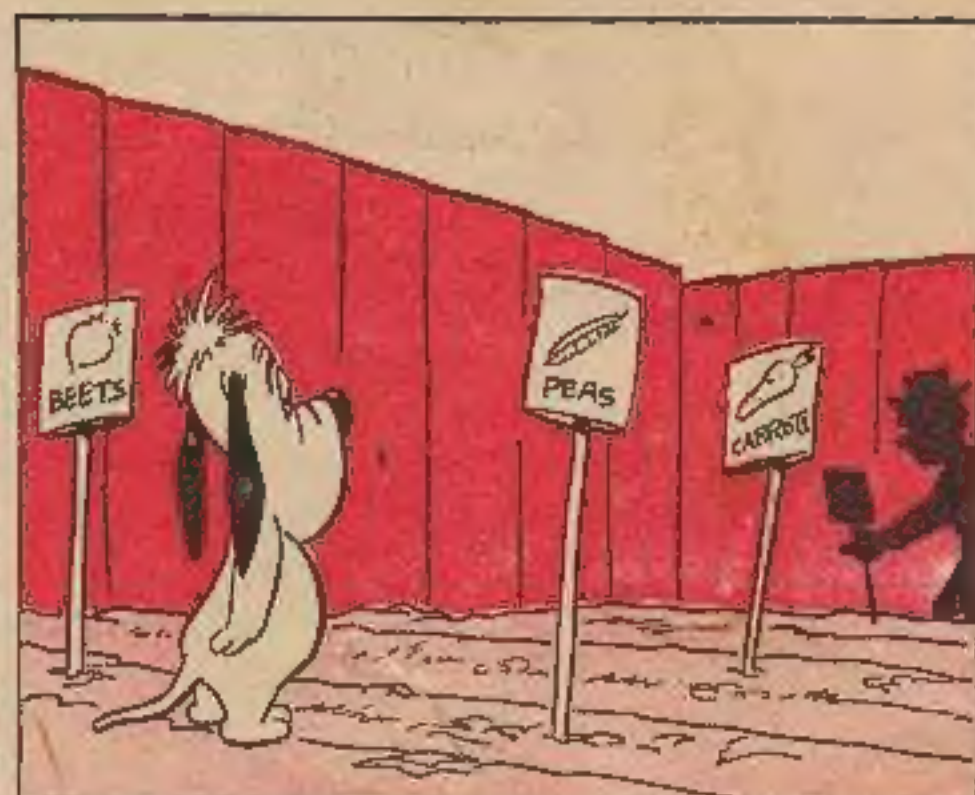
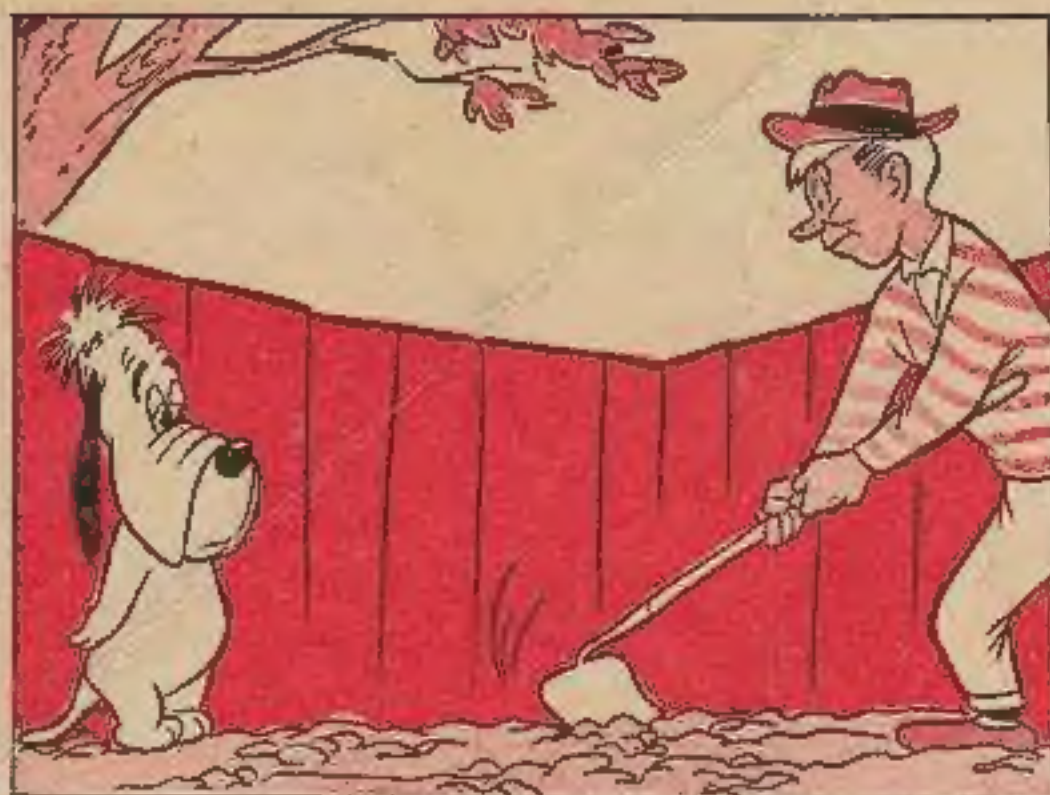
# Tom & Jerry COMICS

10¢



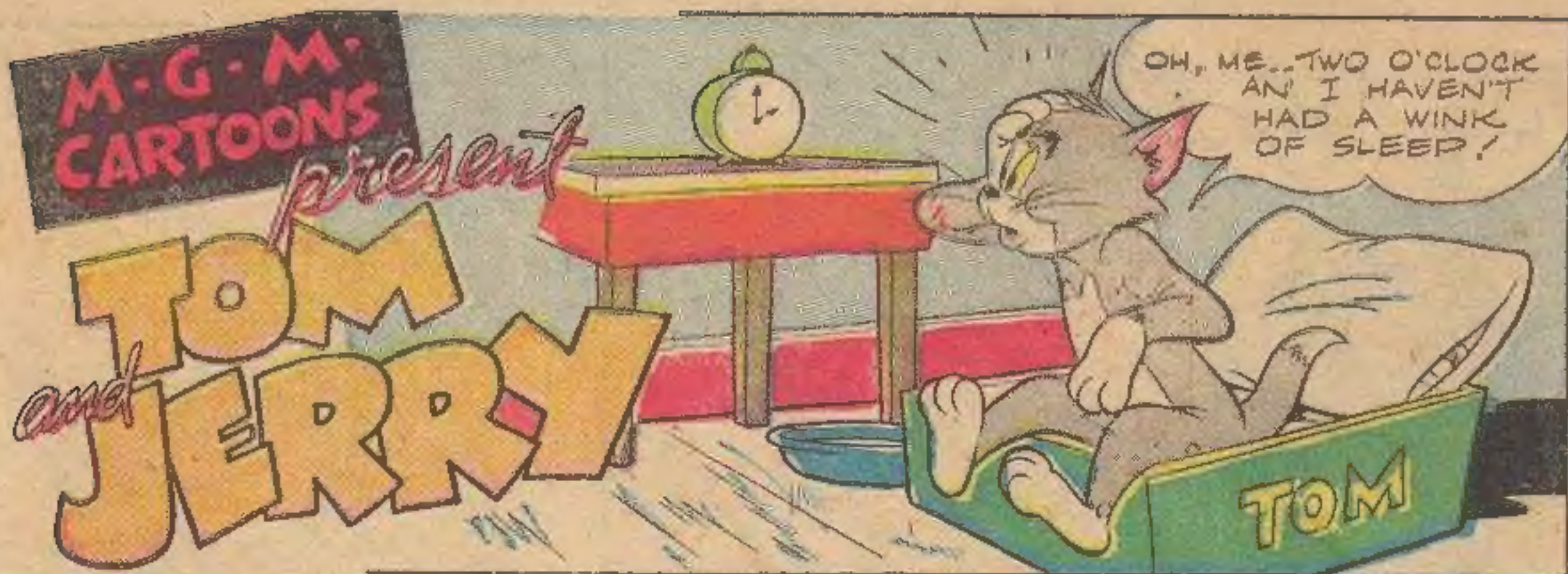


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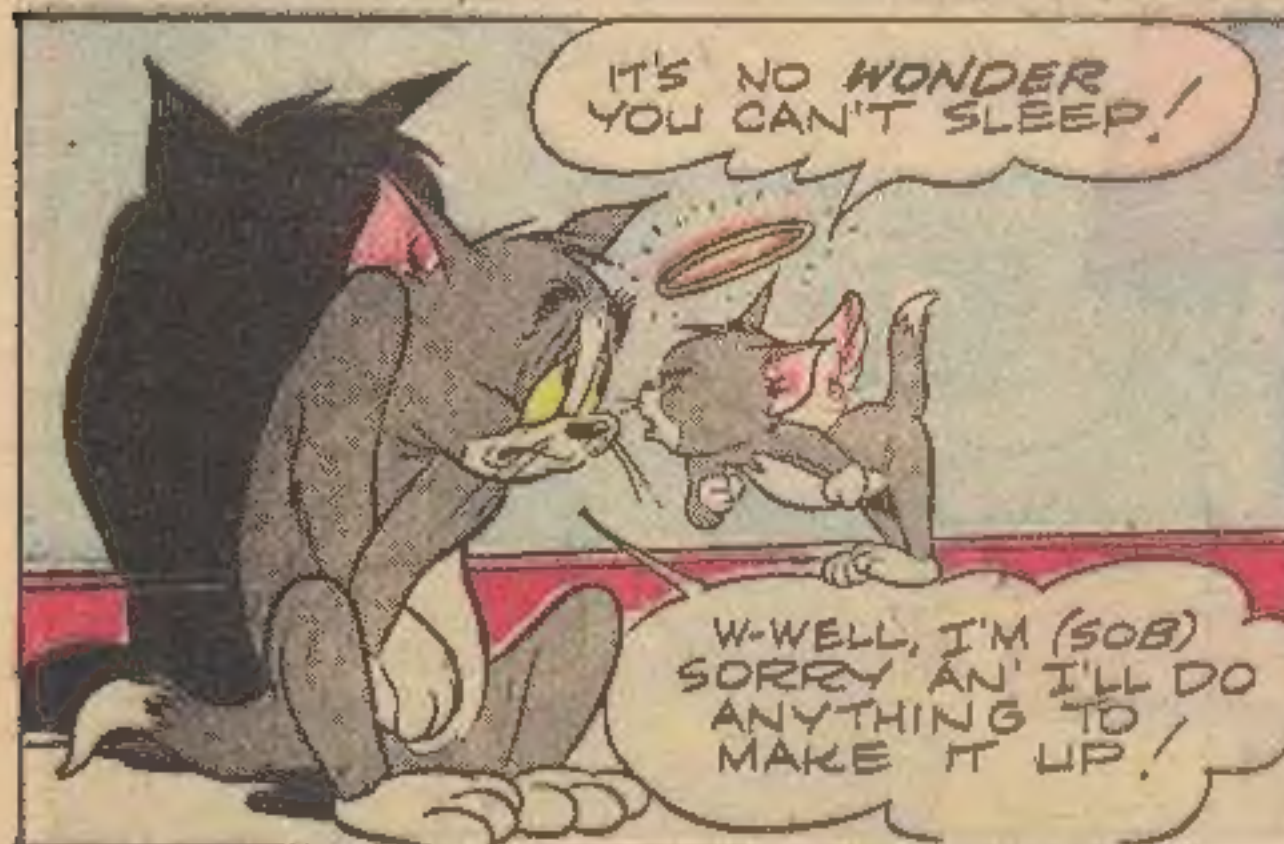
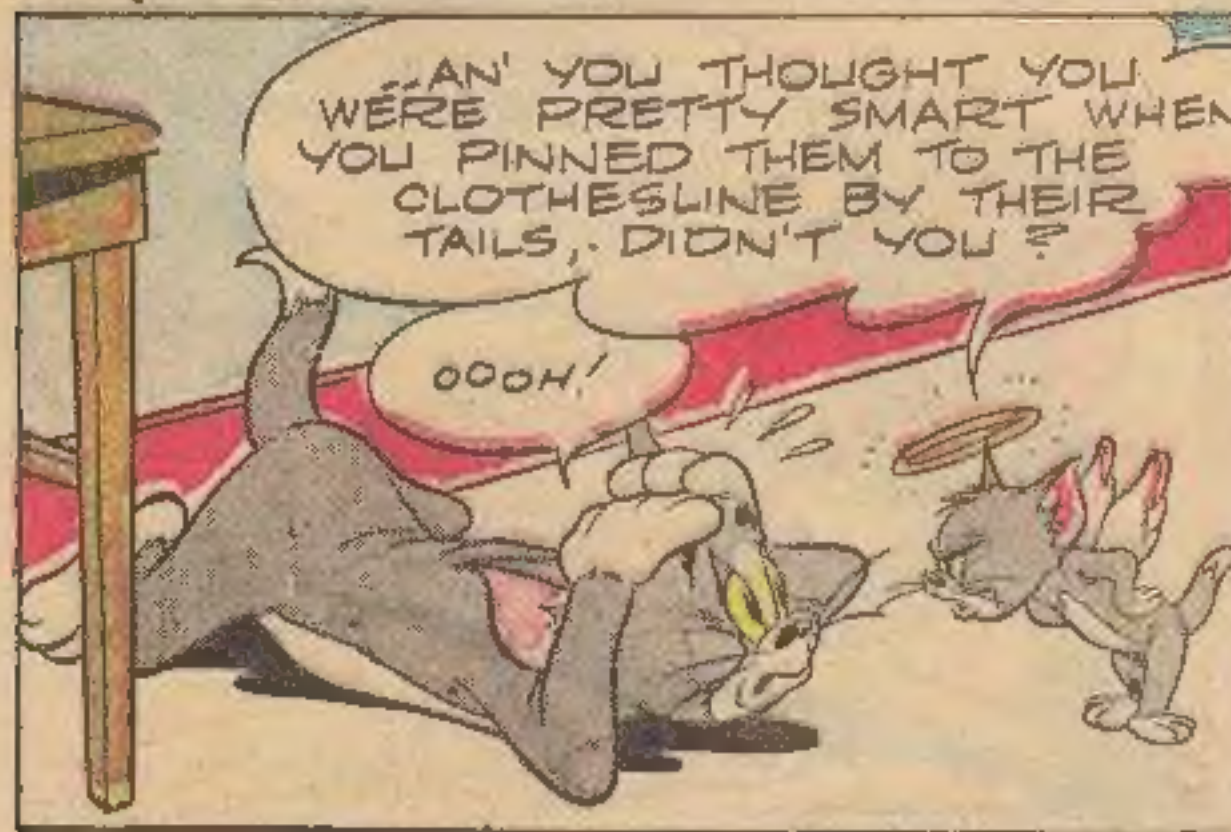
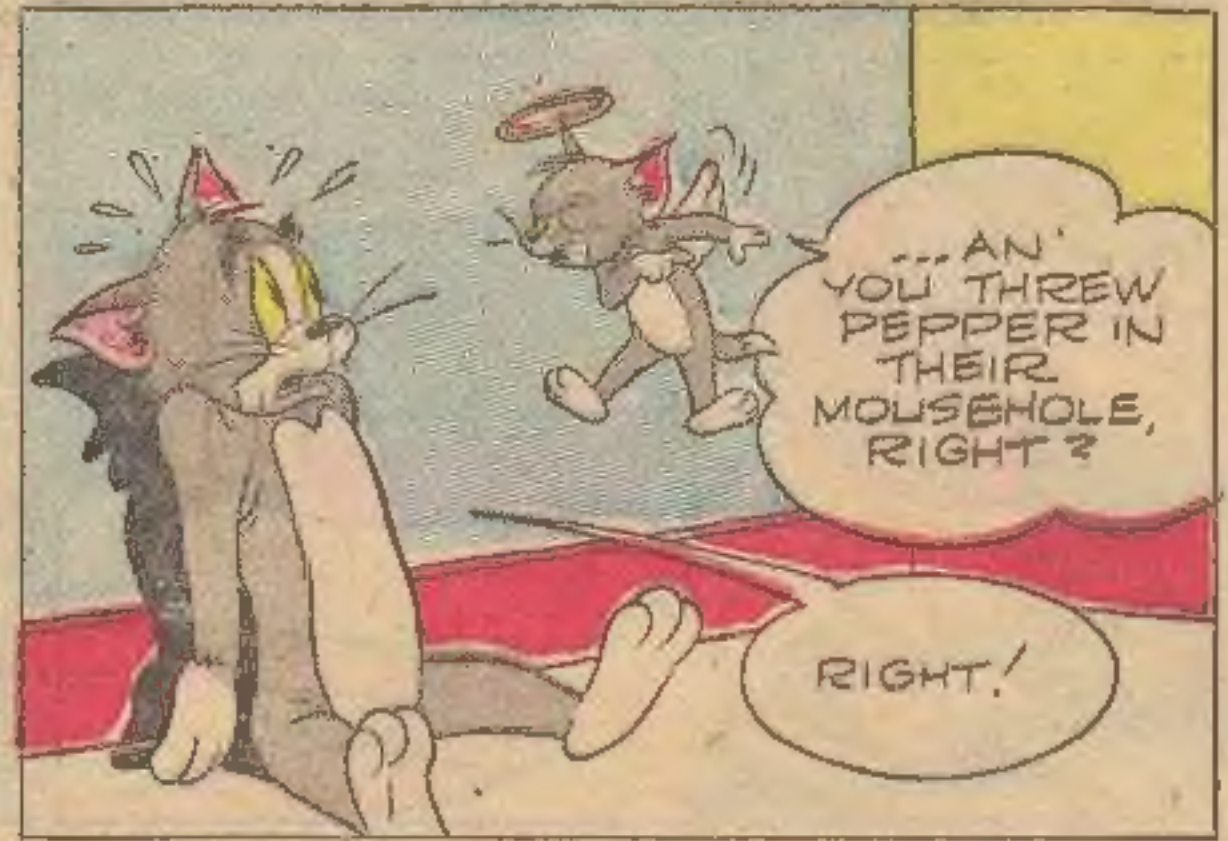
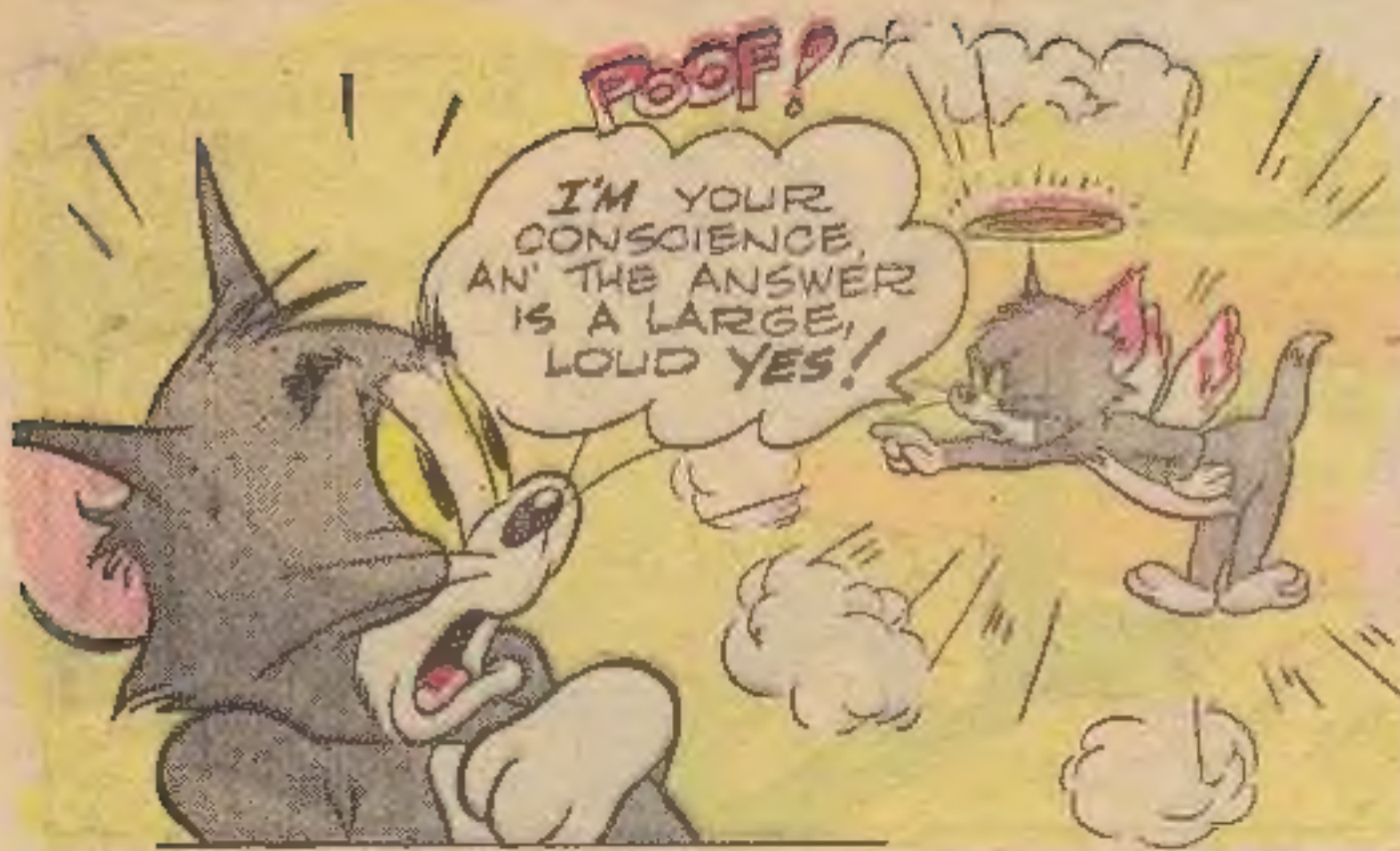


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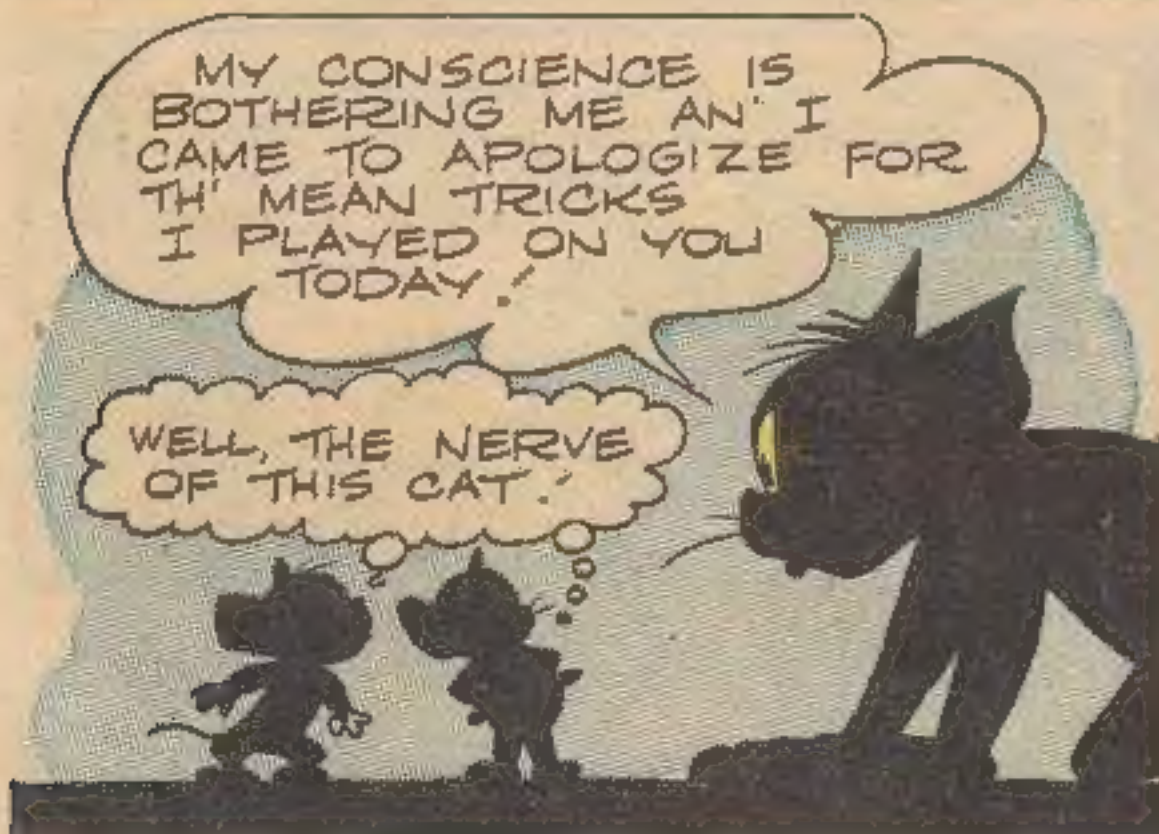
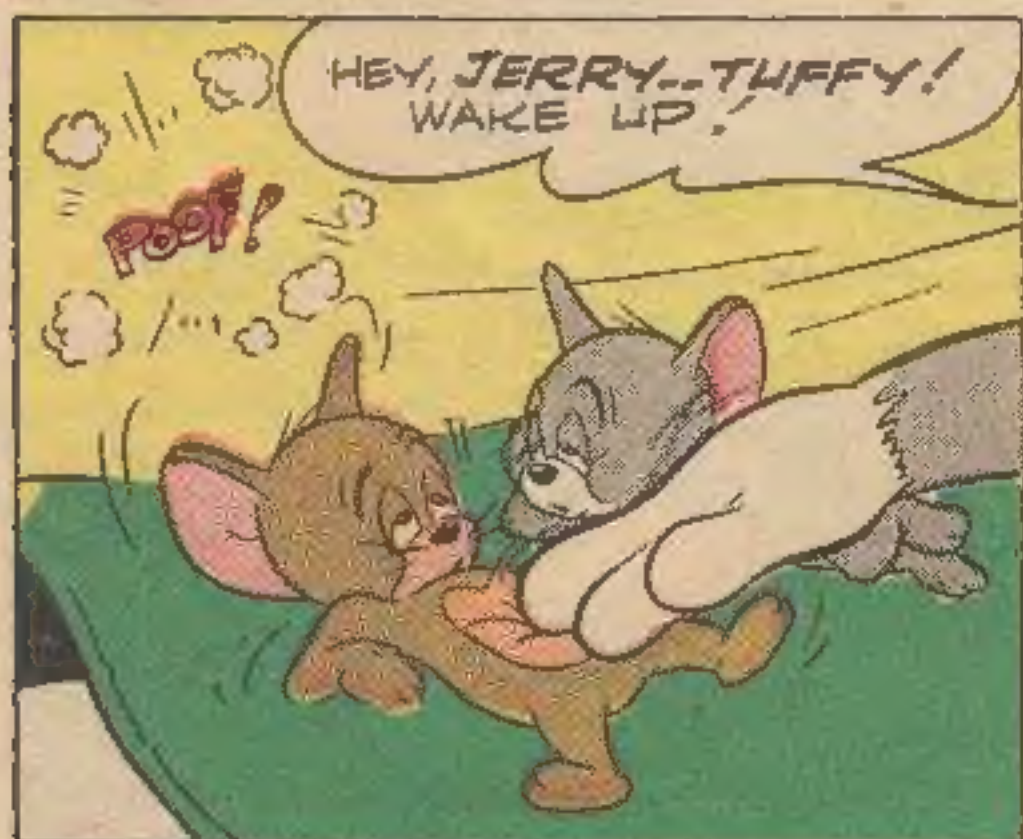




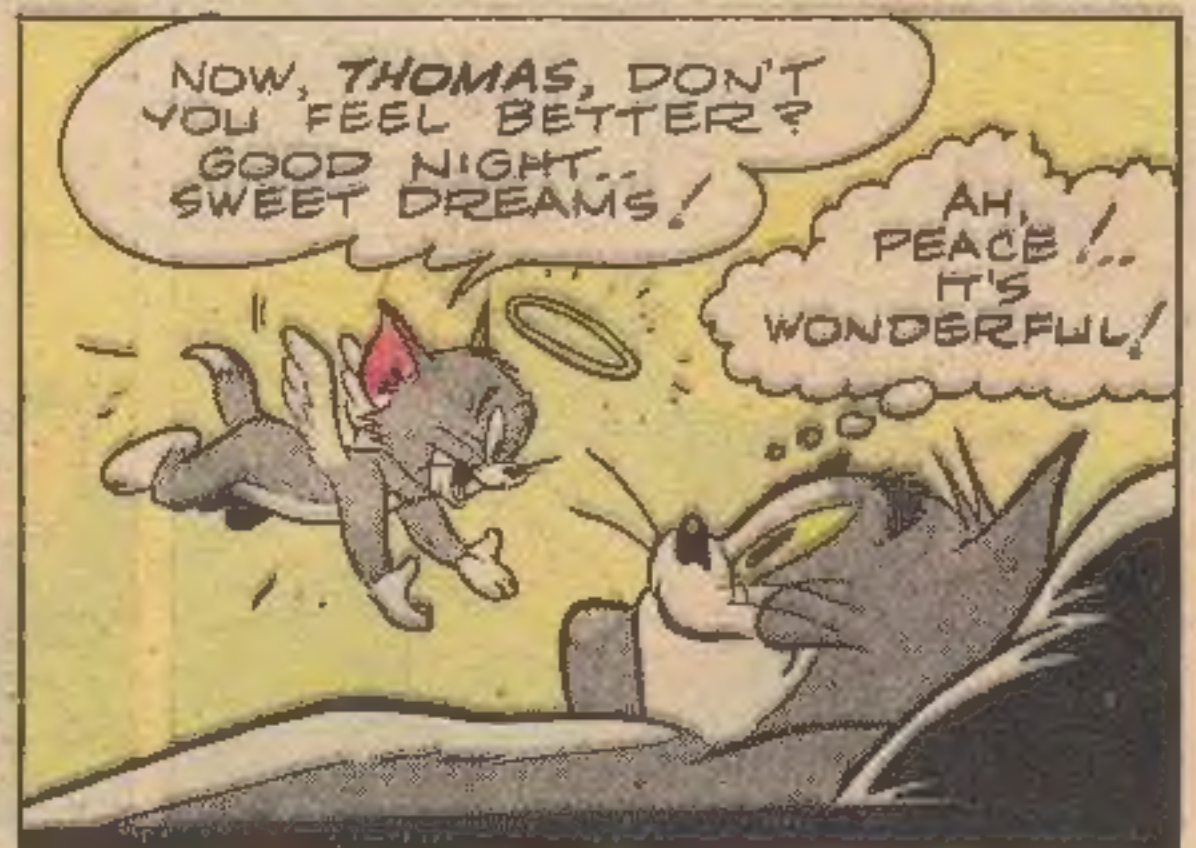




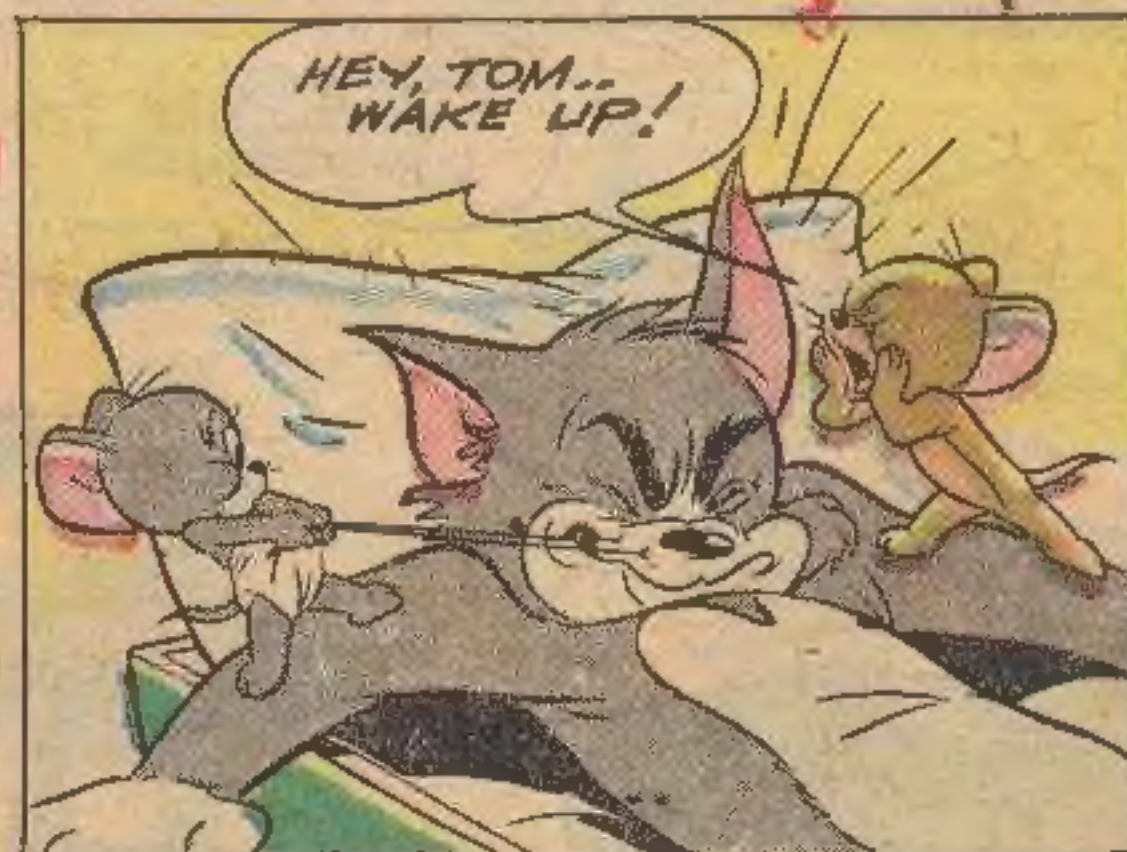
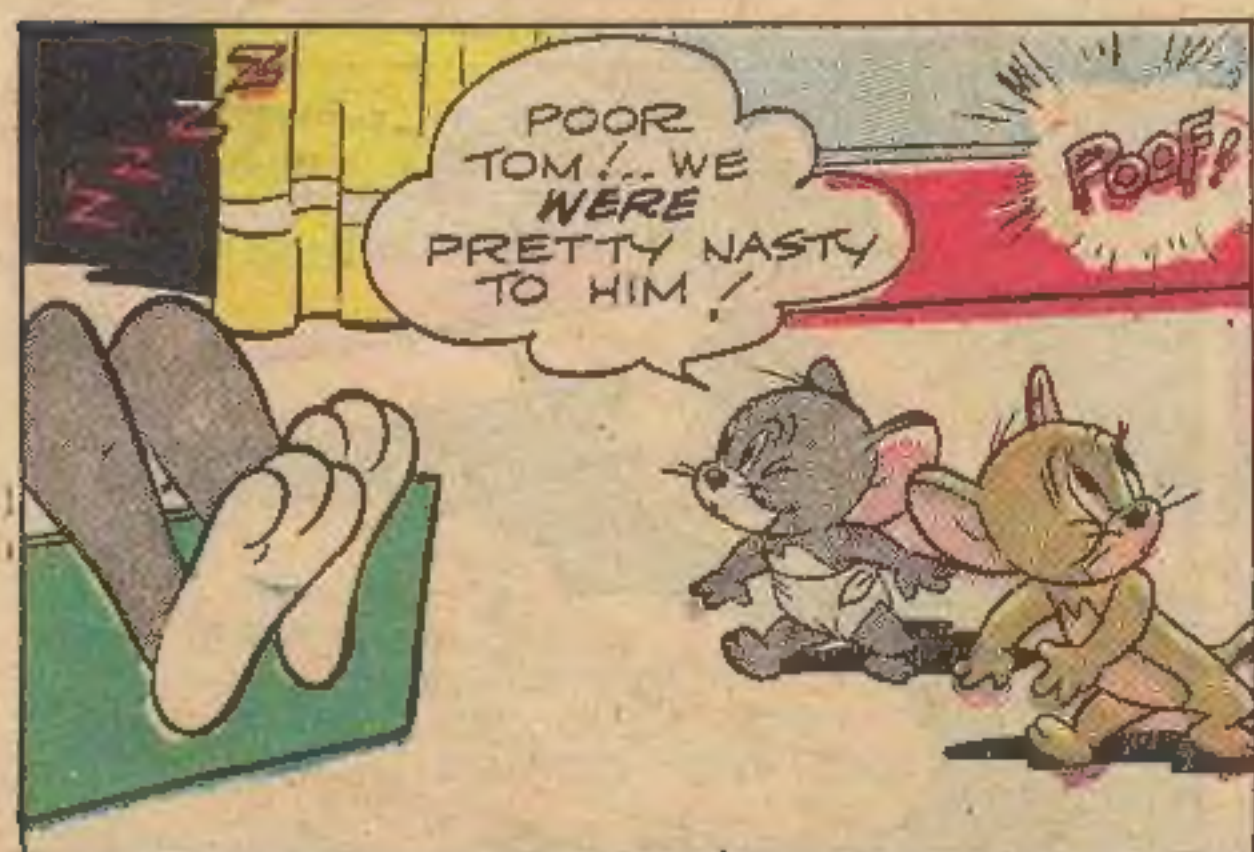
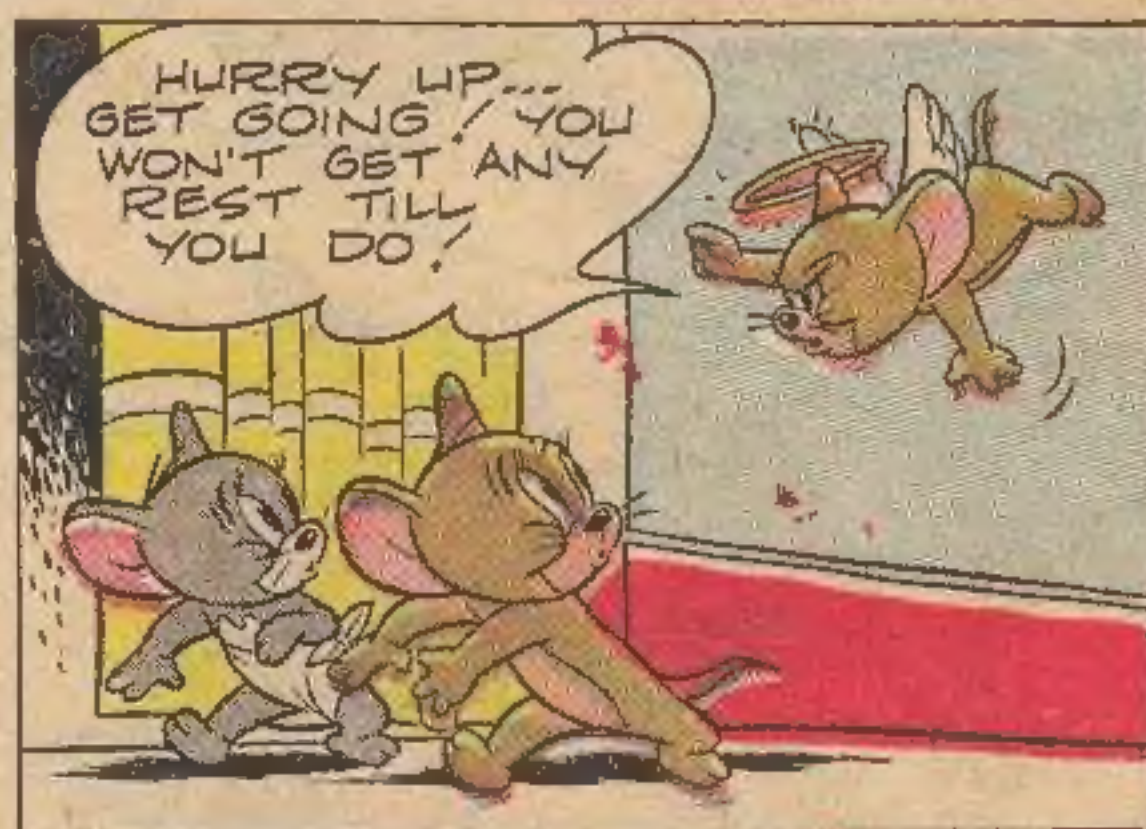
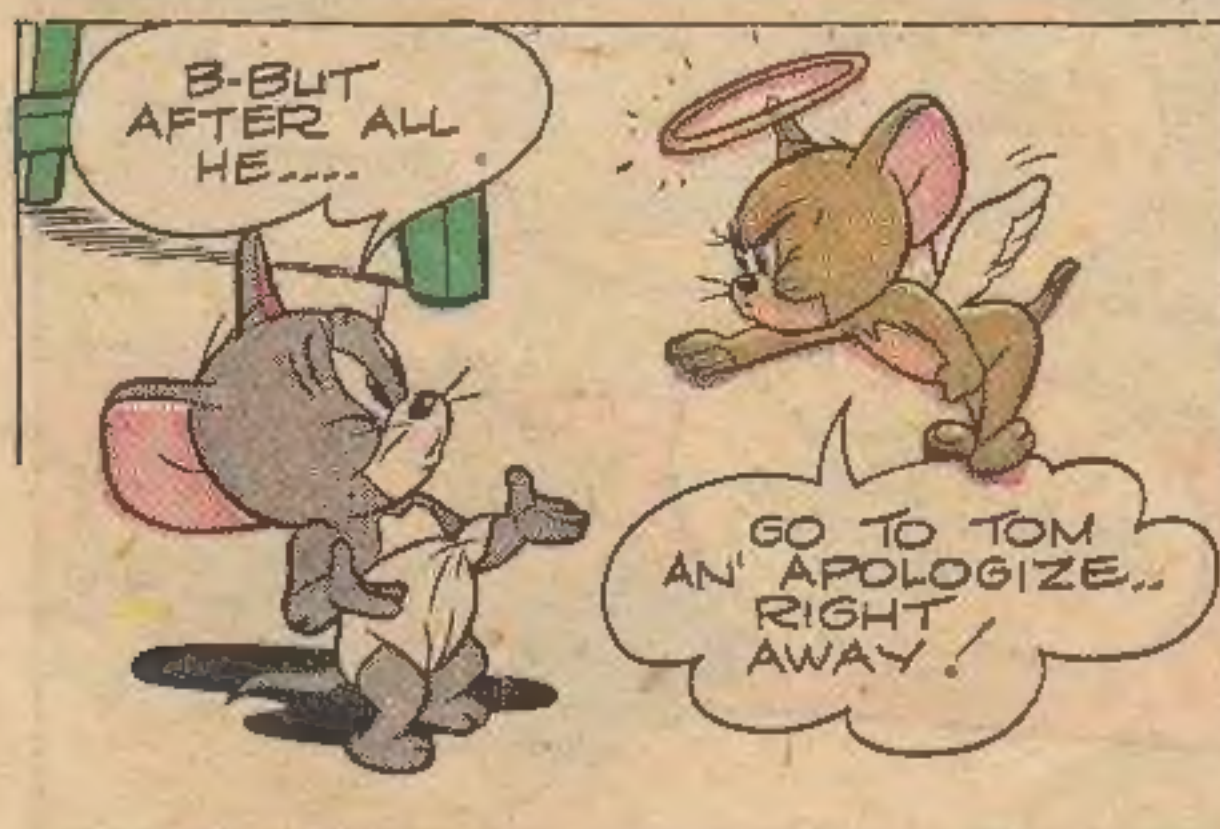
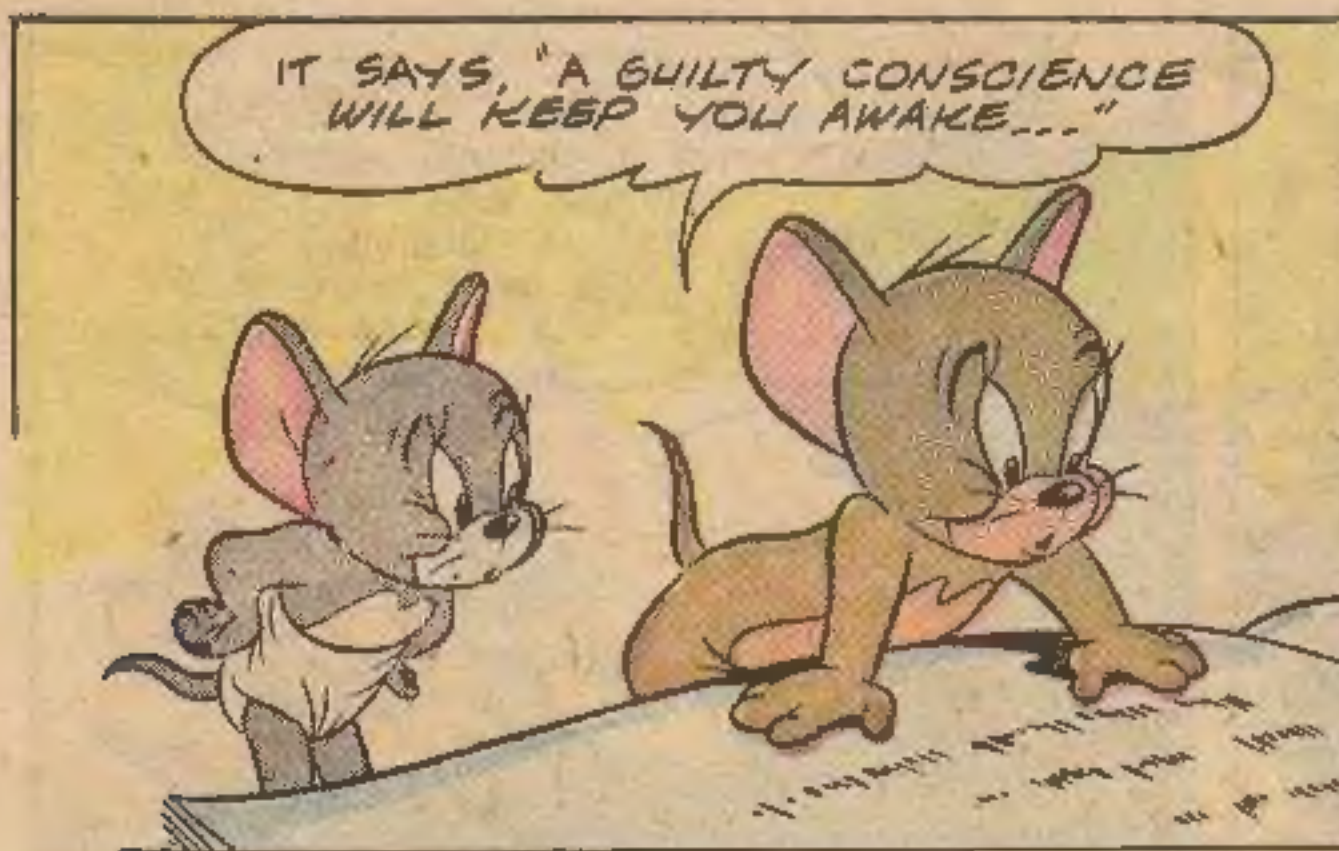




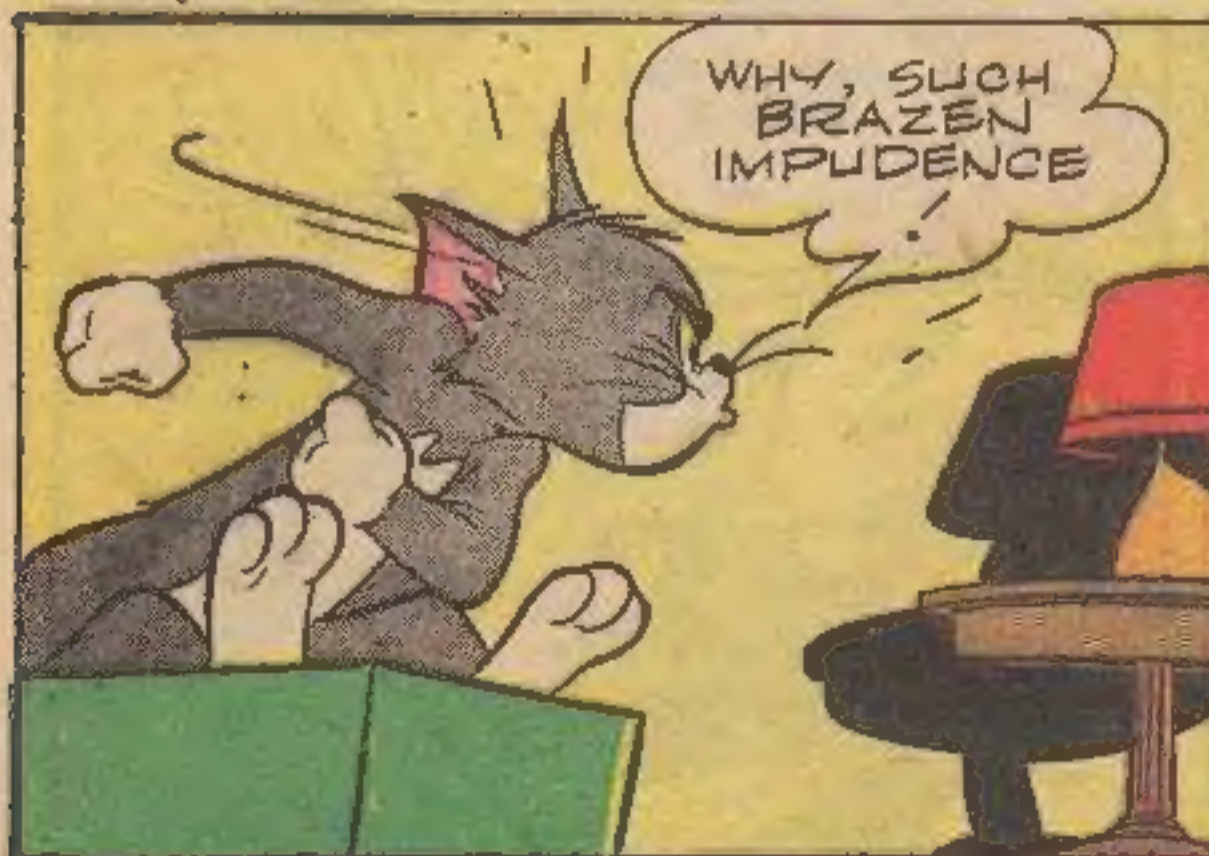
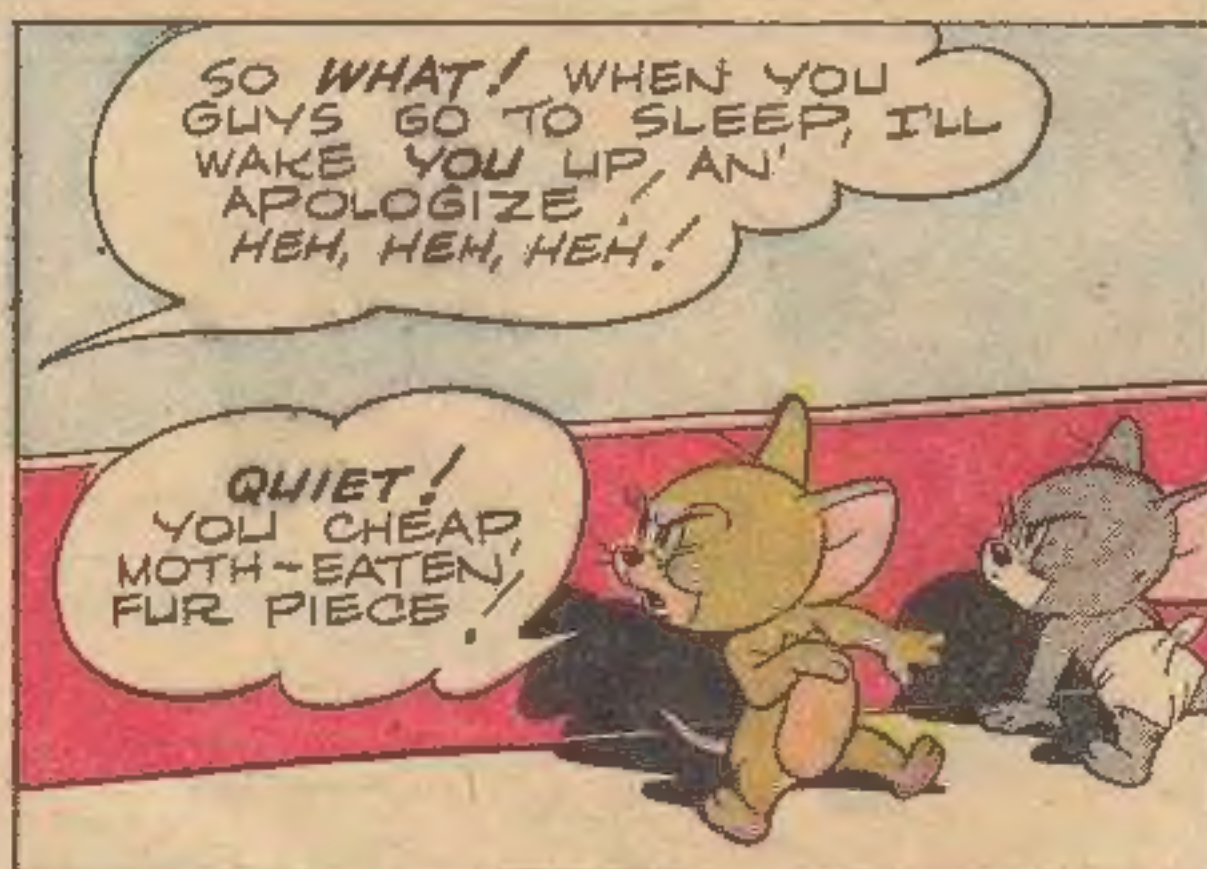
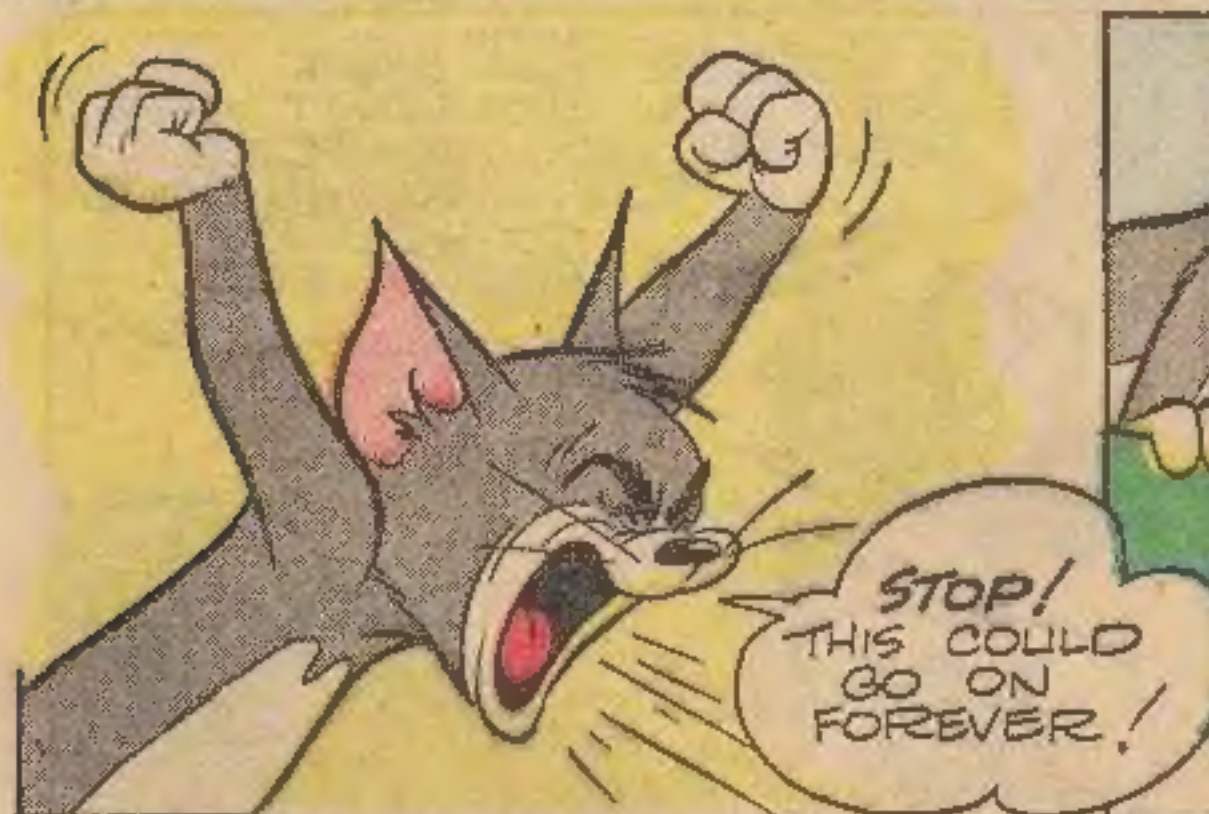
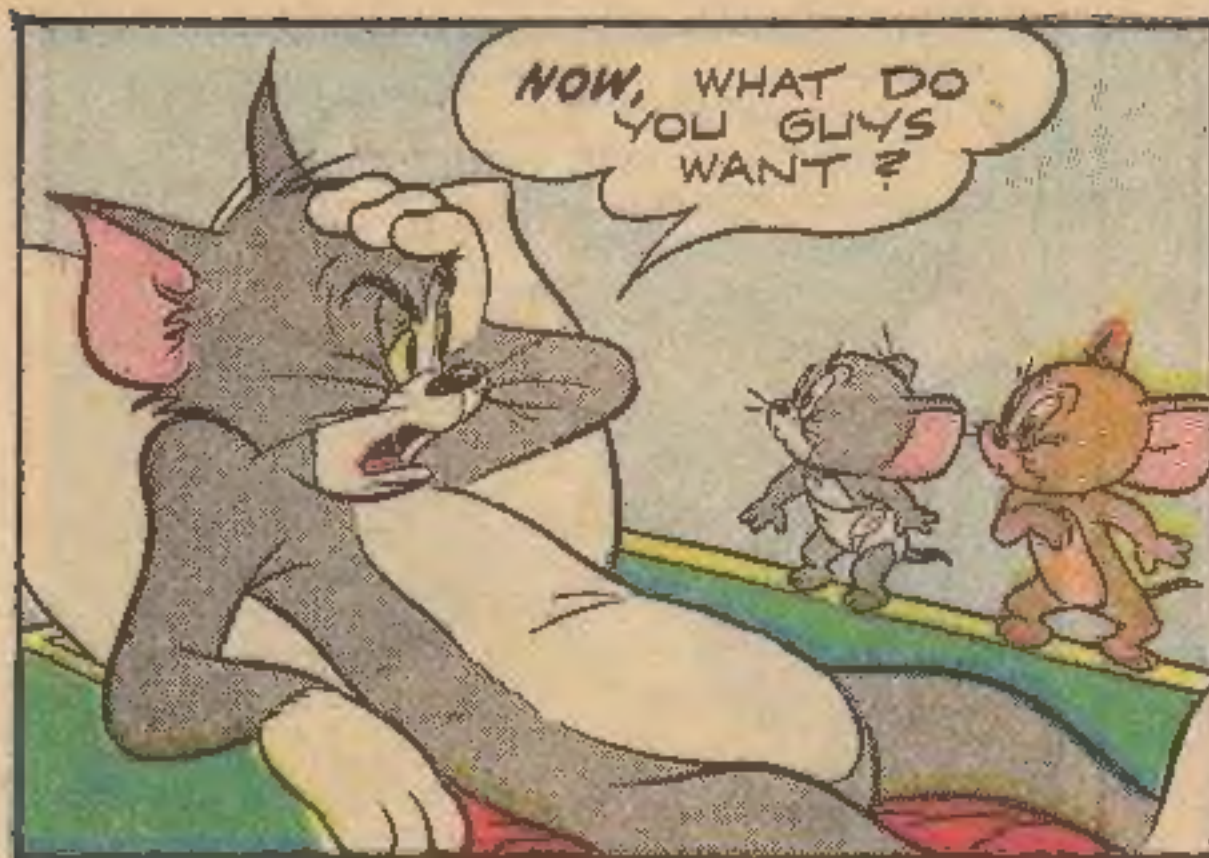




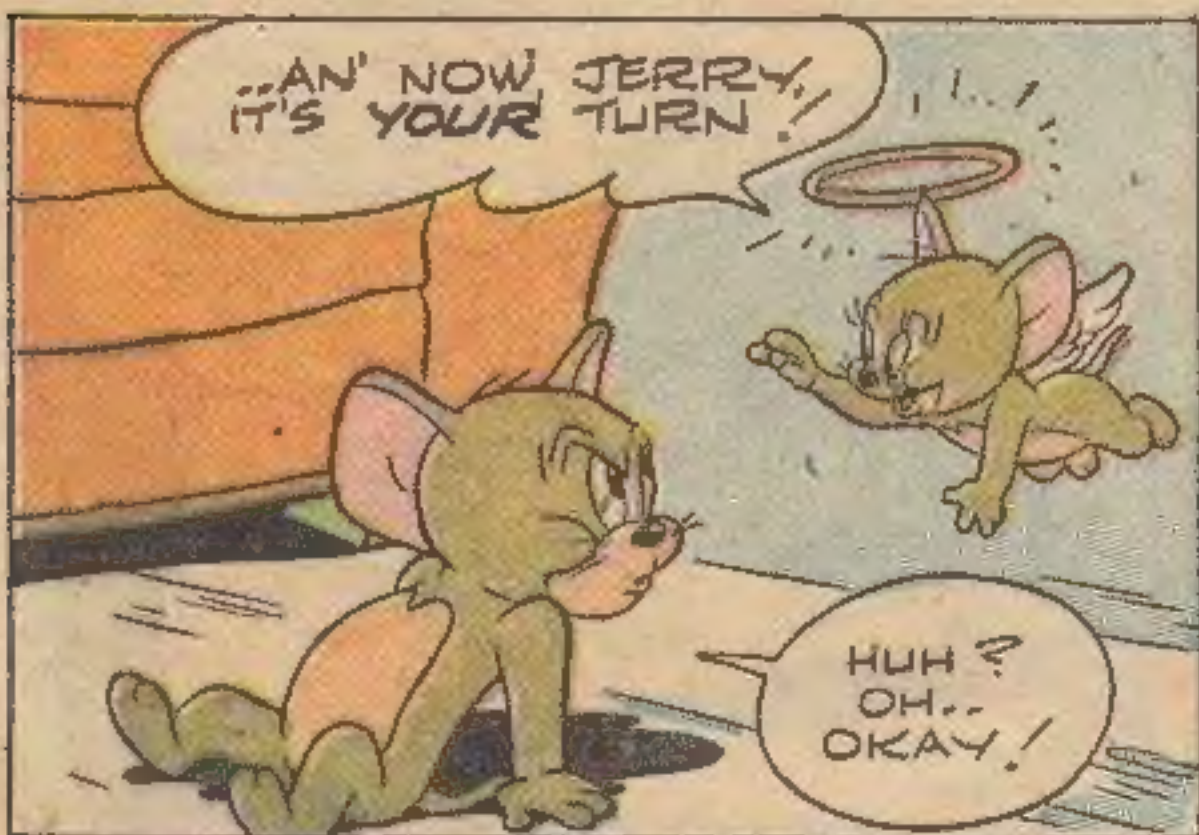
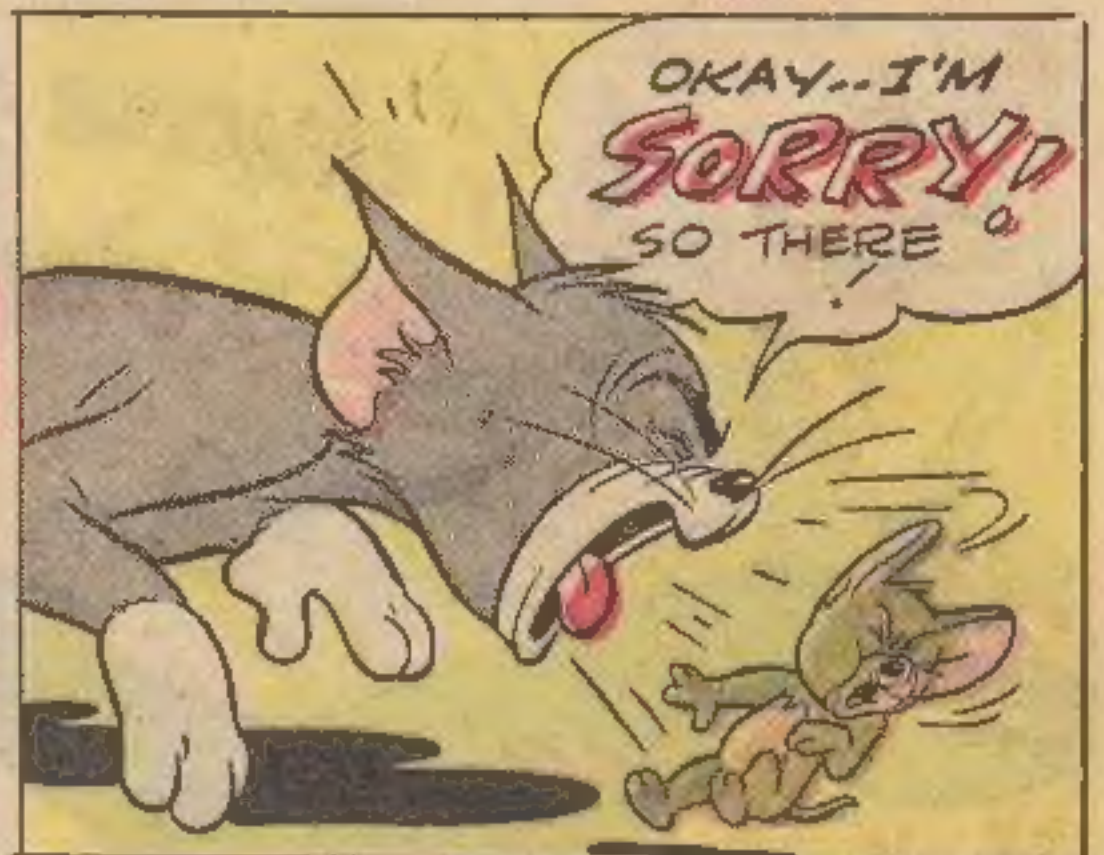
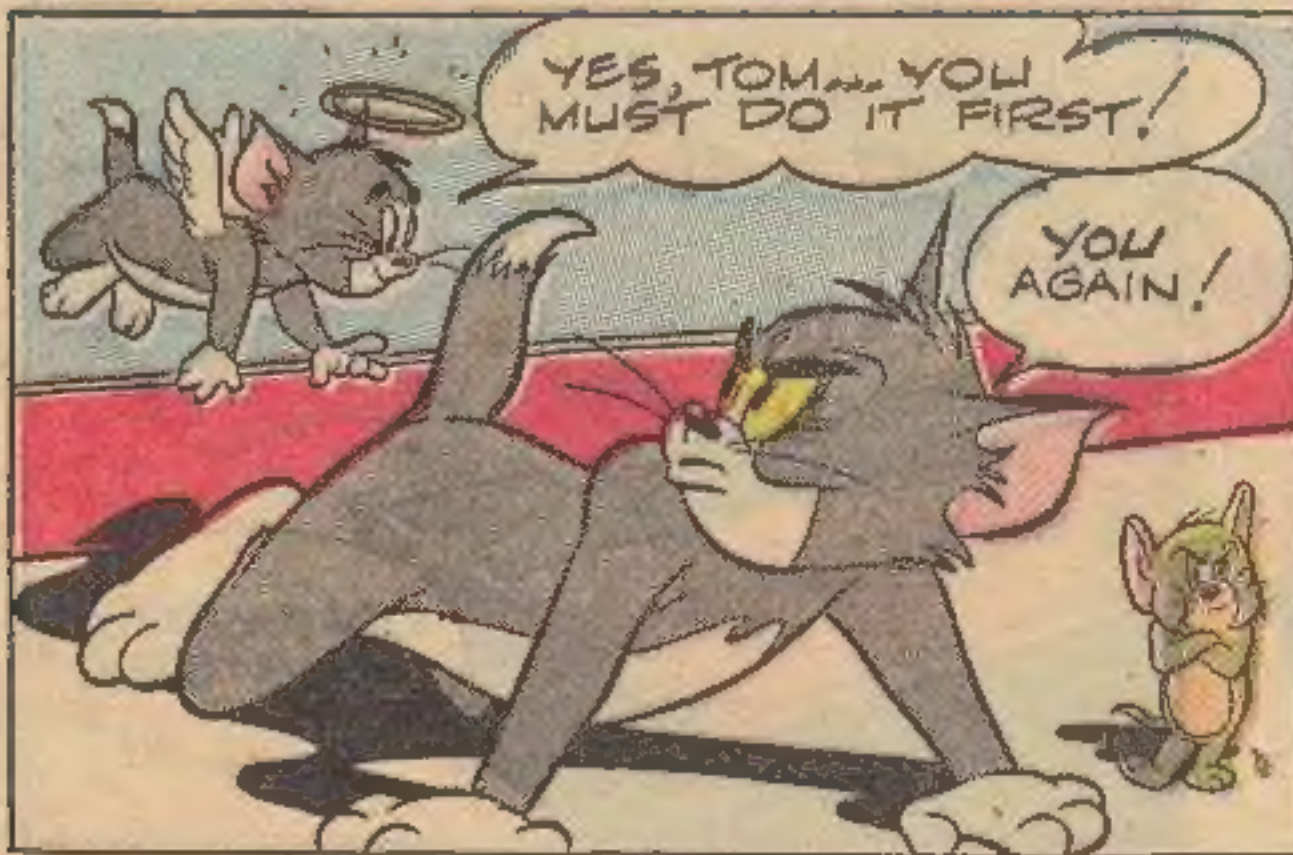




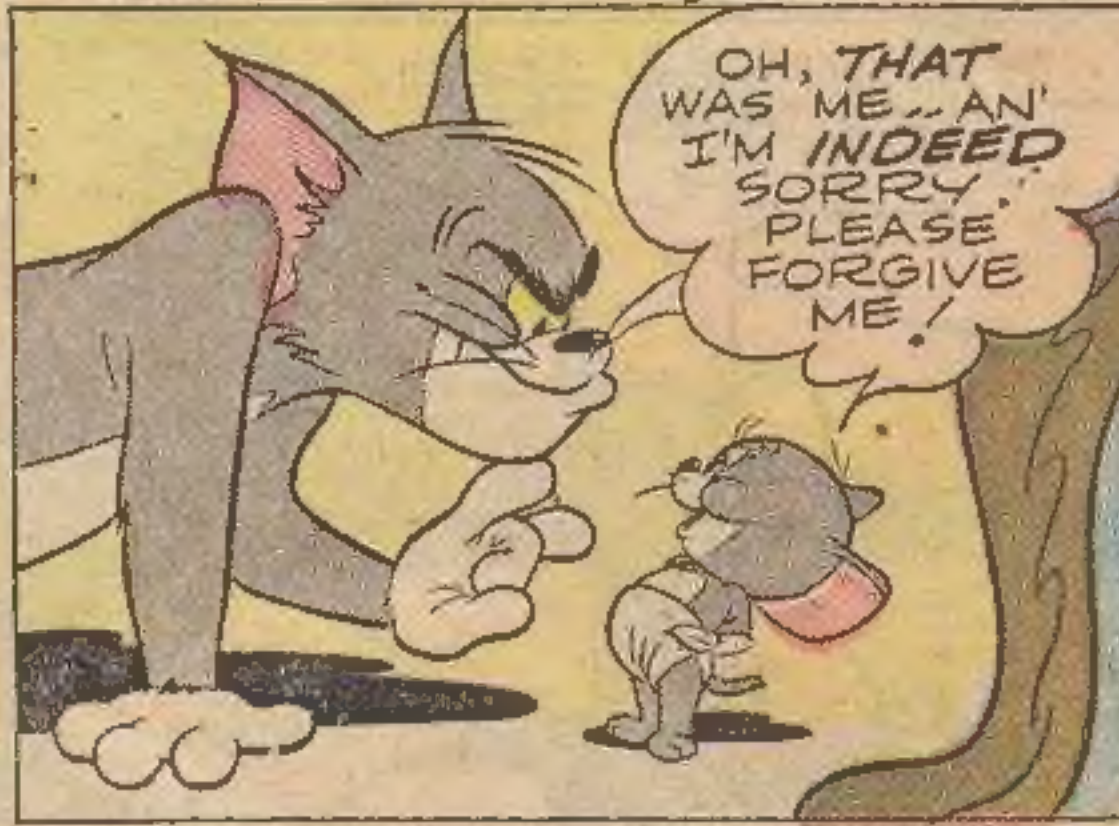
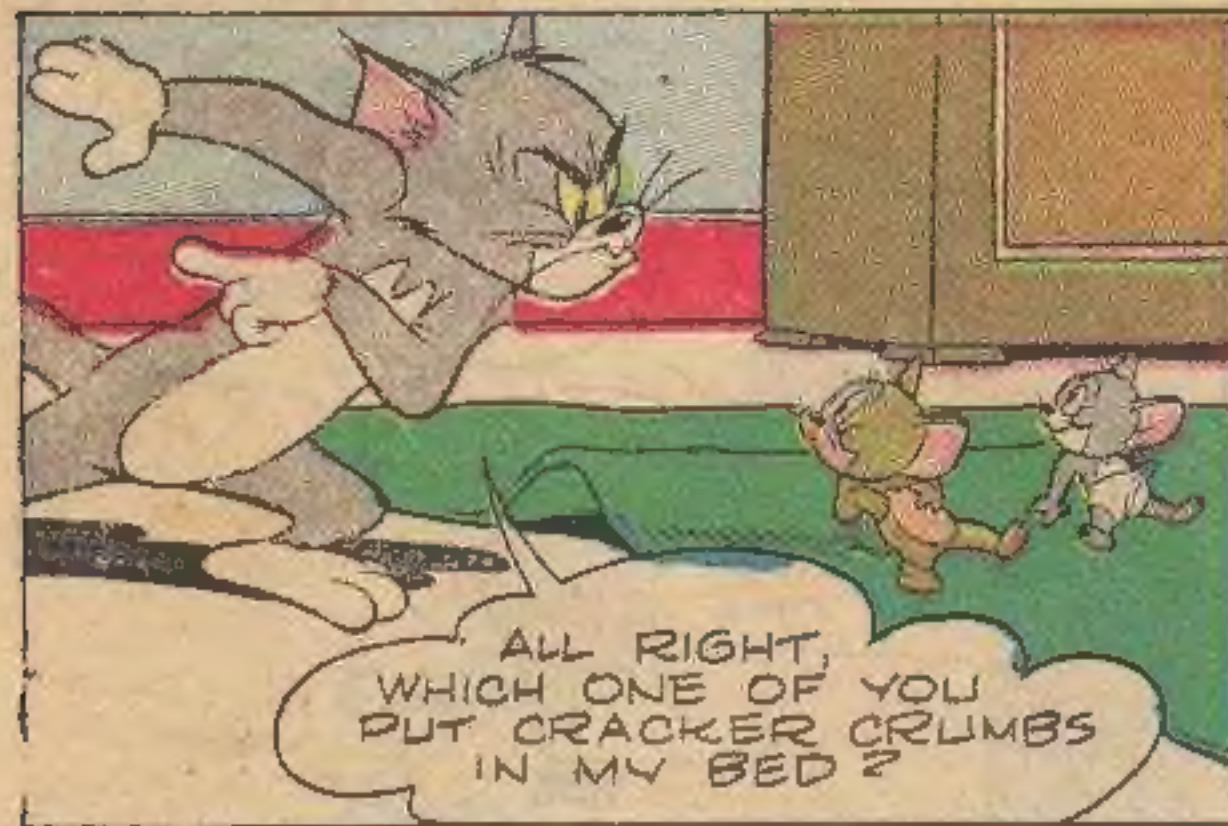
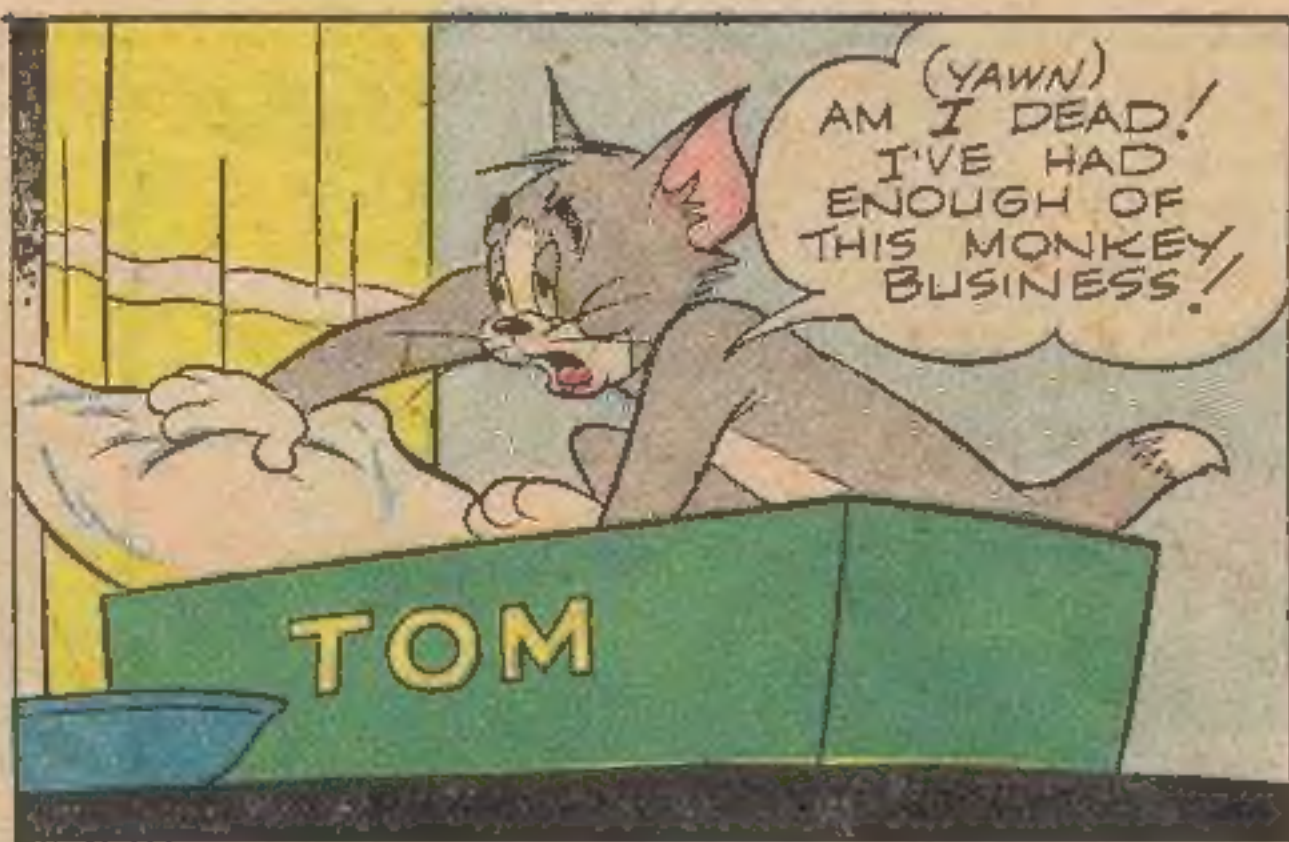
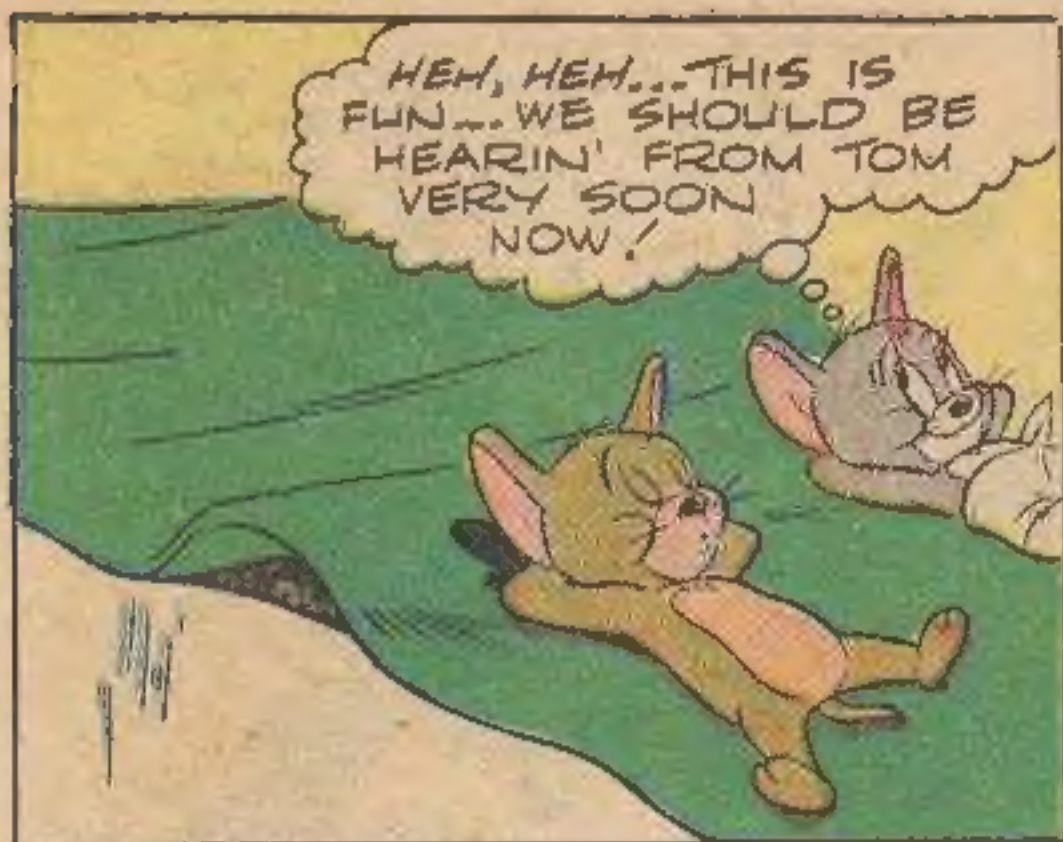




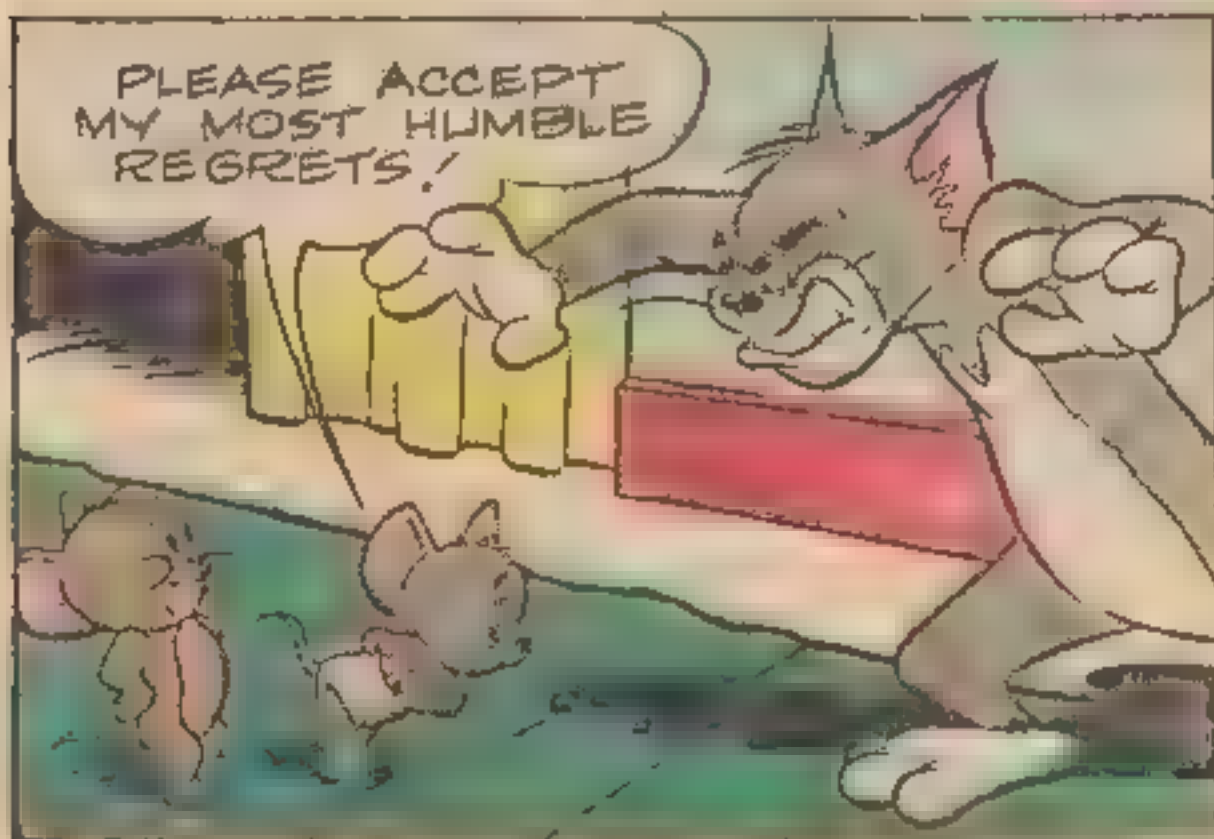
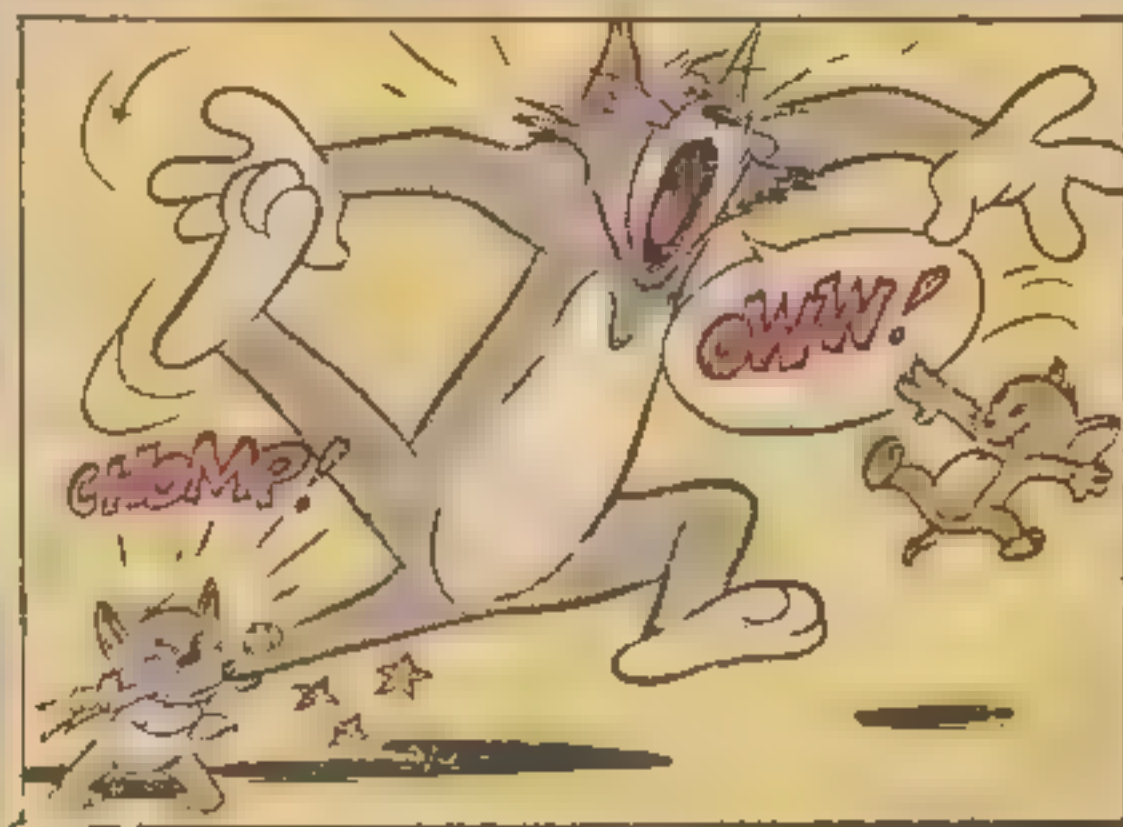
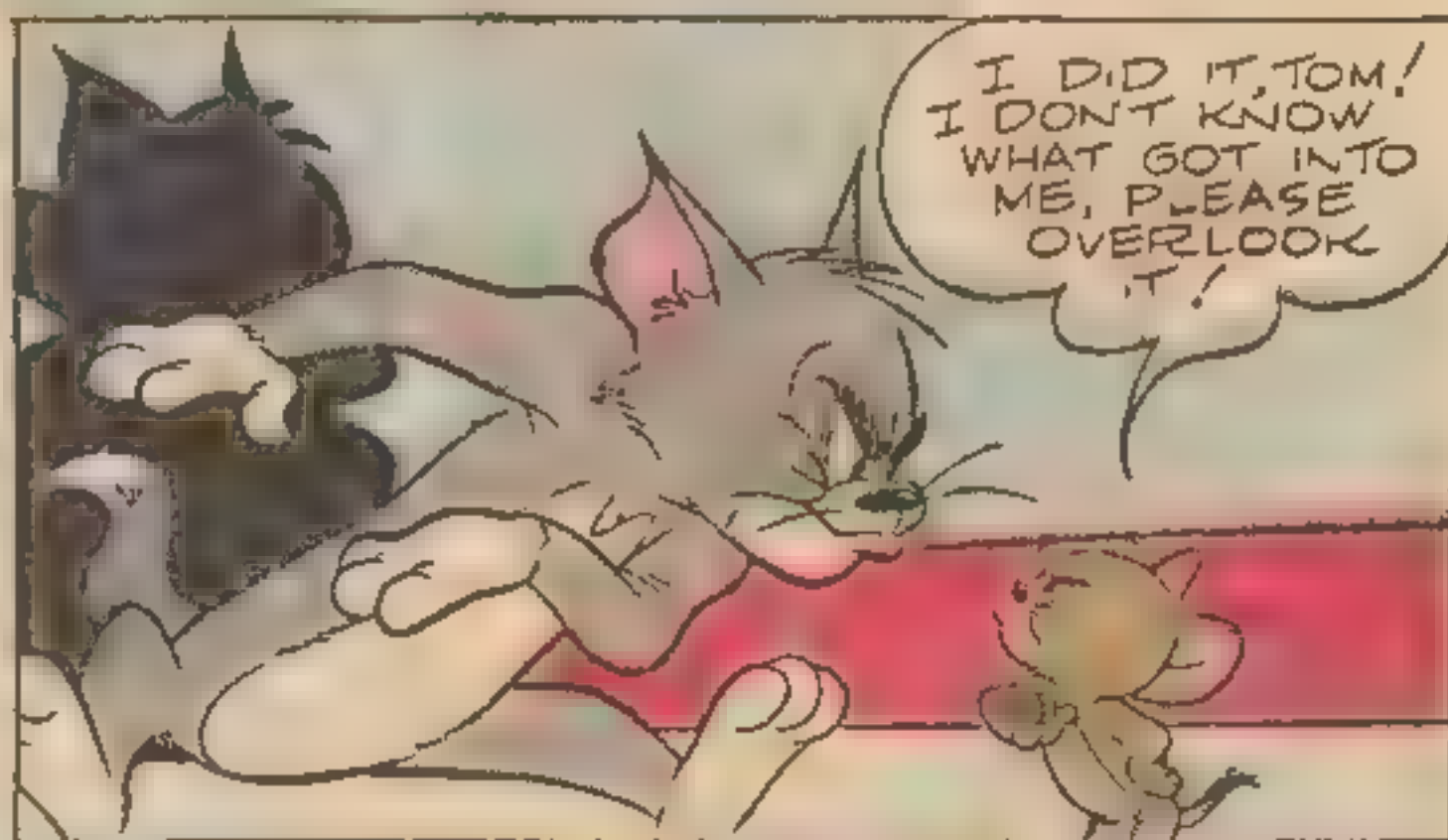
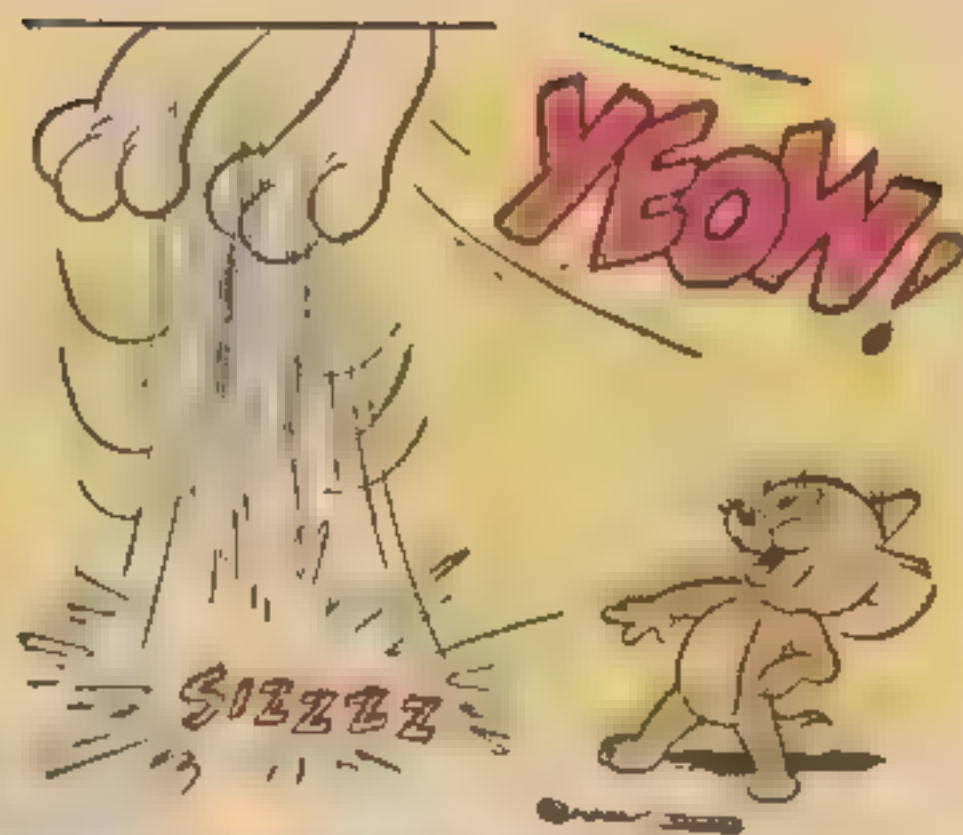
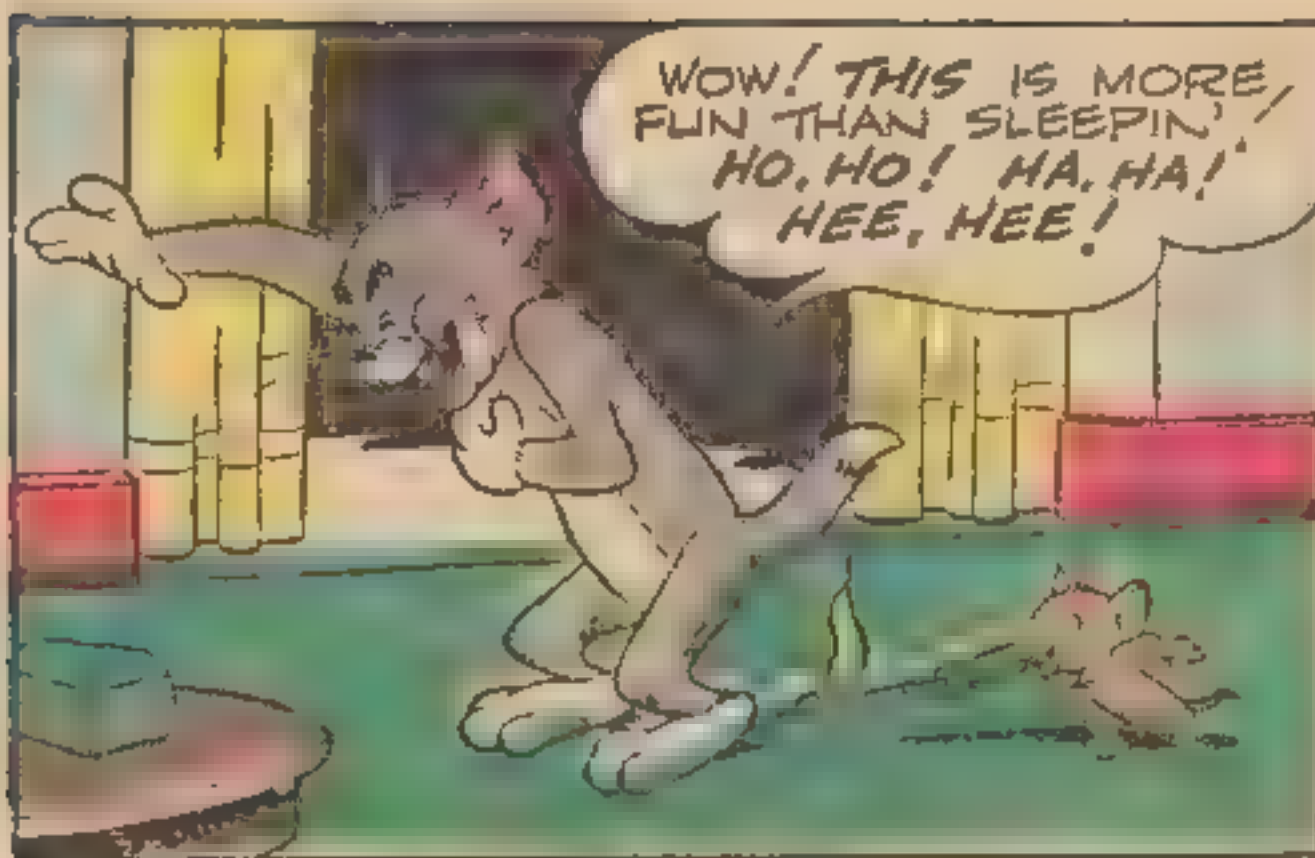




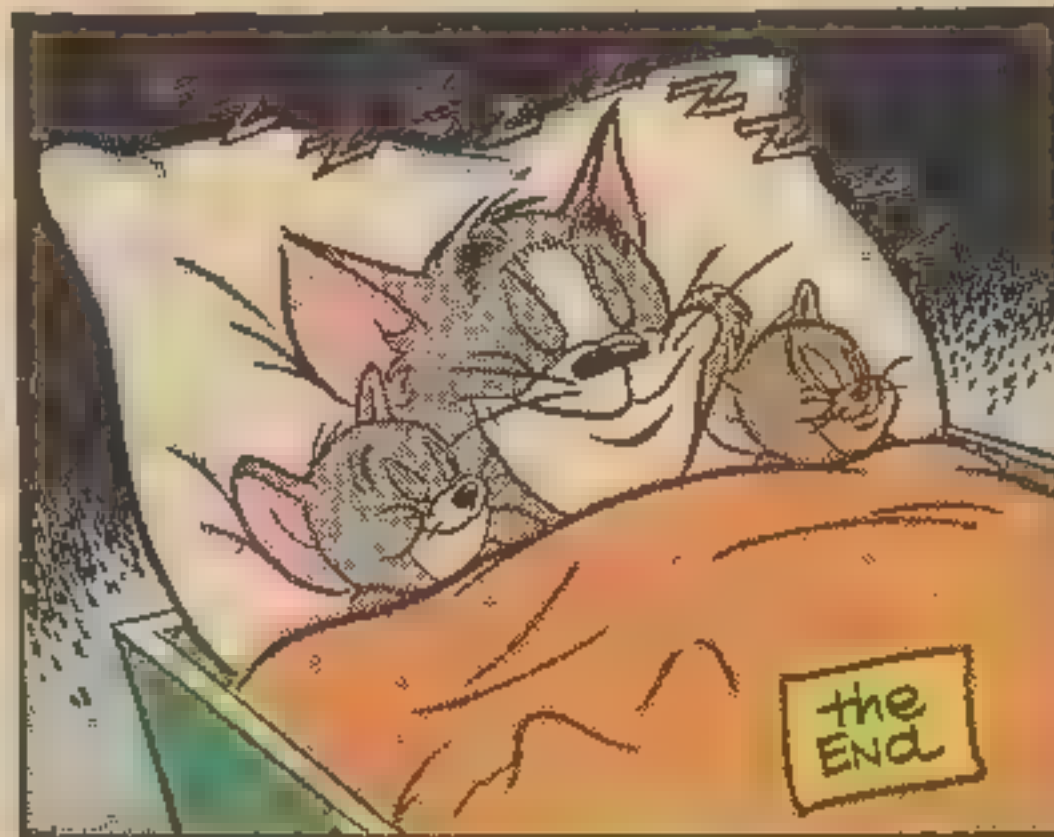
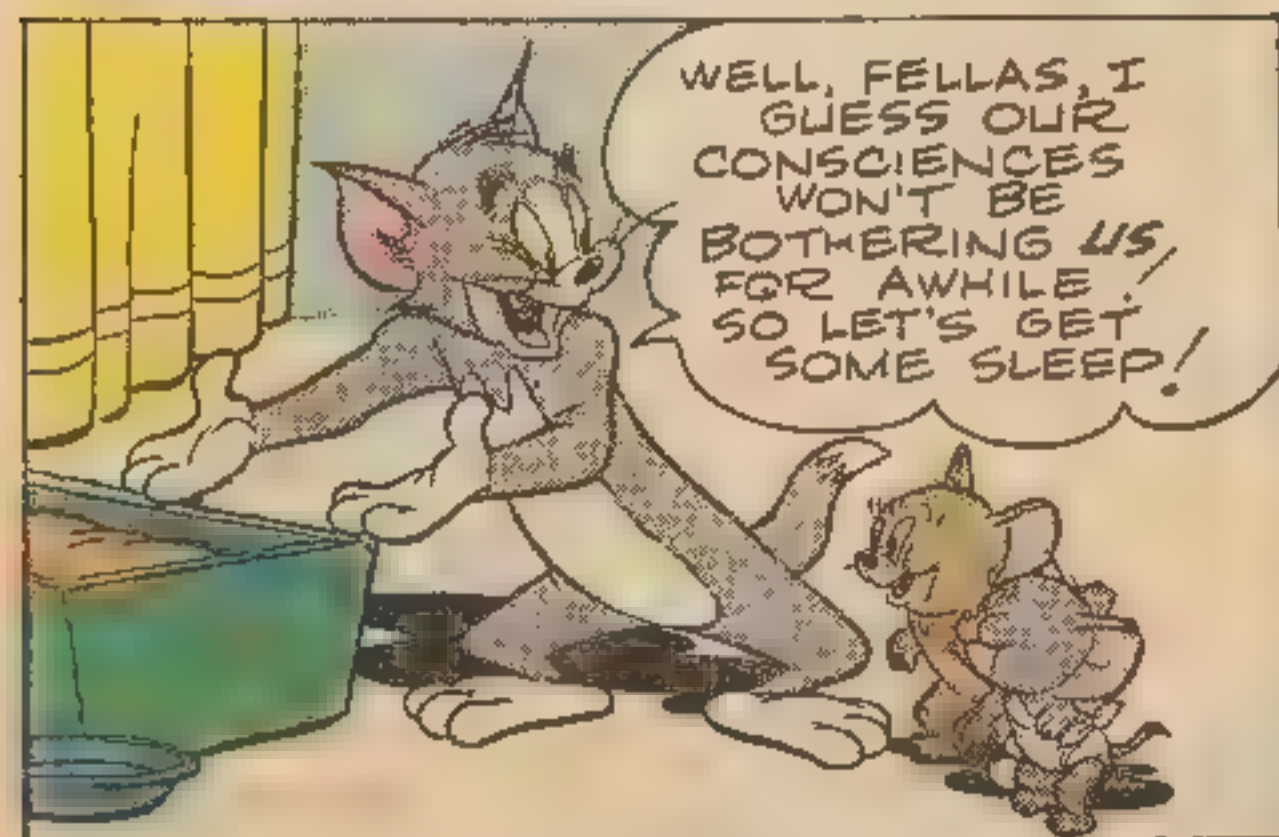
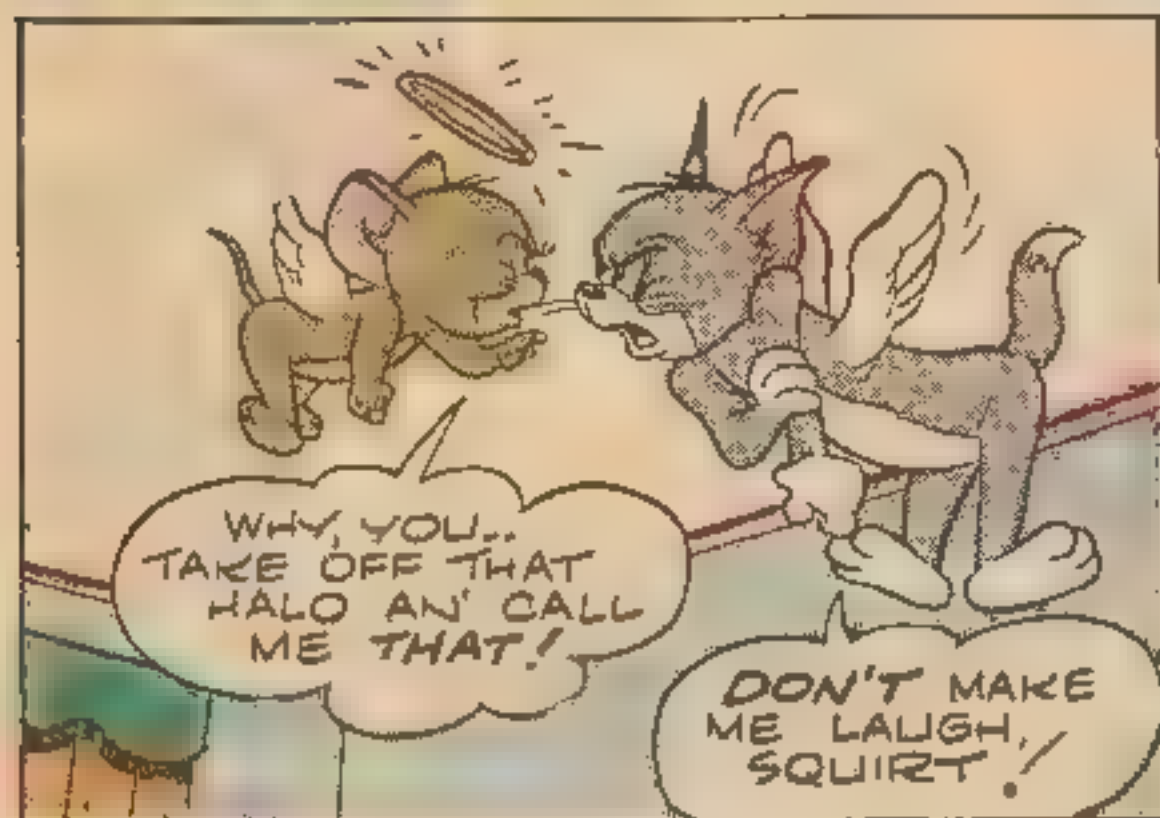
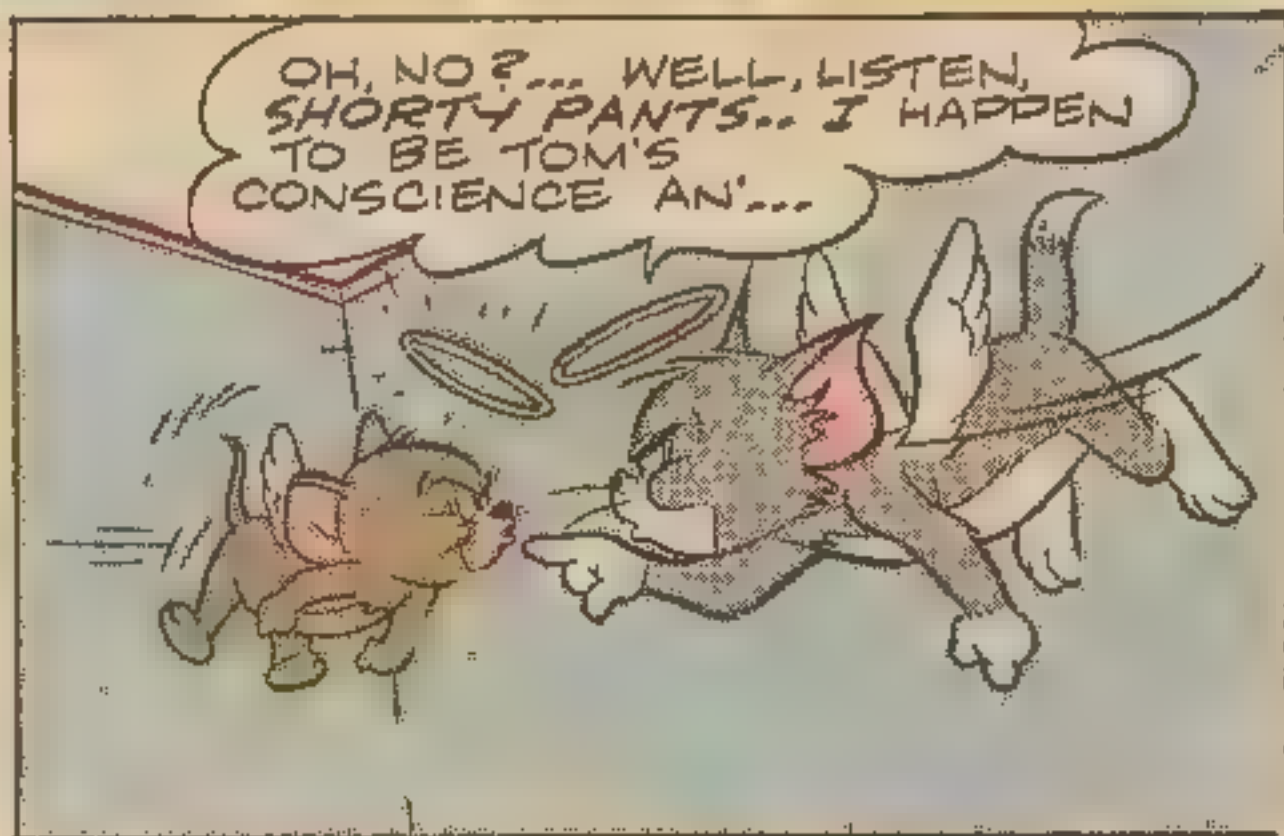
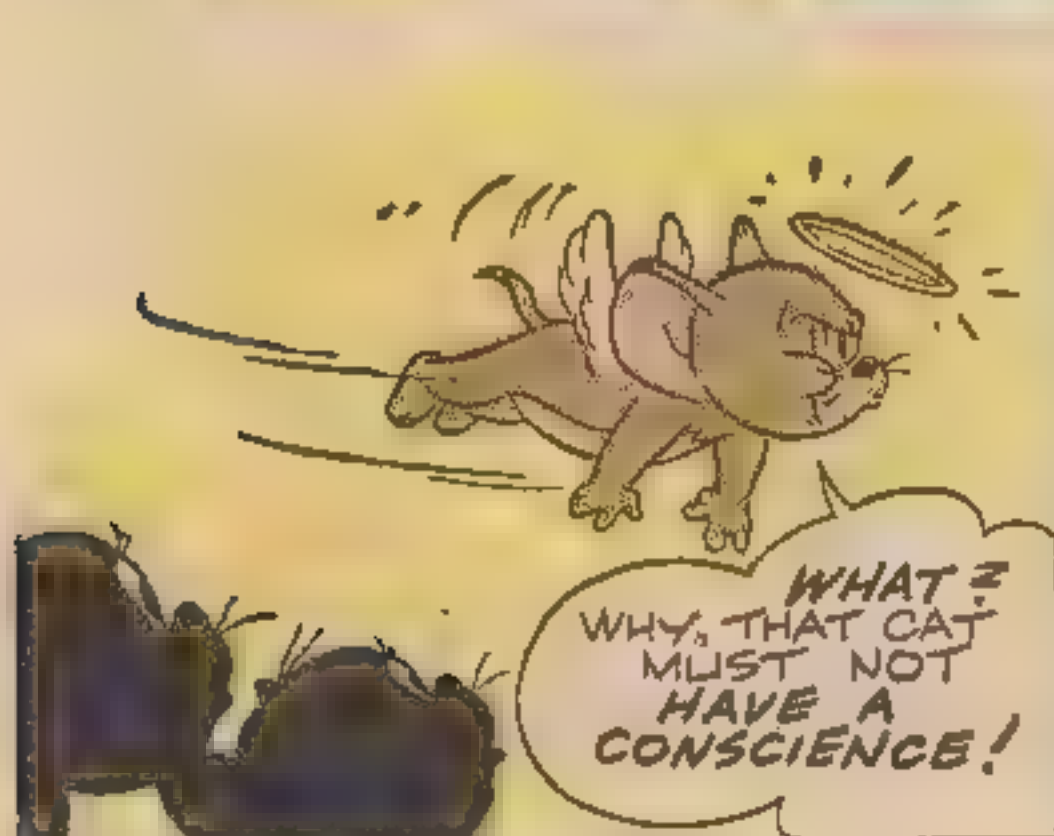
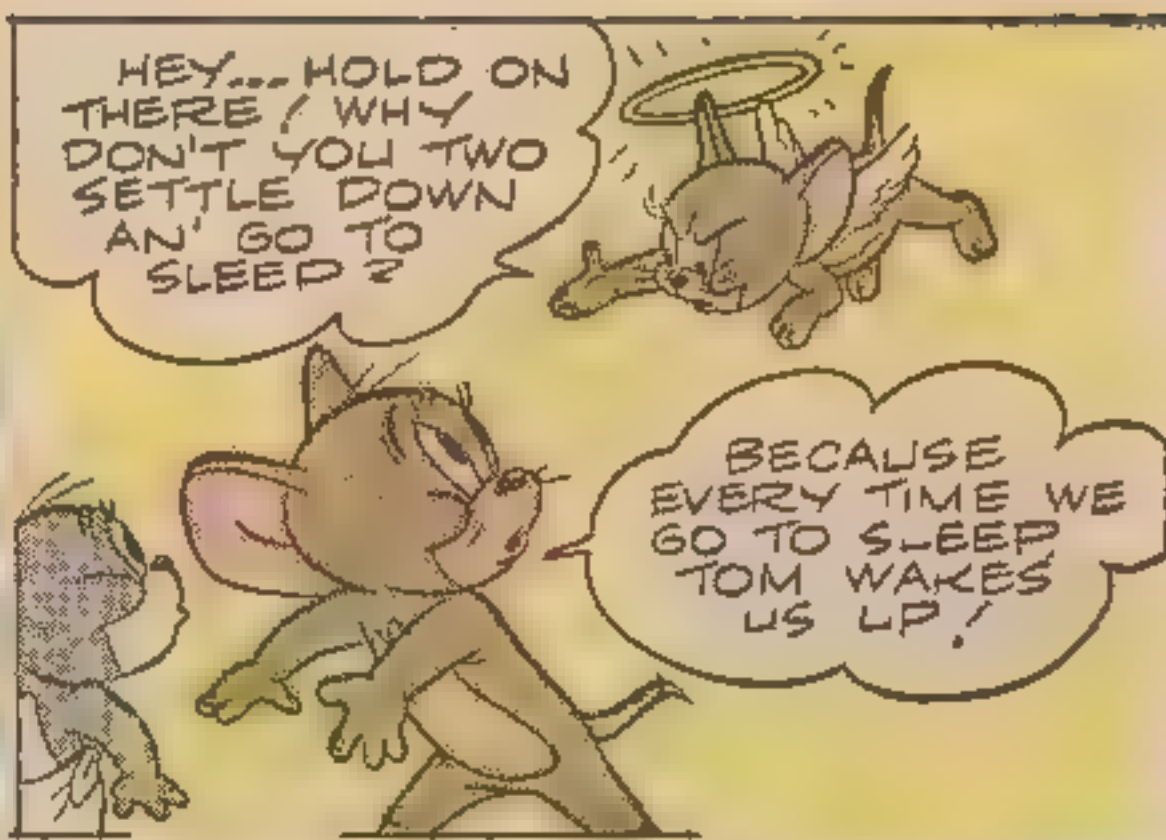






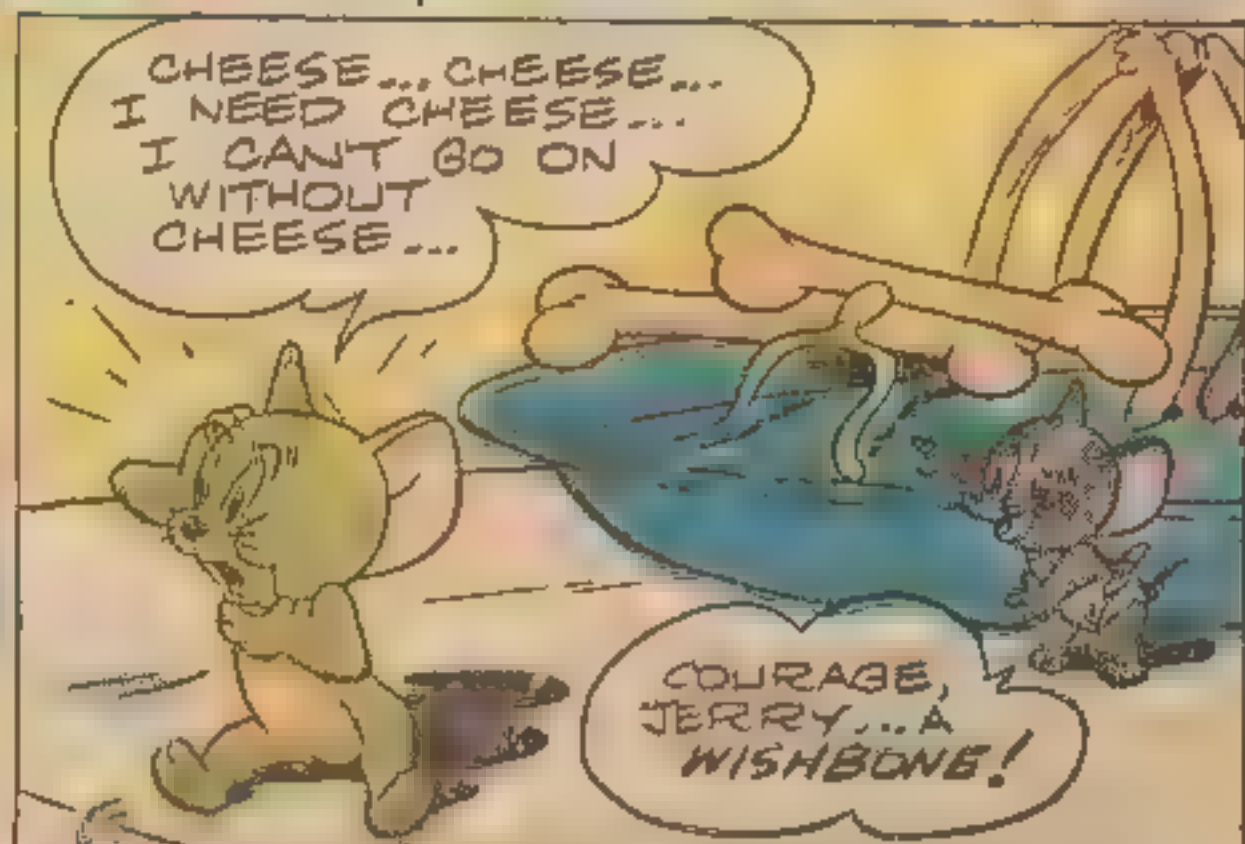
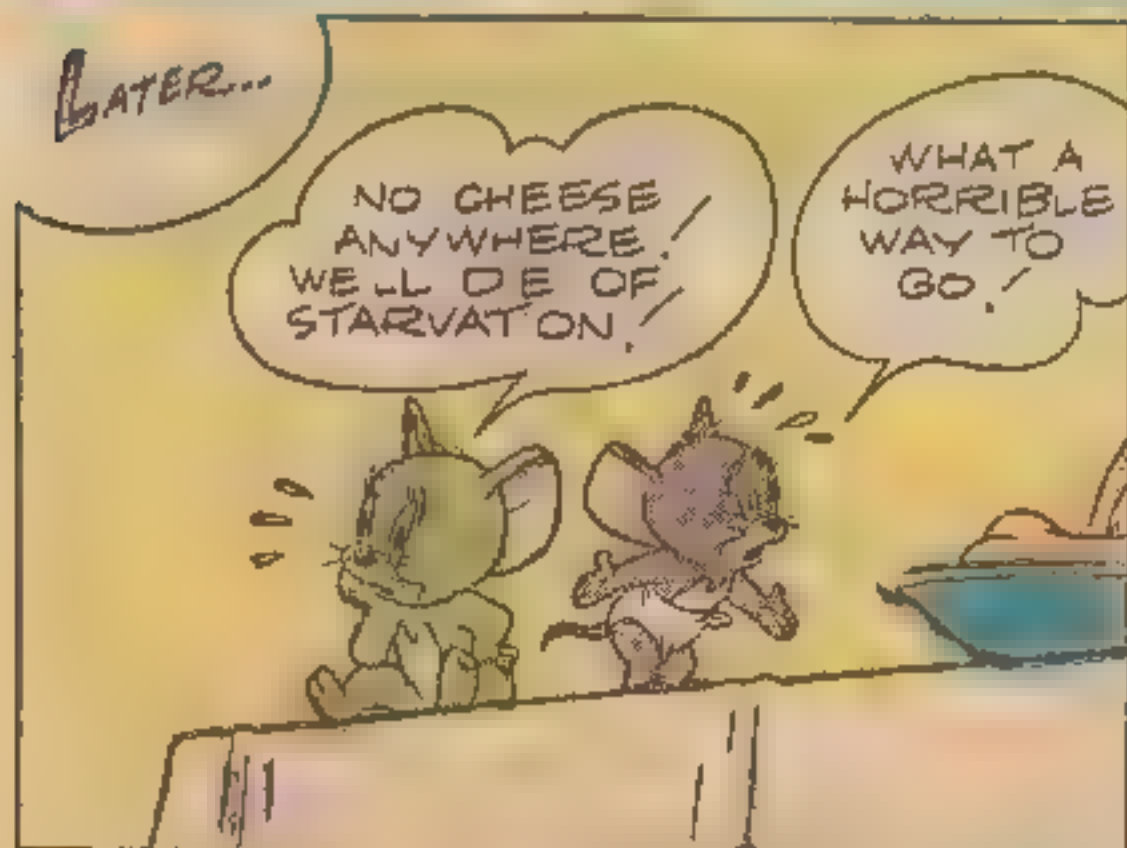
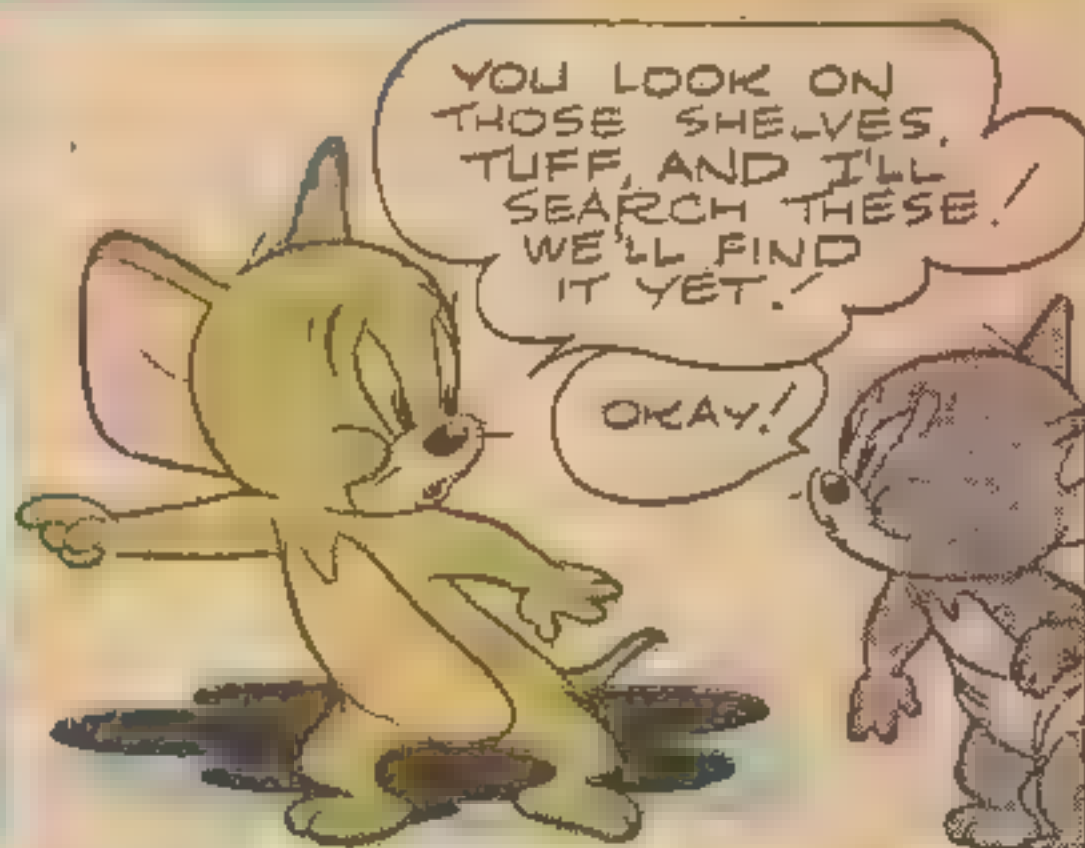
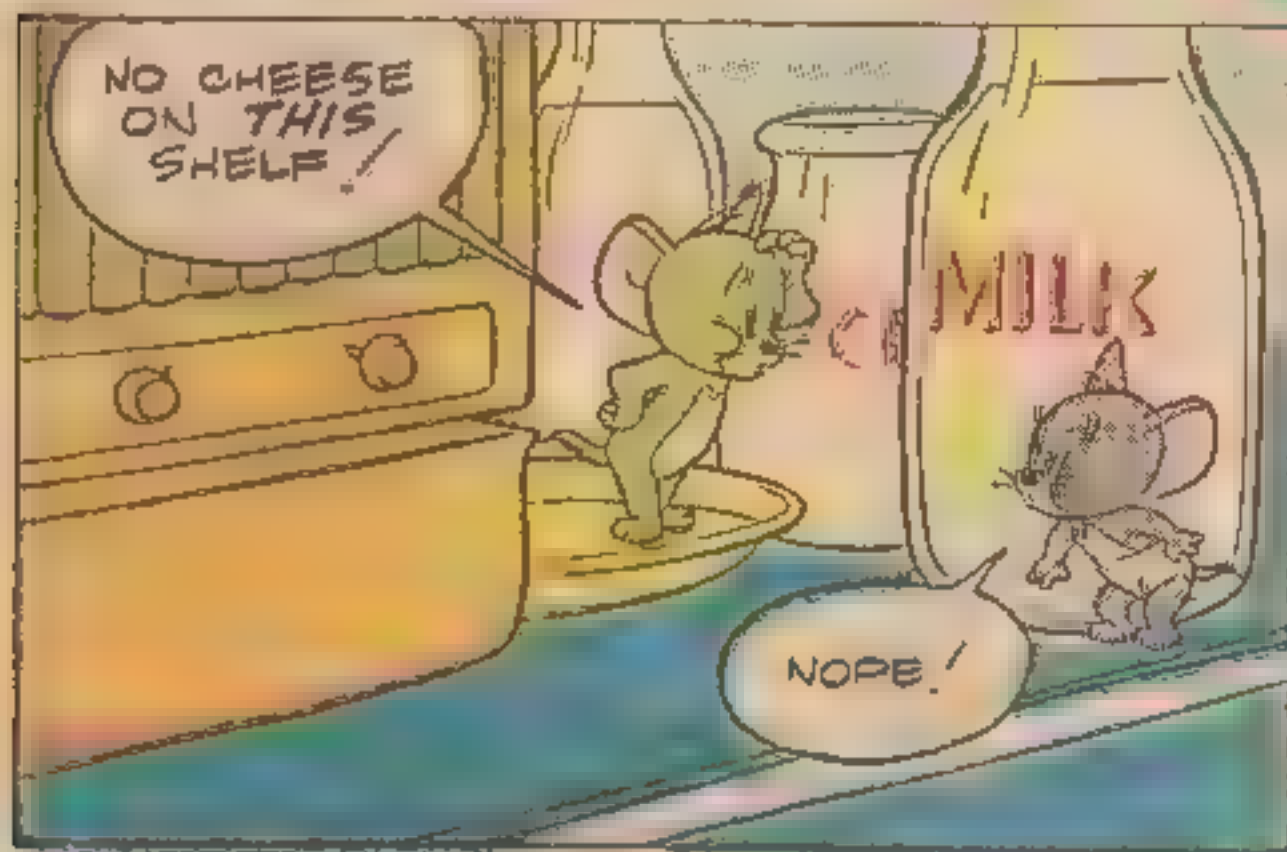
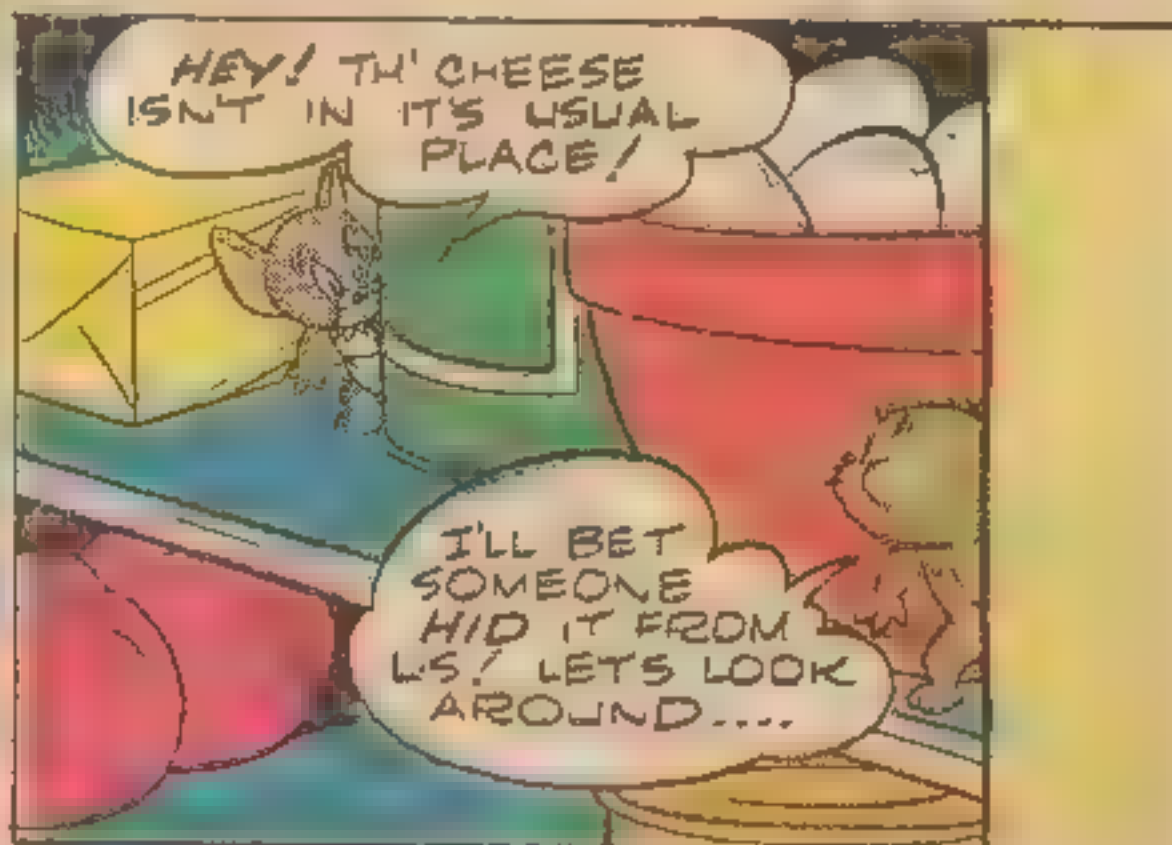
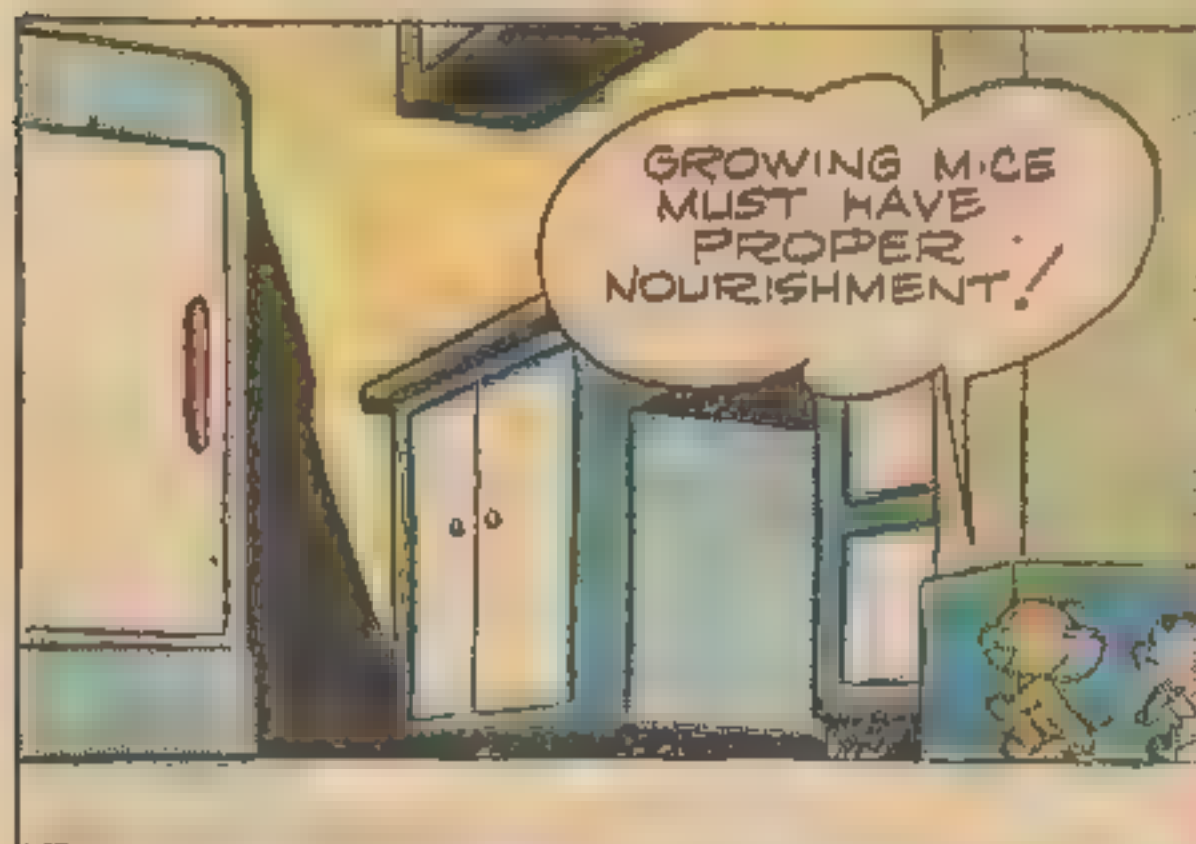
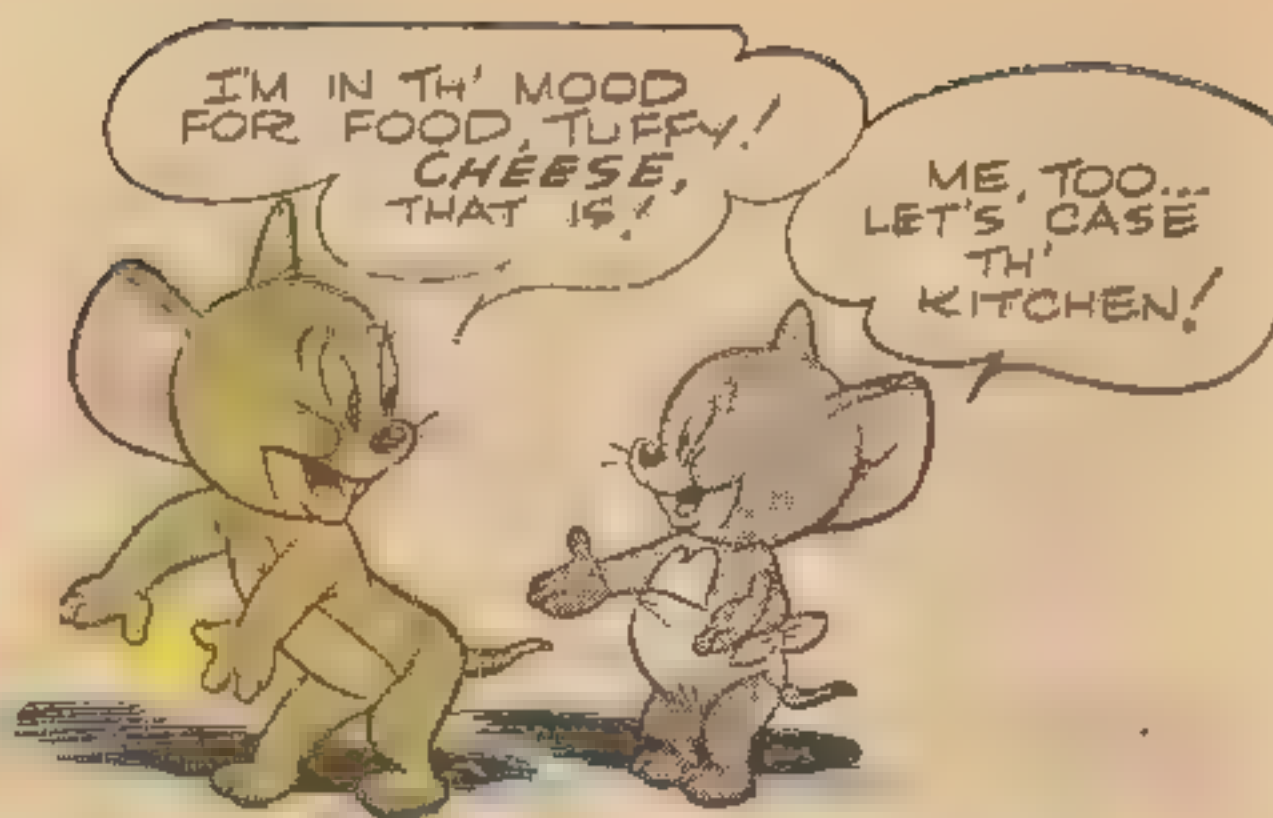




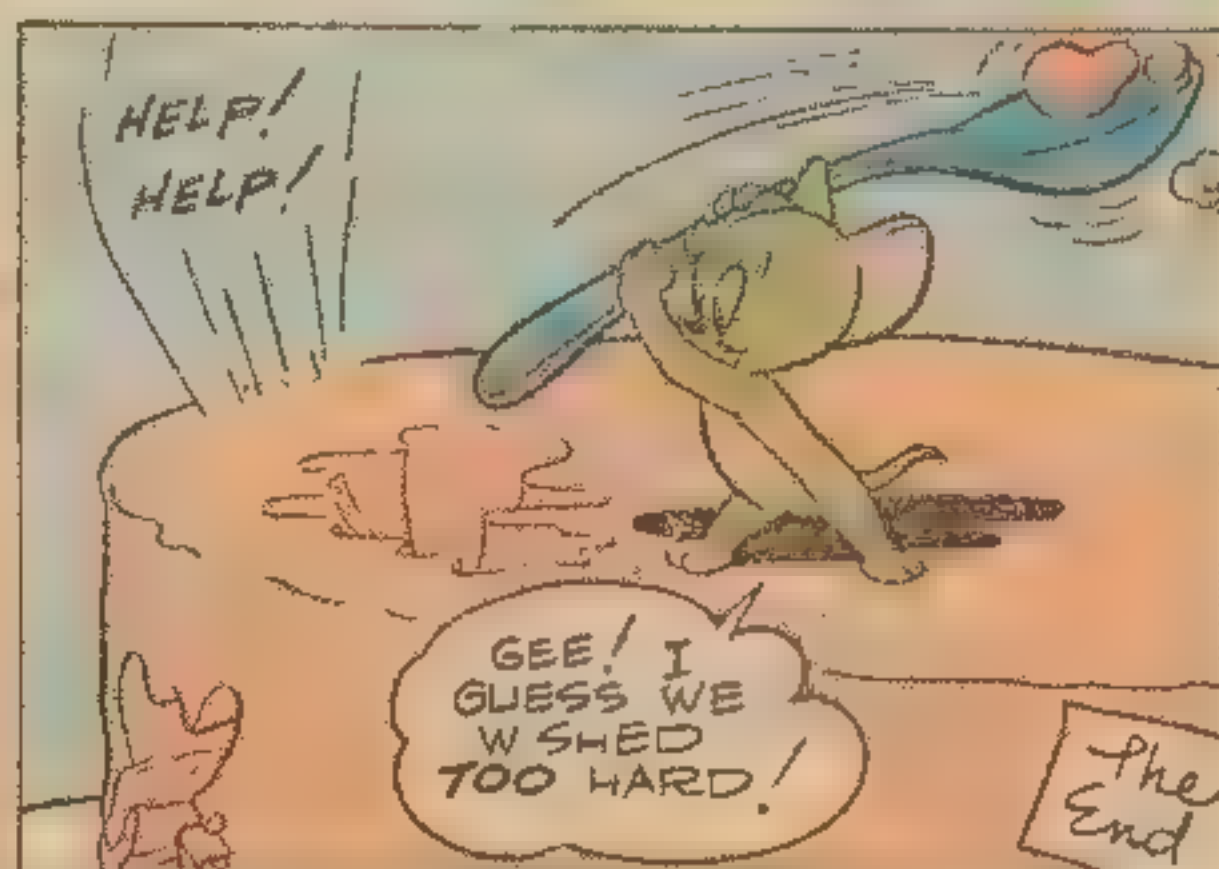
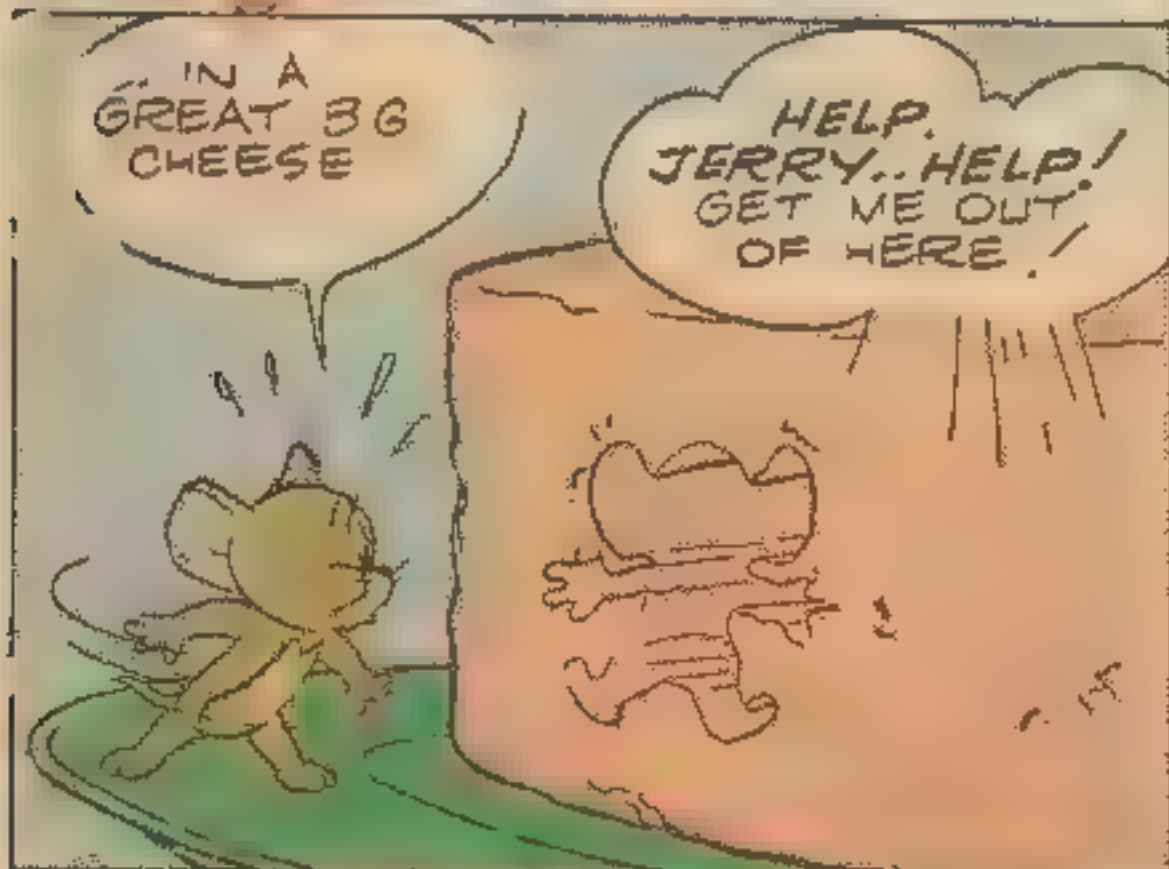
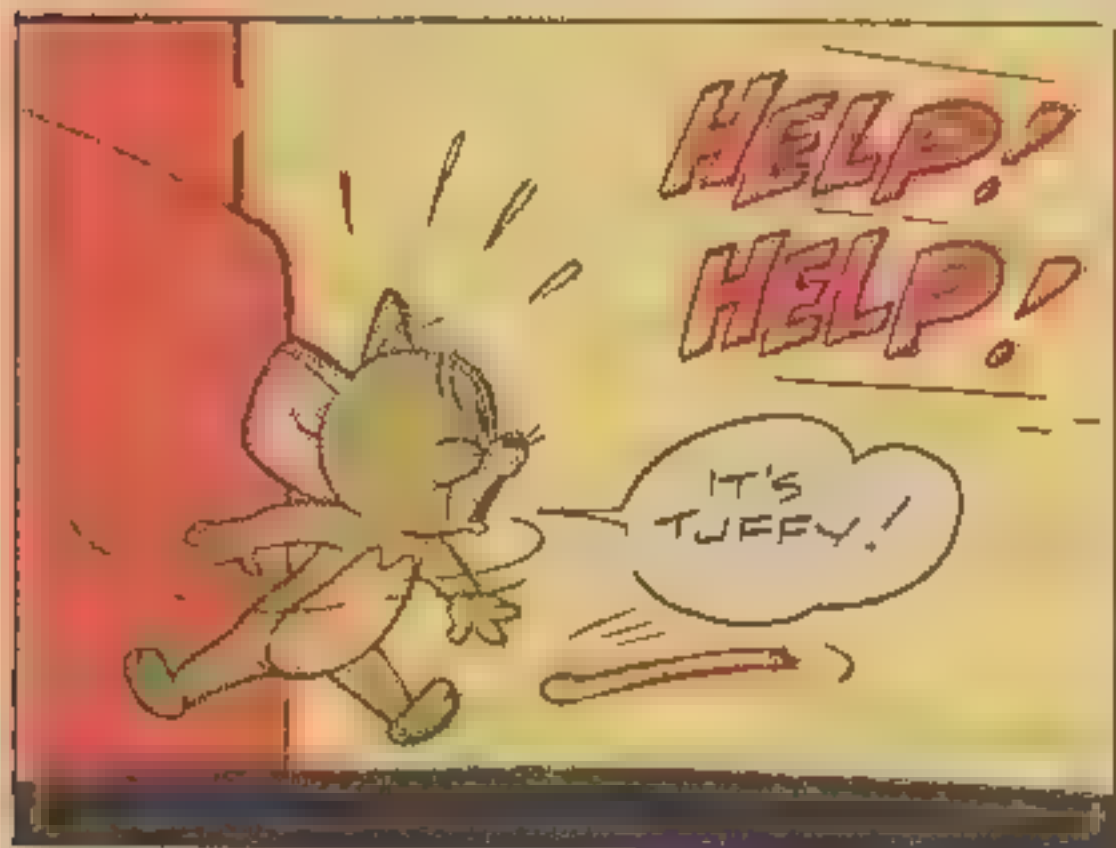
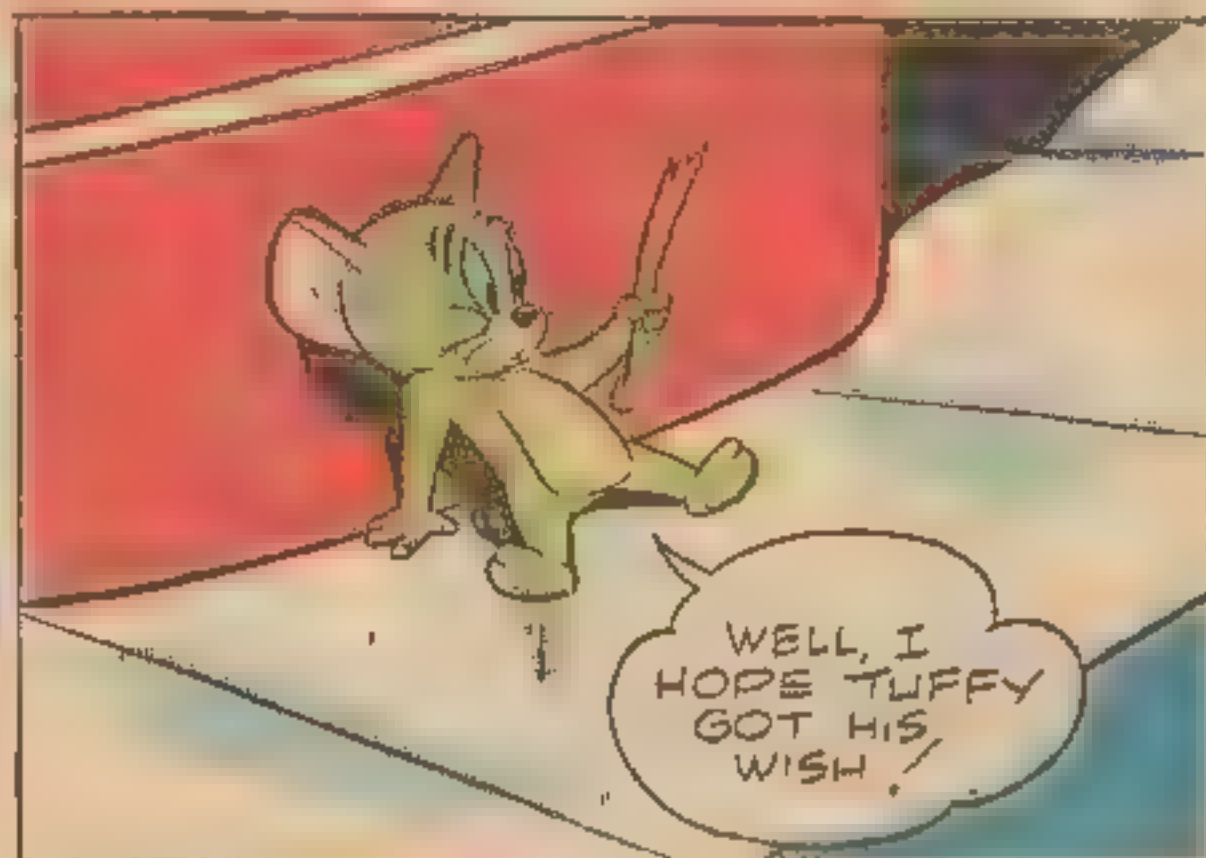
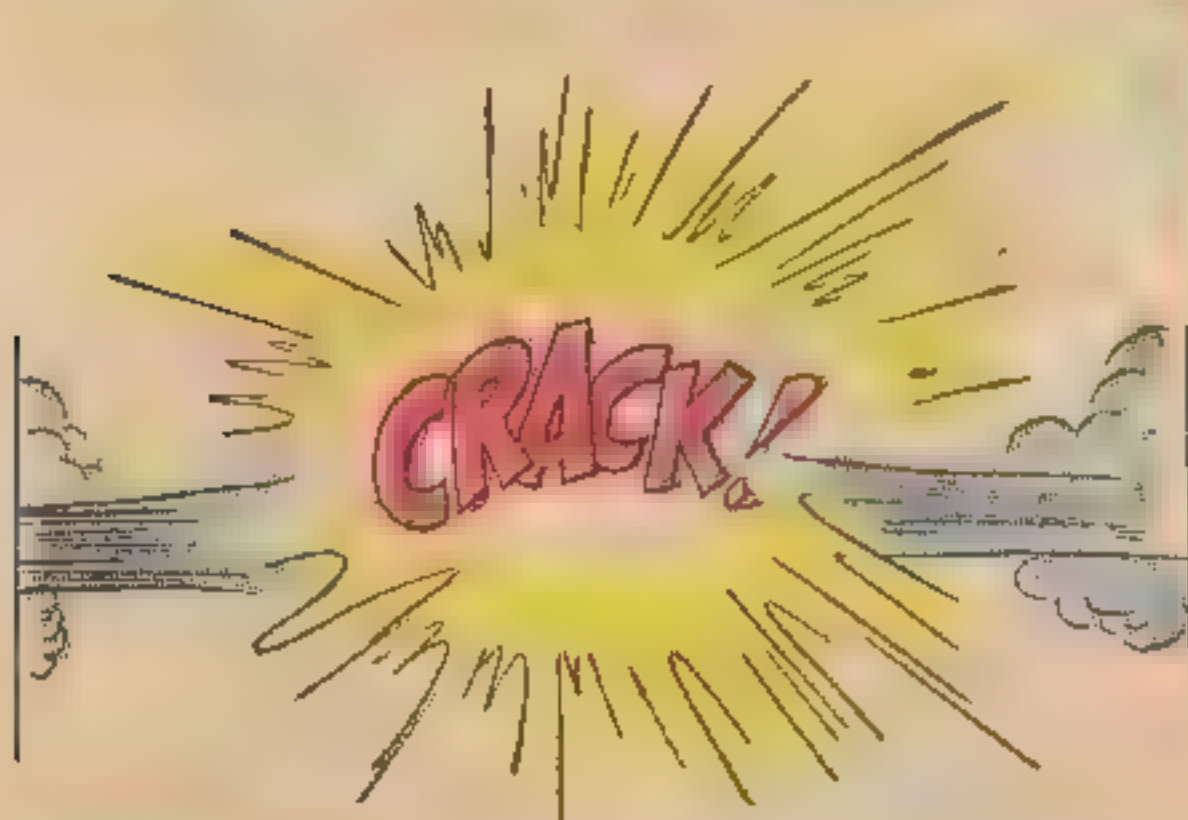
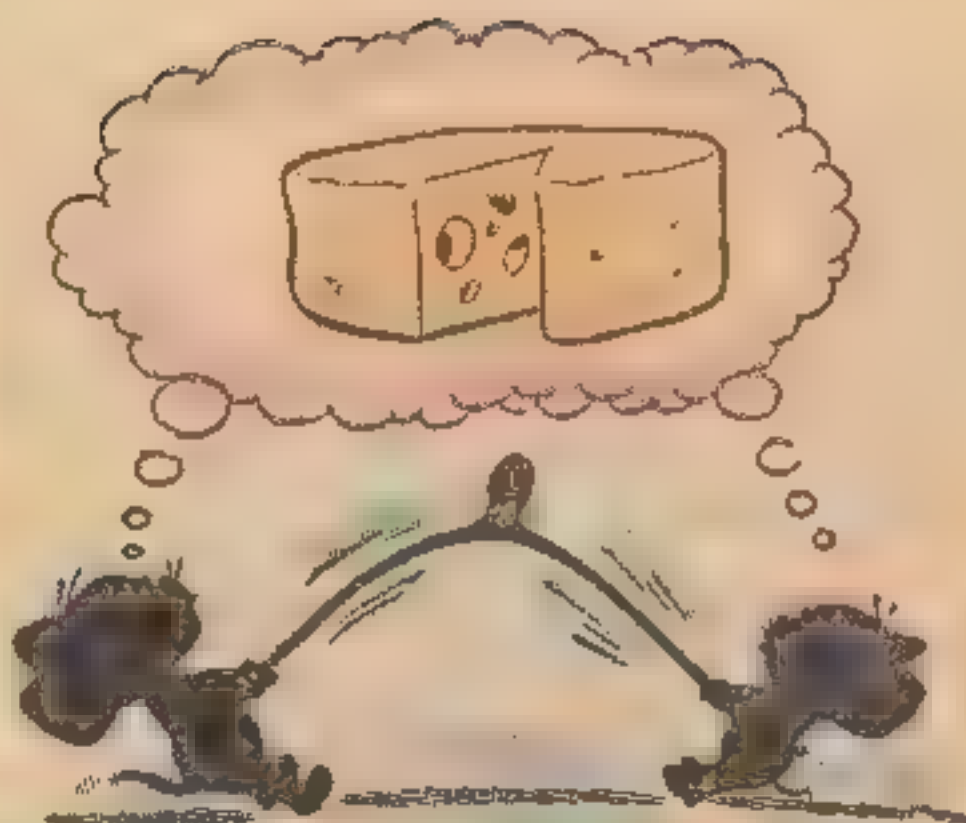
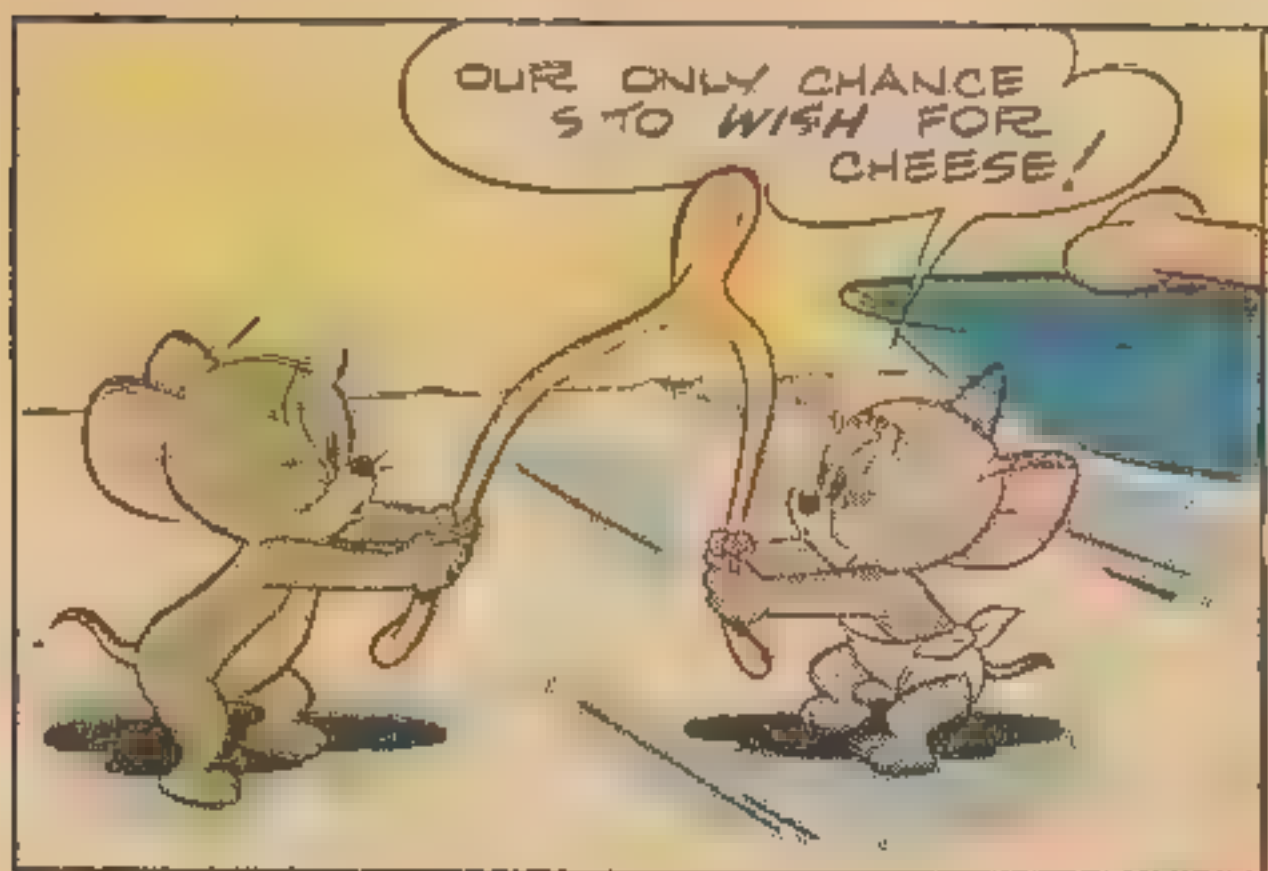




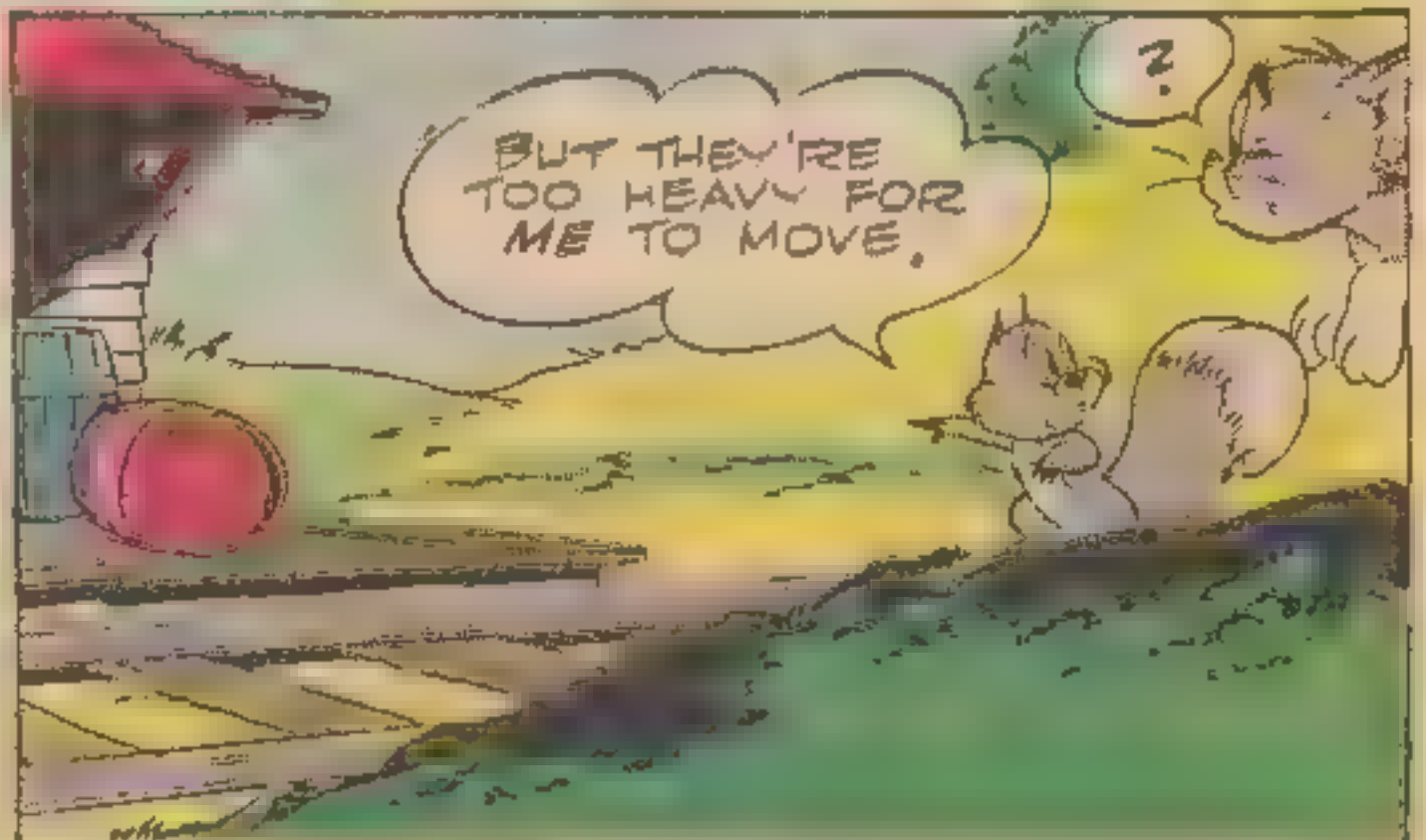
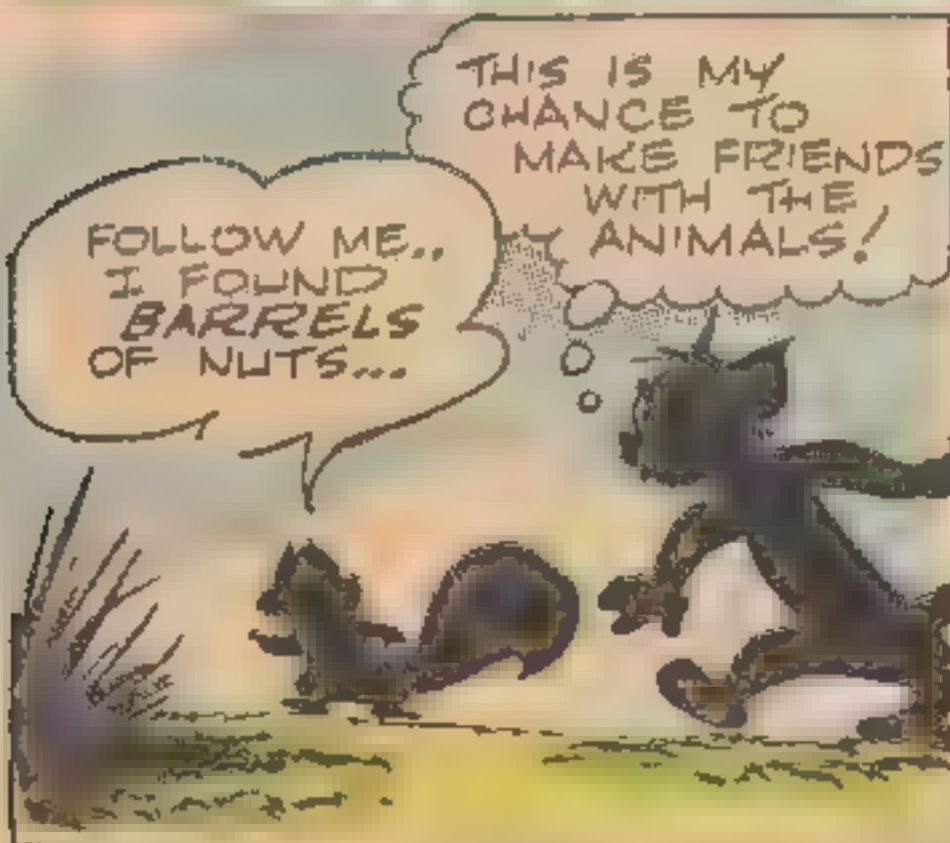
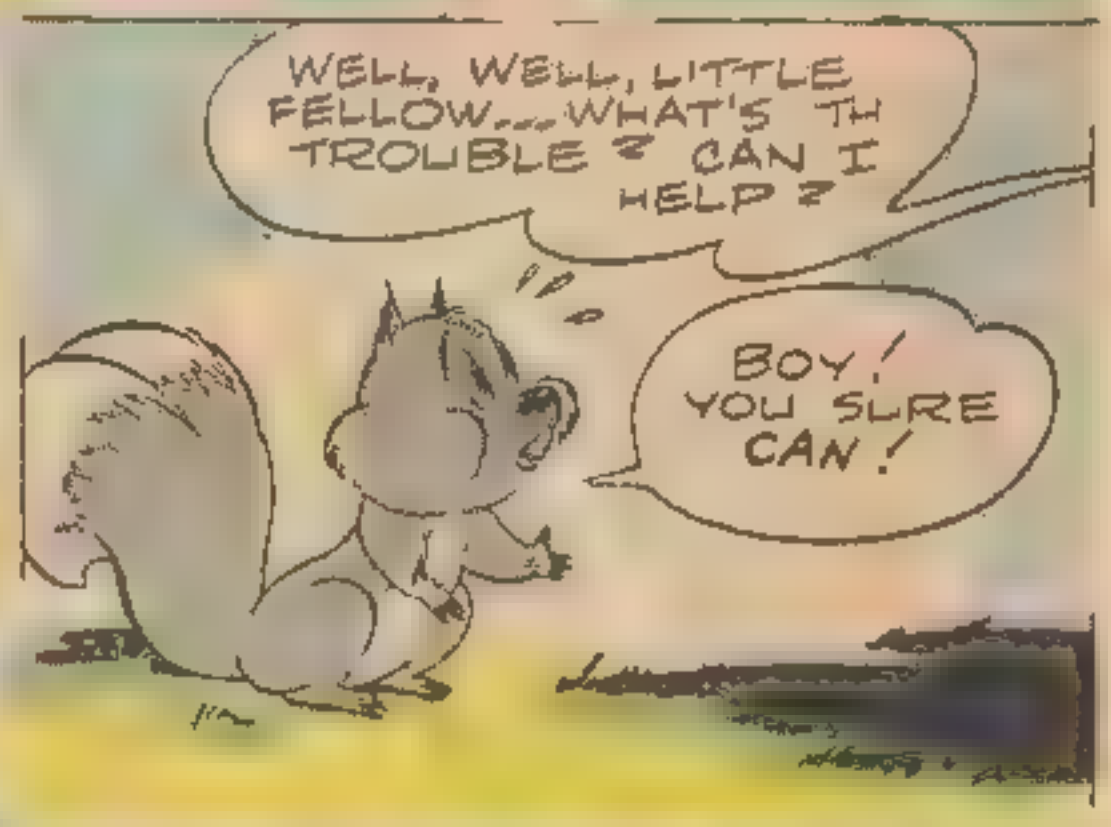
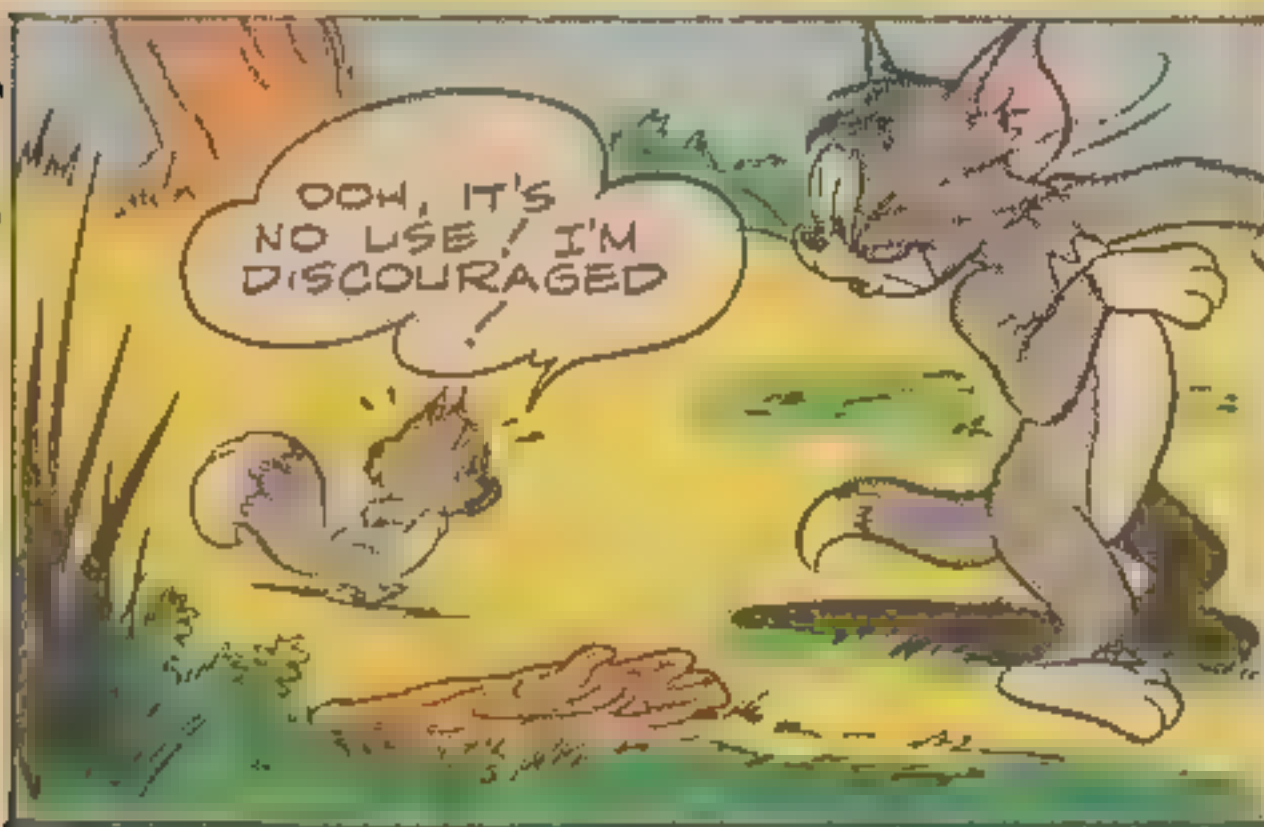
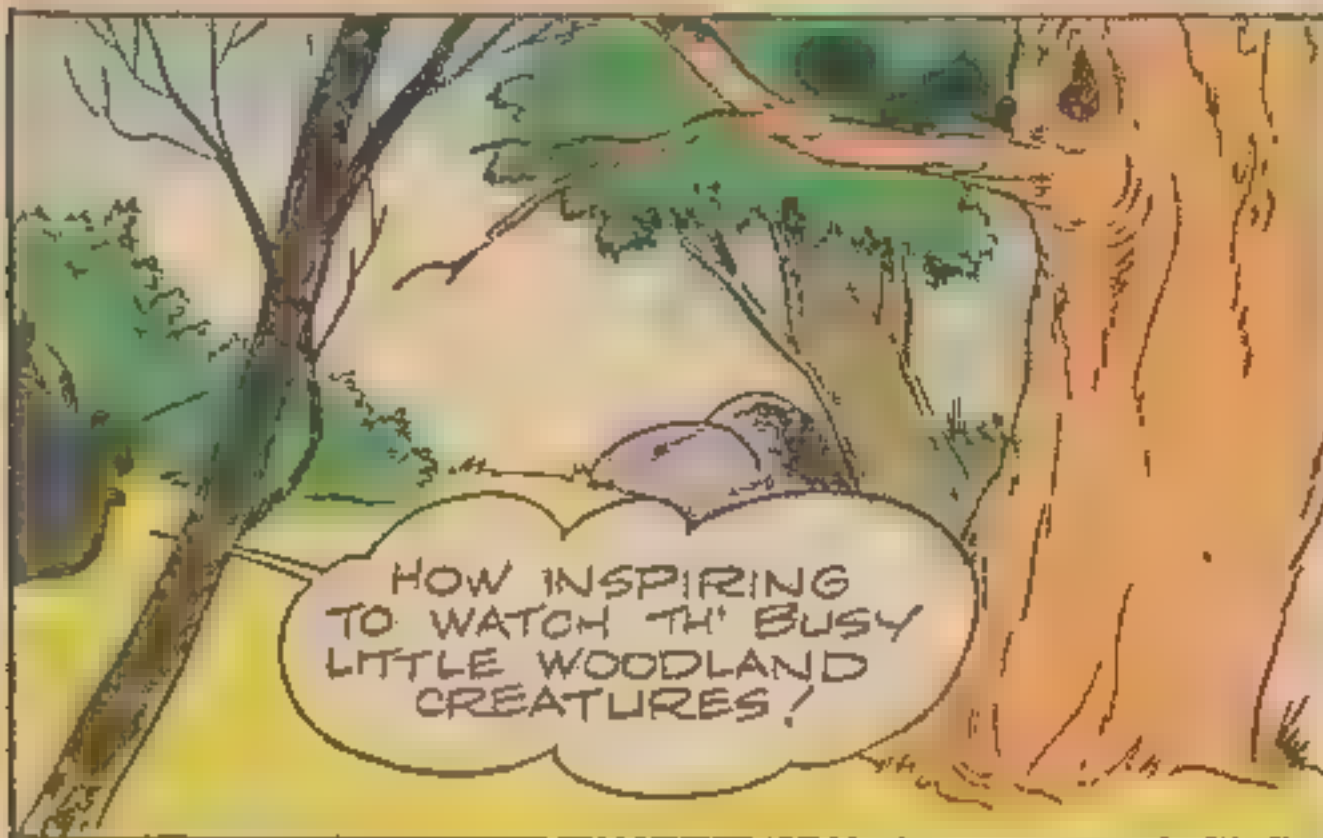
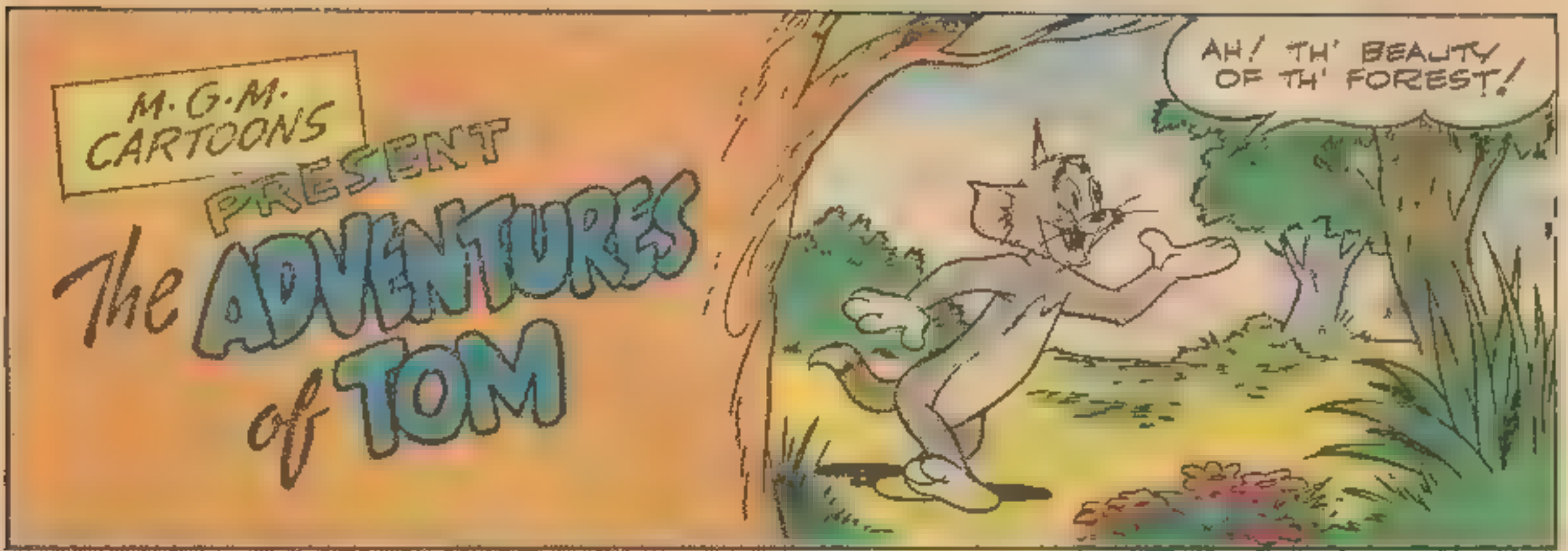
M.G.M. CARTOONS  
*present*  
**Jerry and Tuffy**



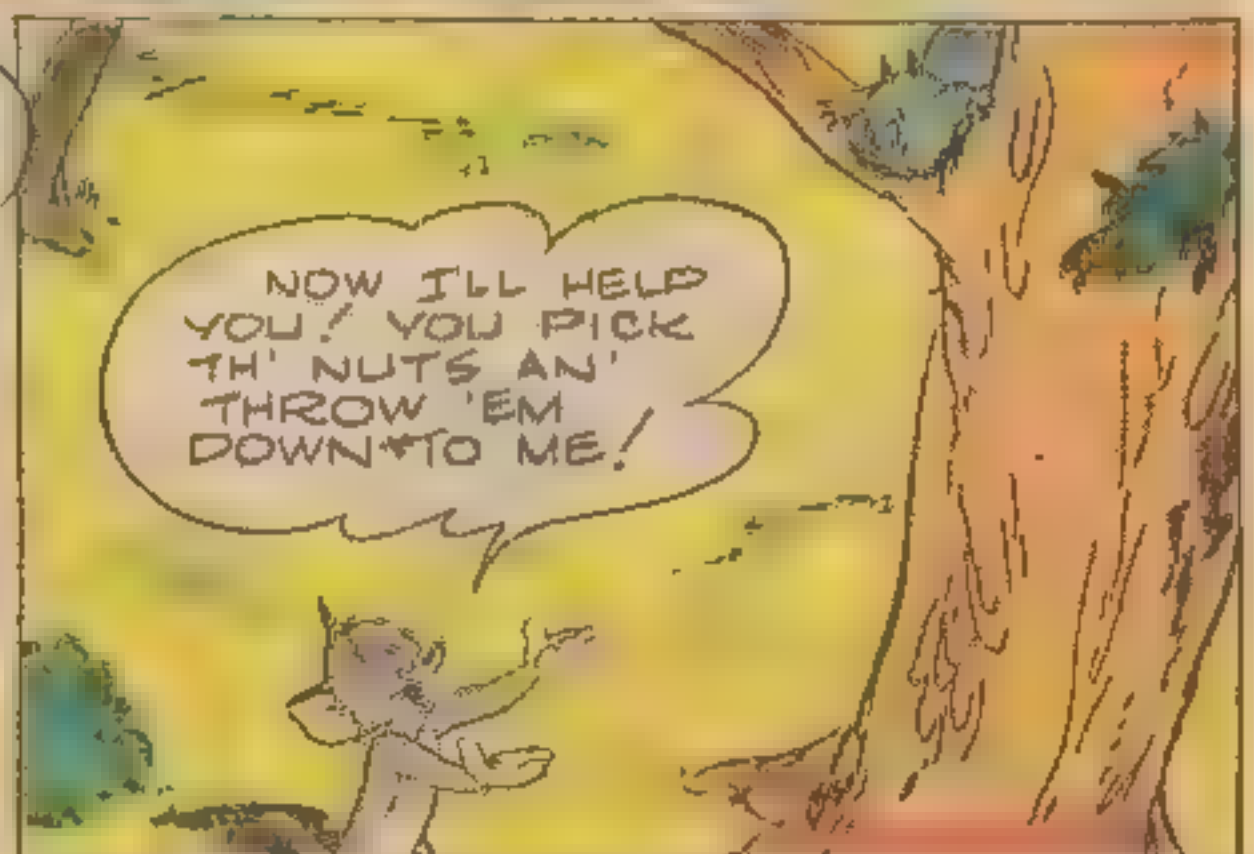
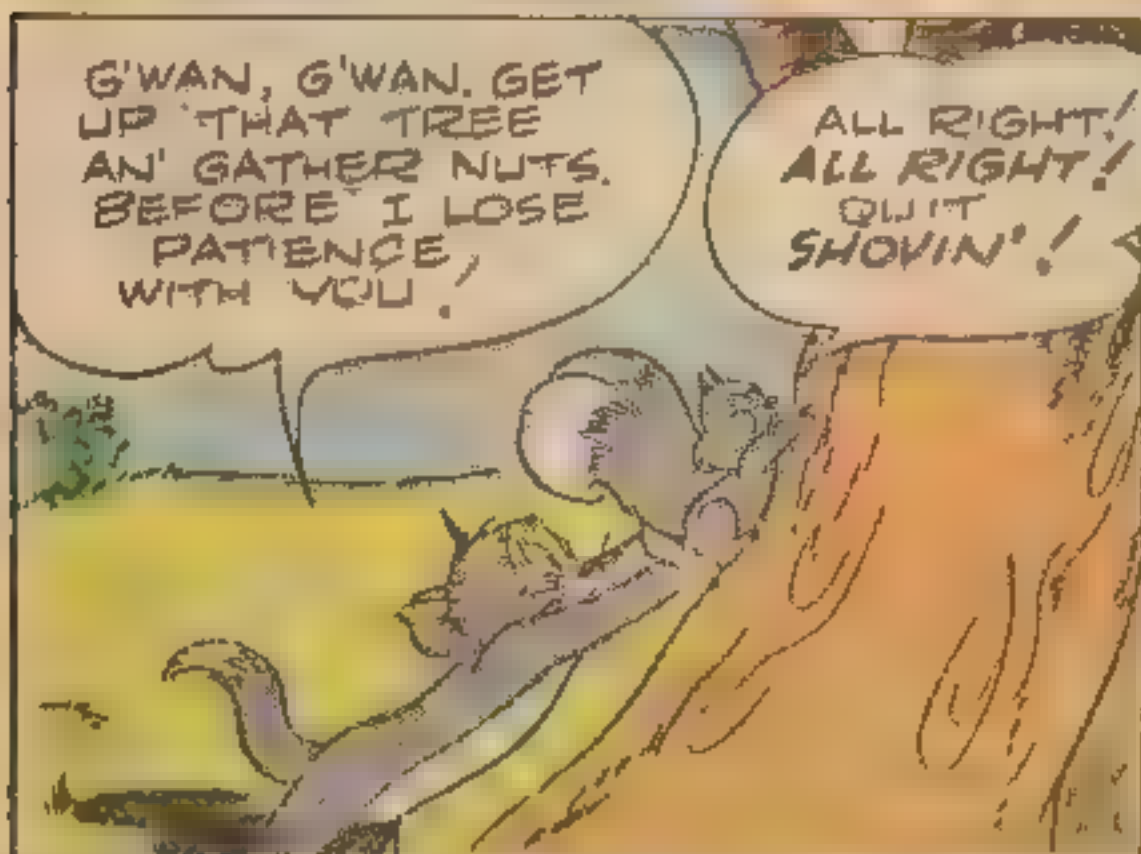
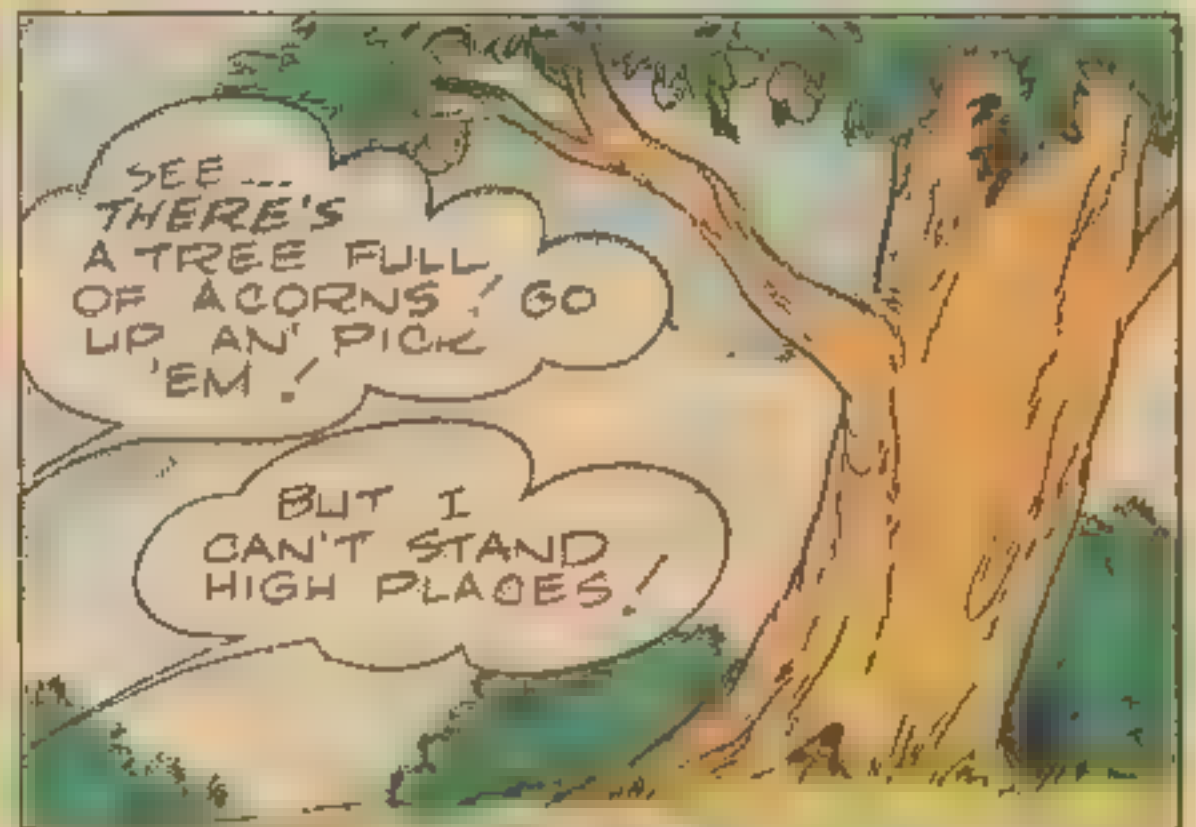
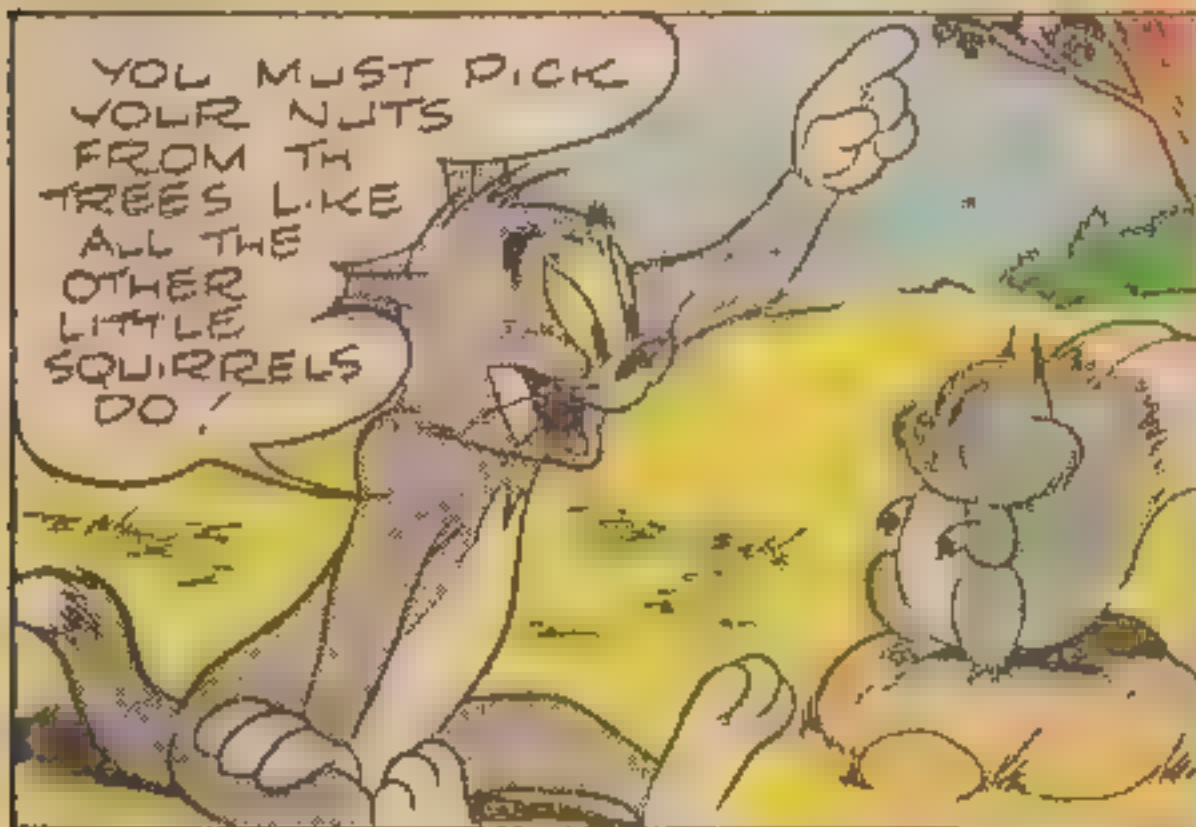
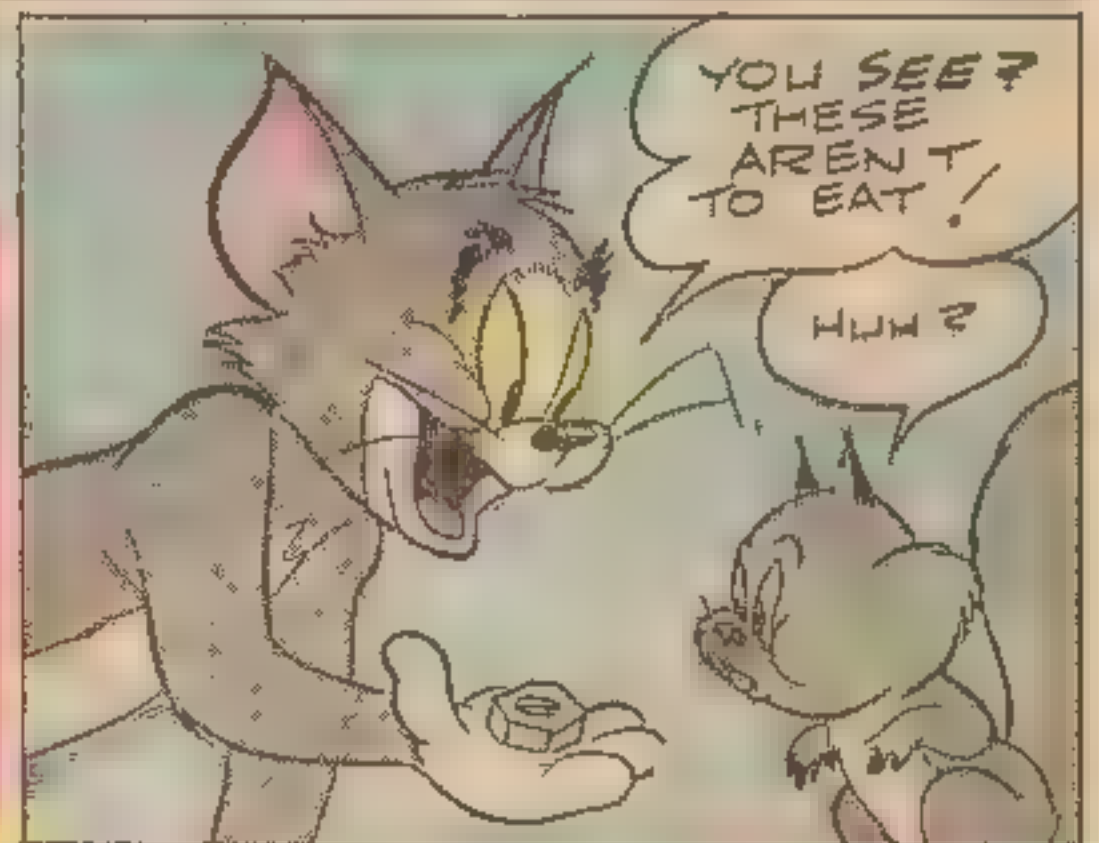
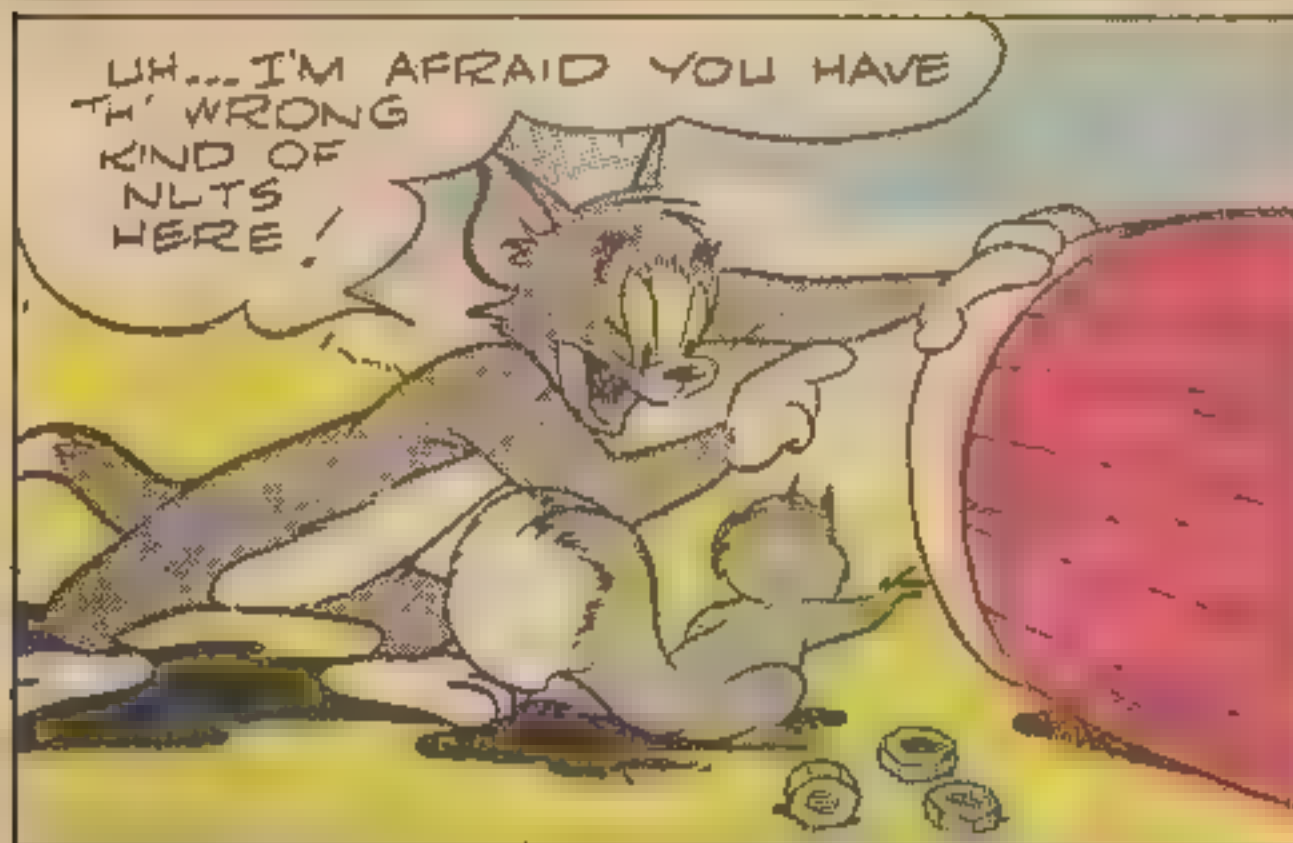
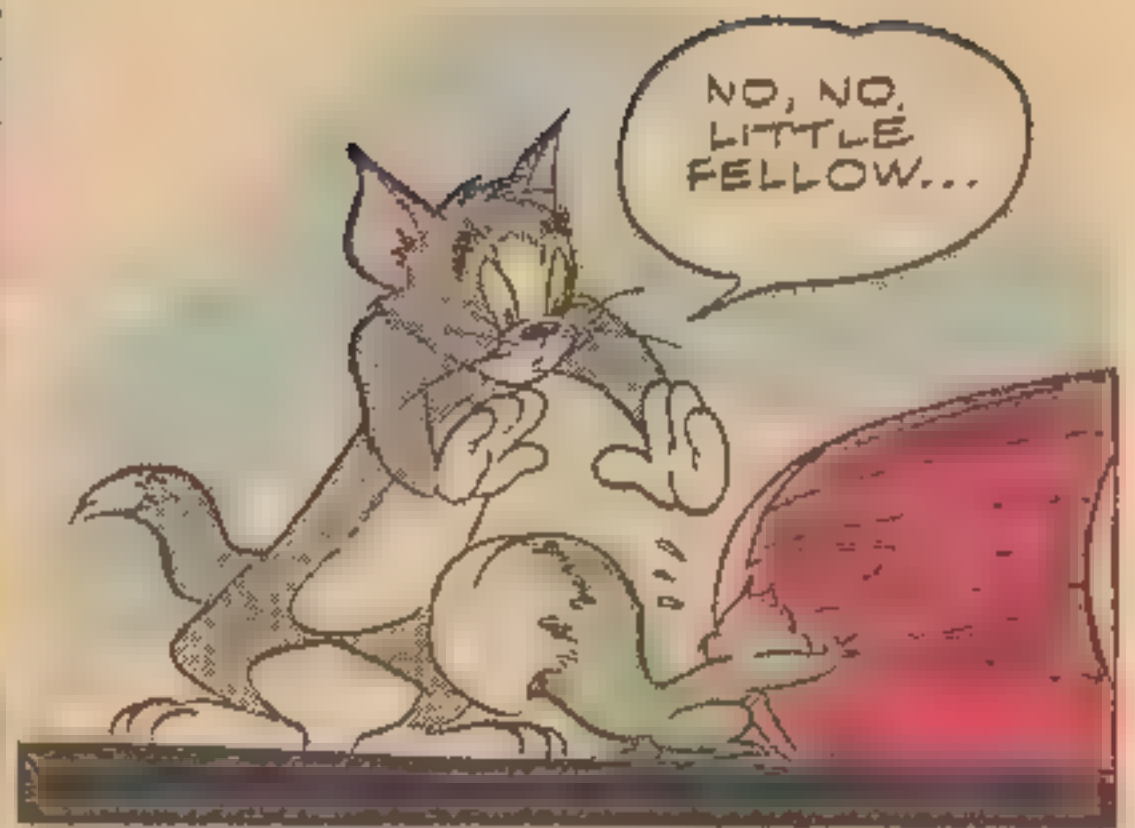
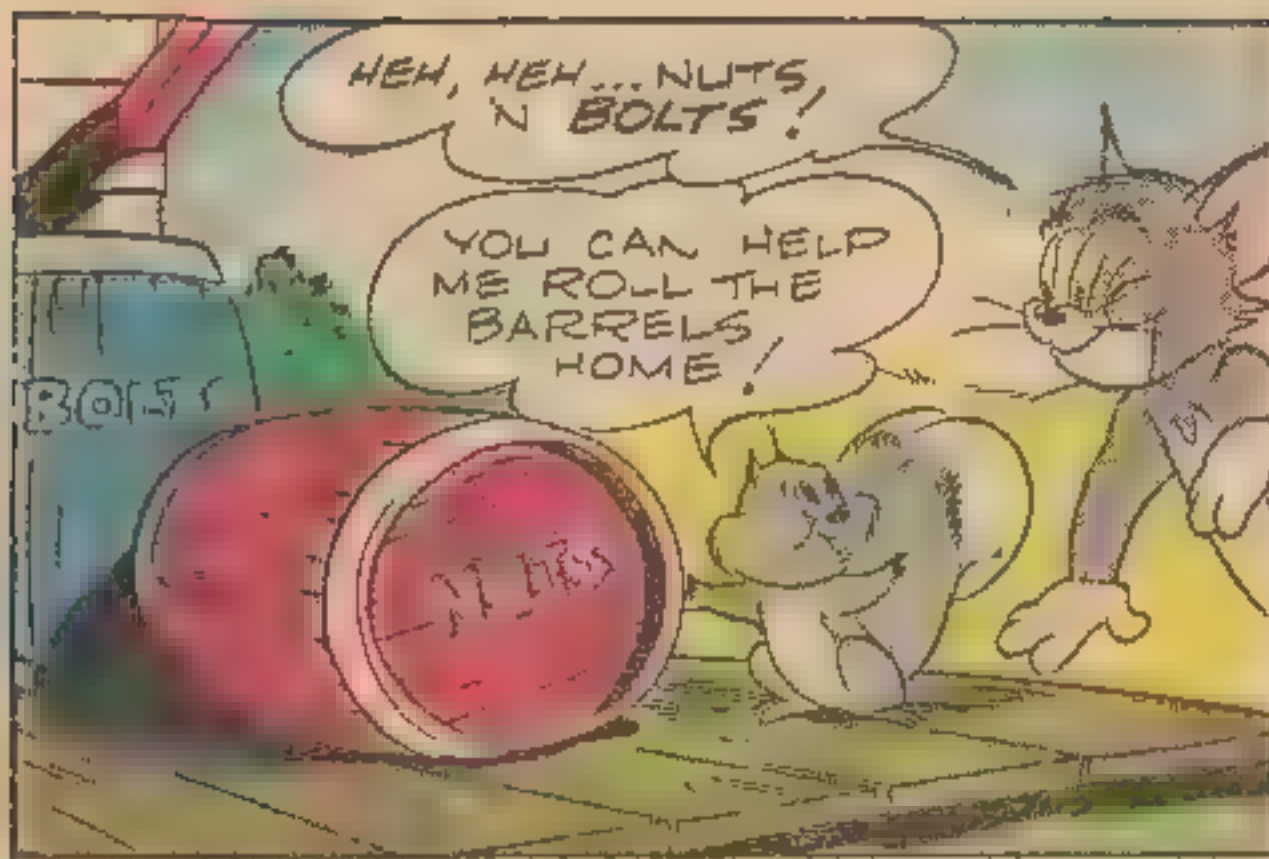




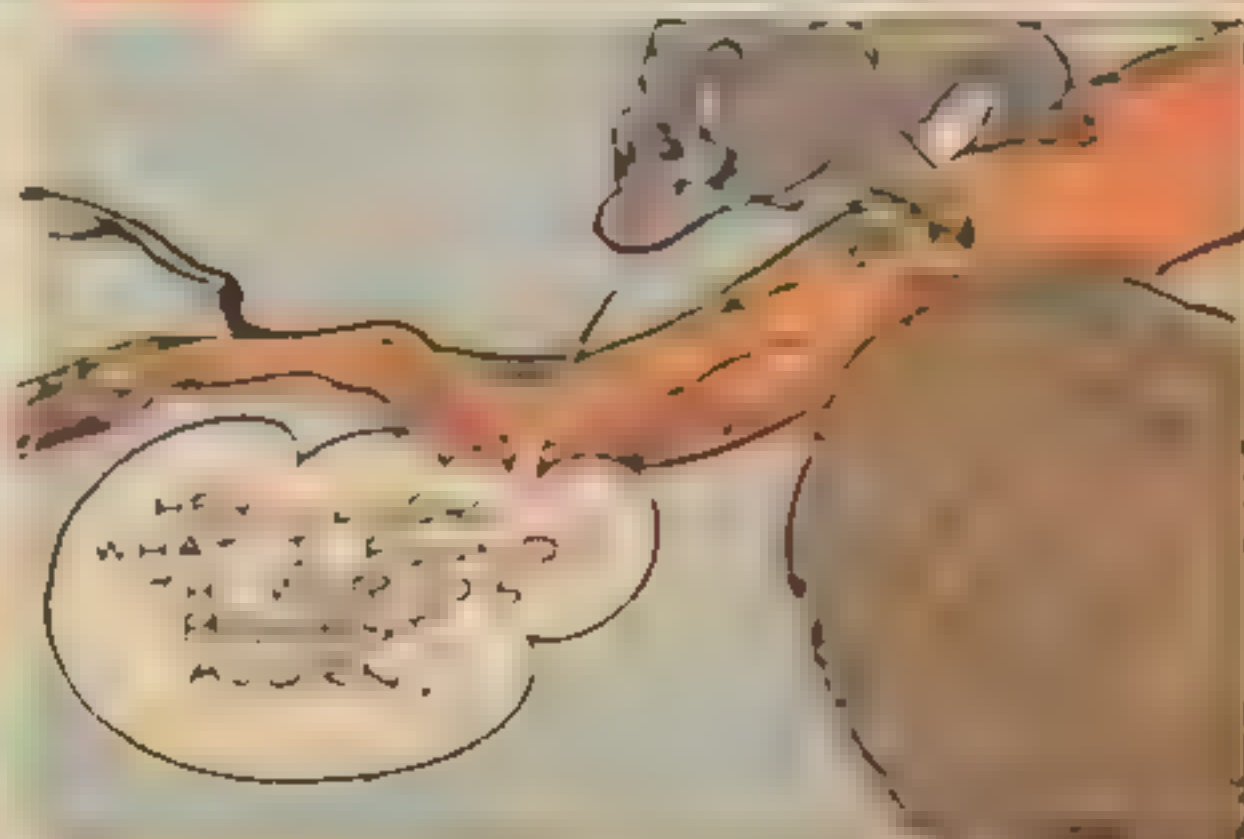
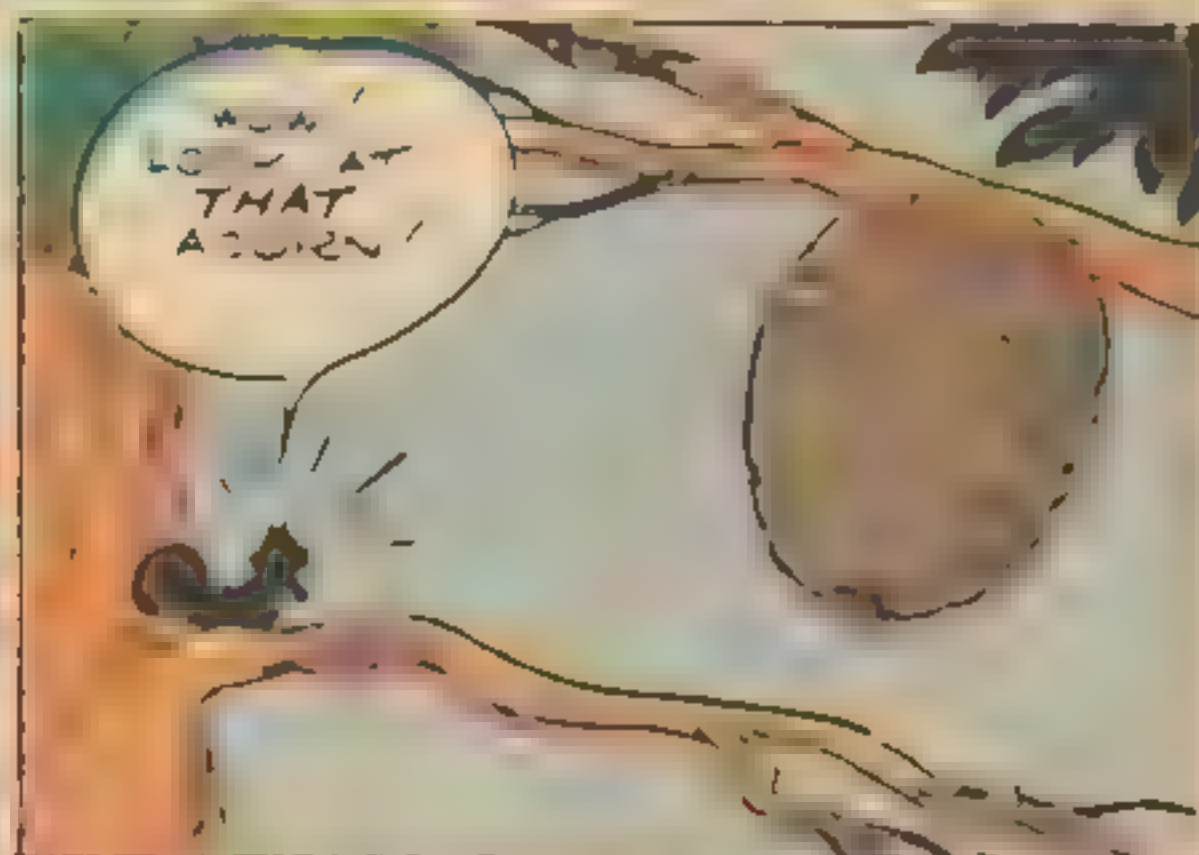
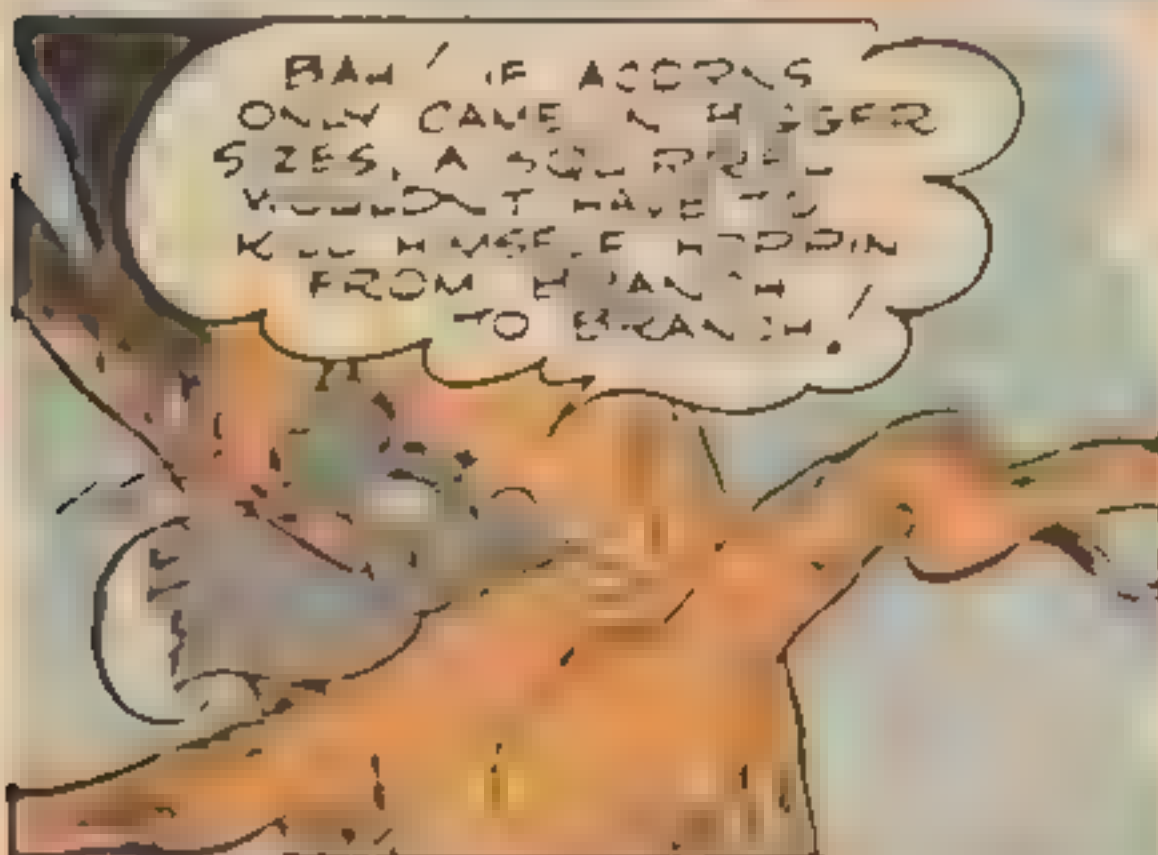




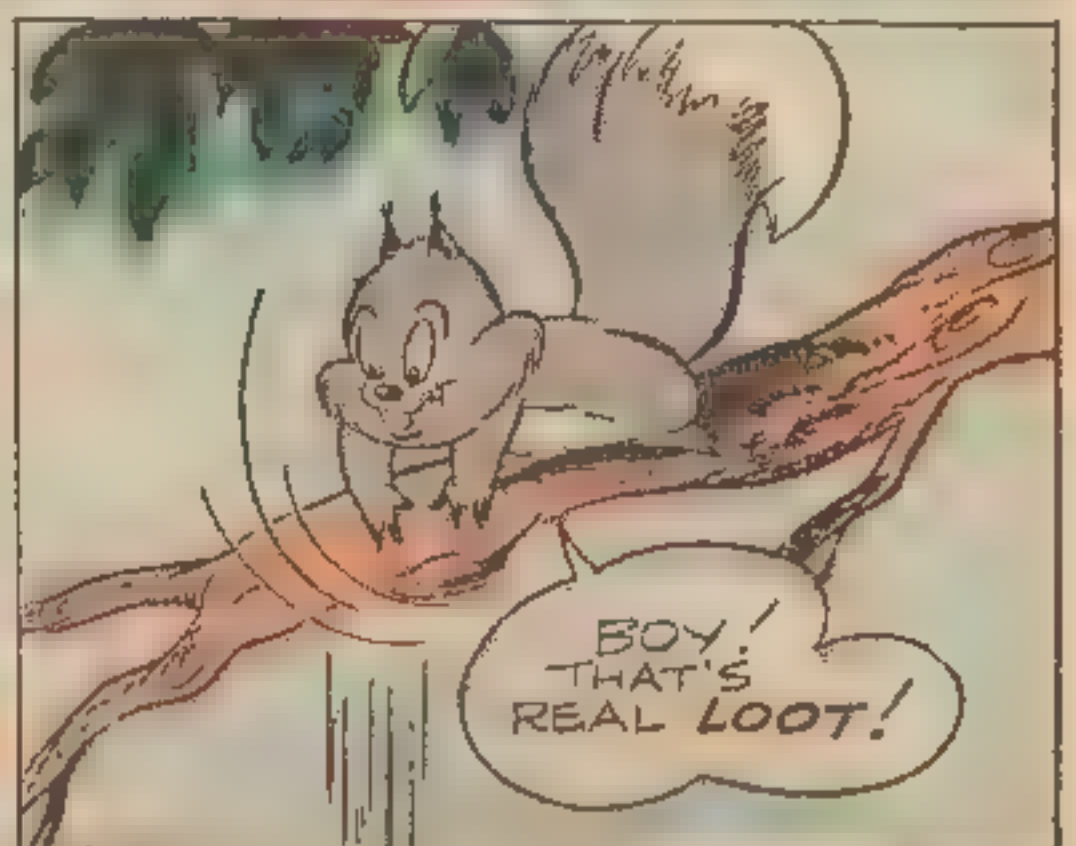
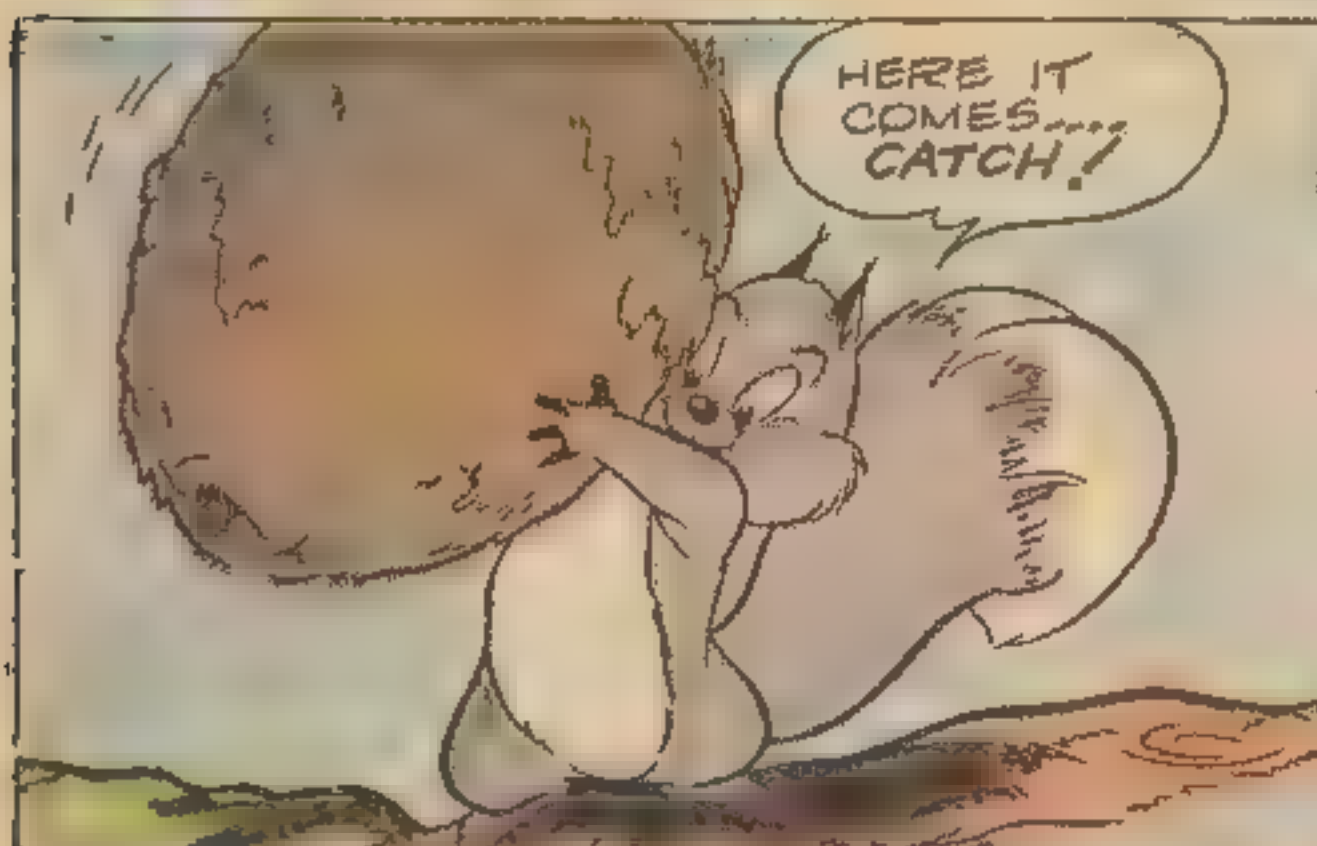
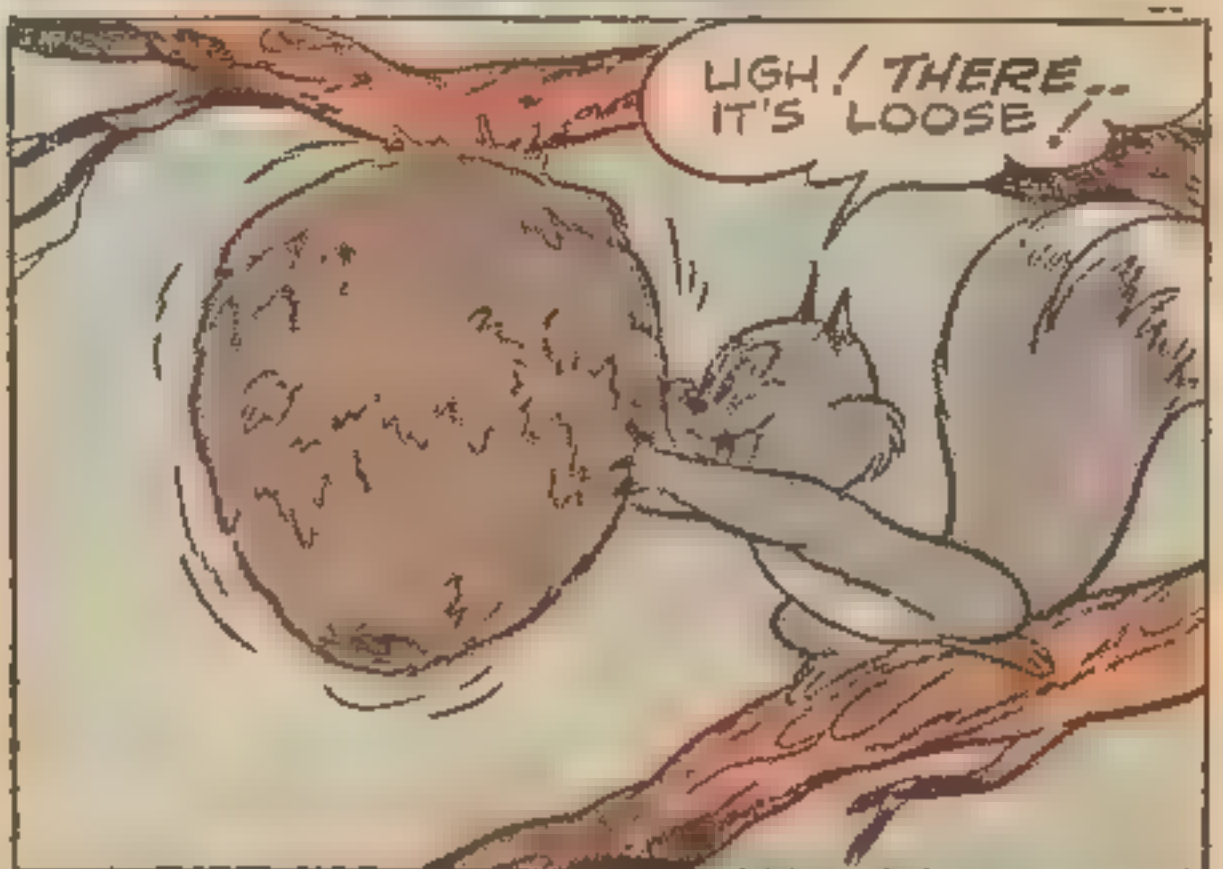
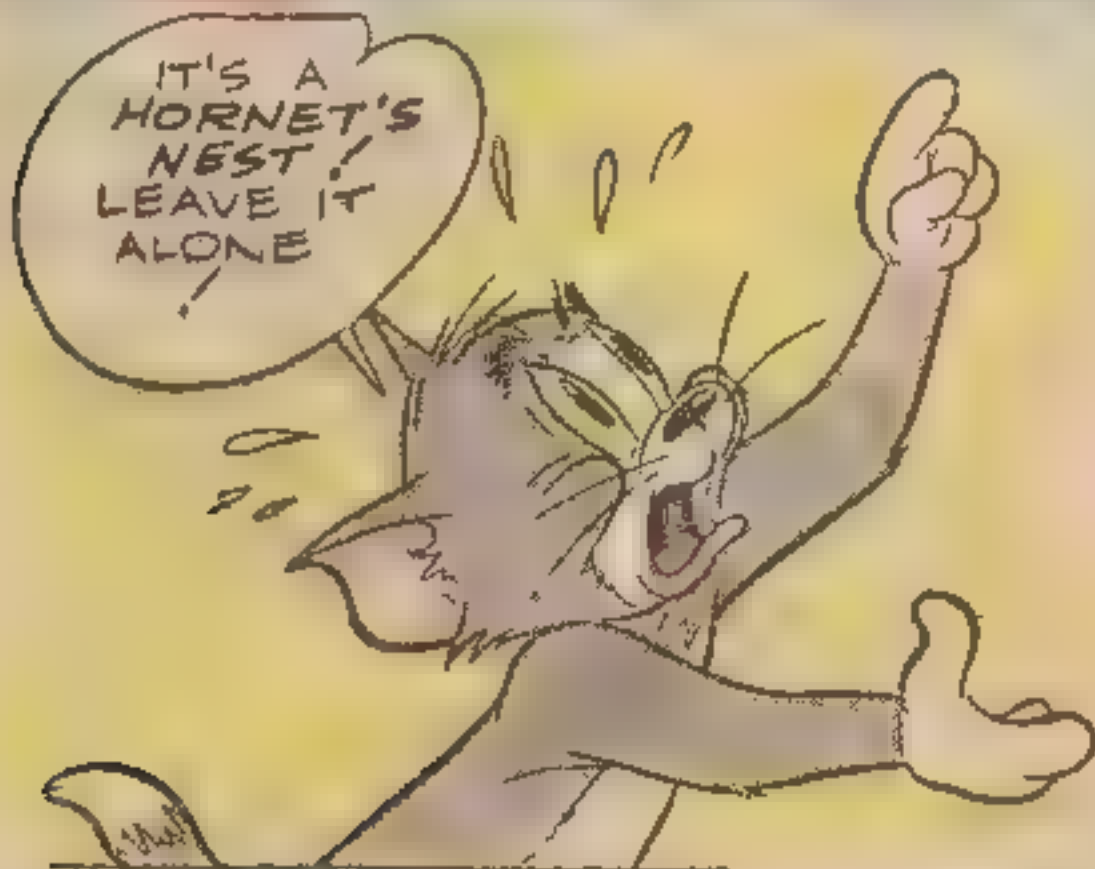
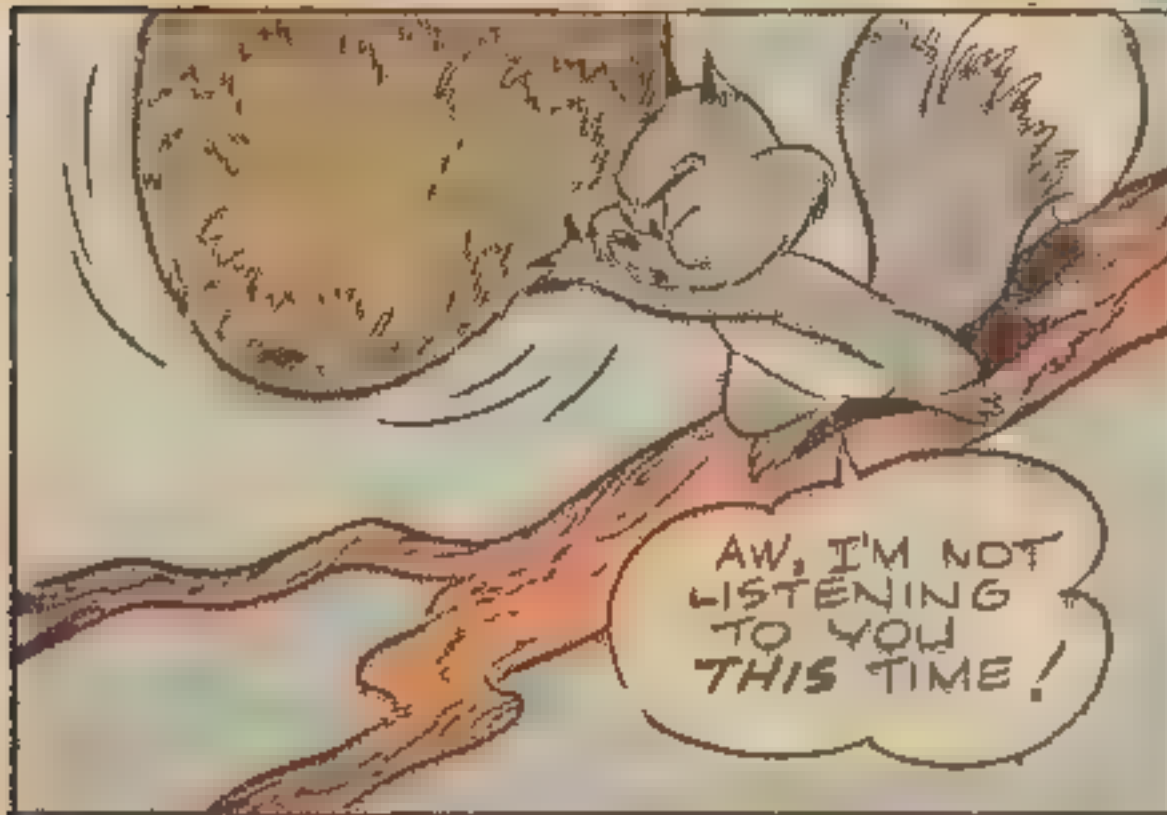
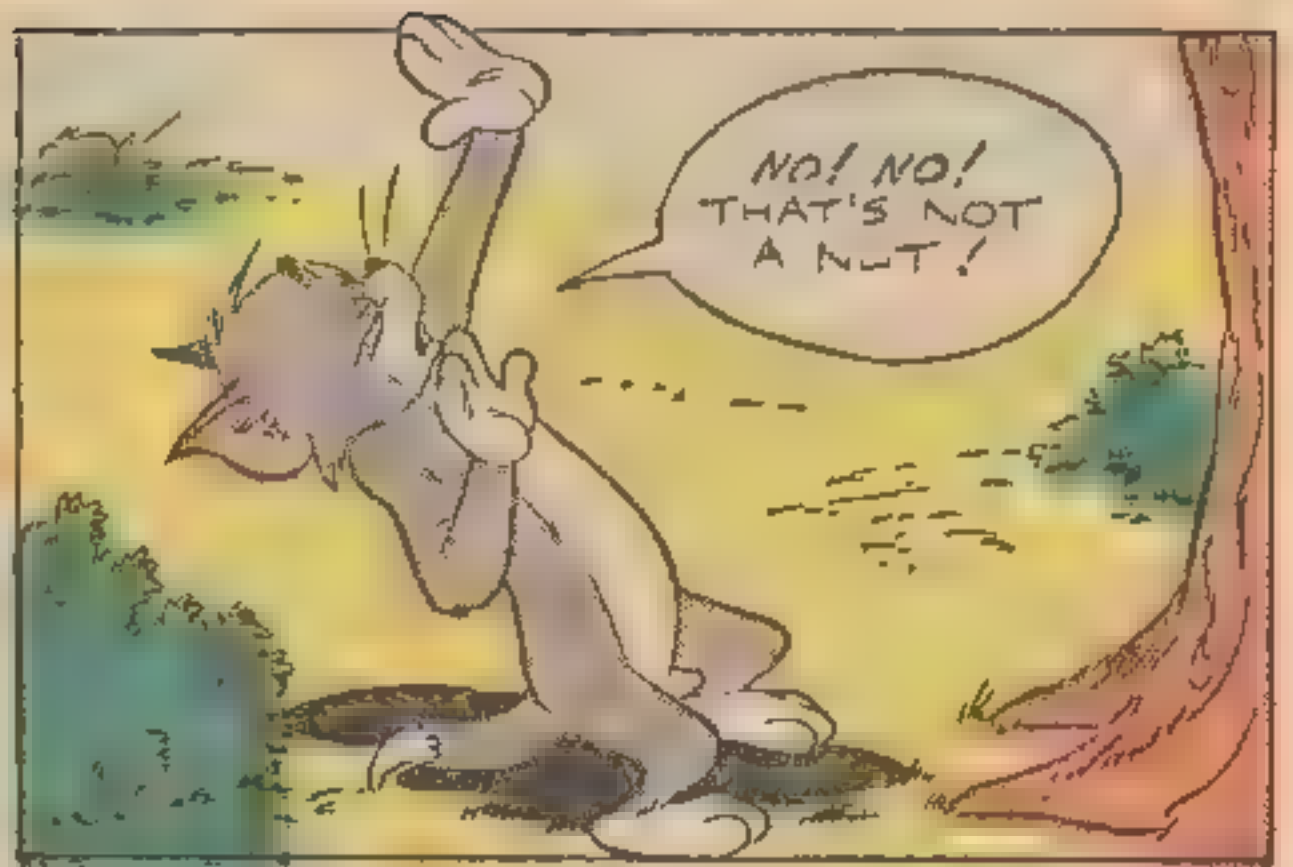




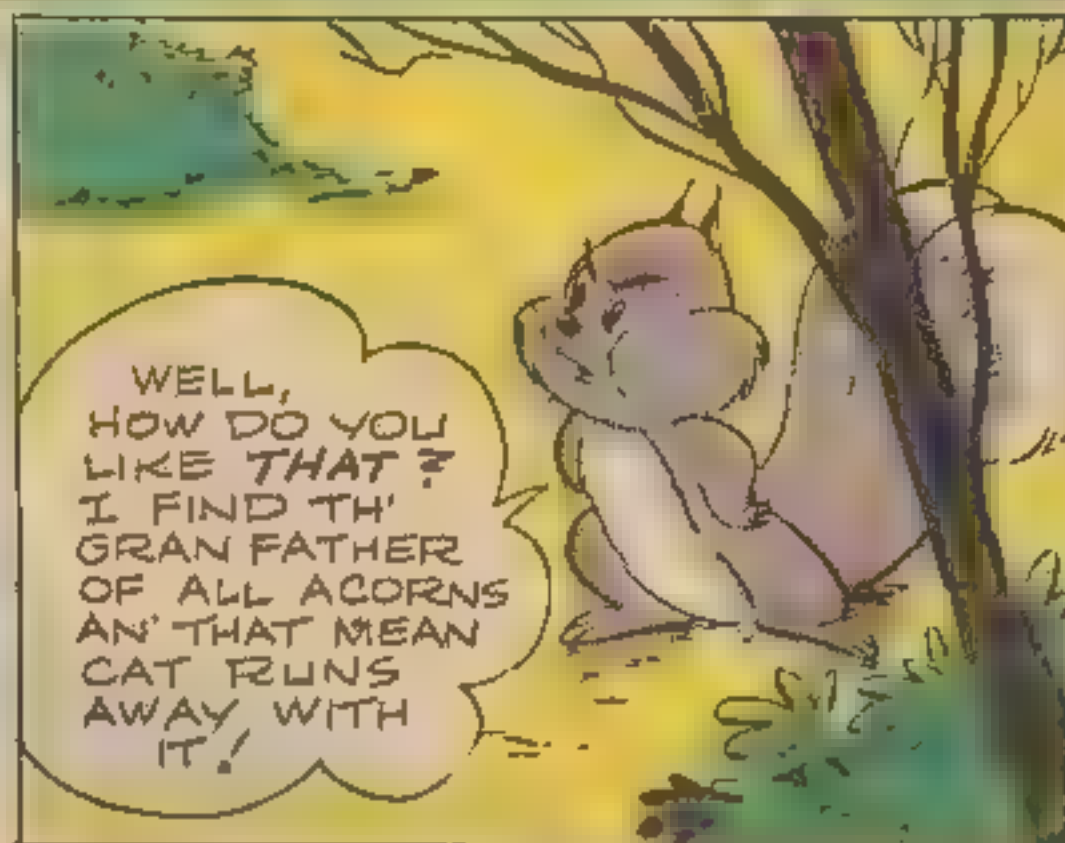
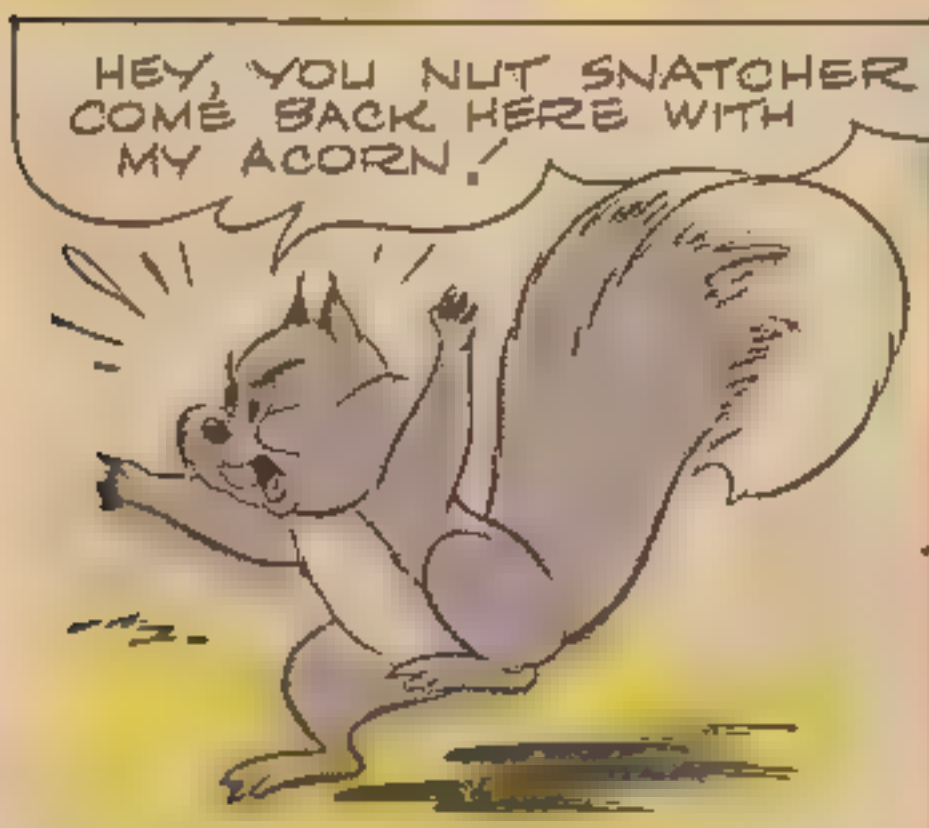
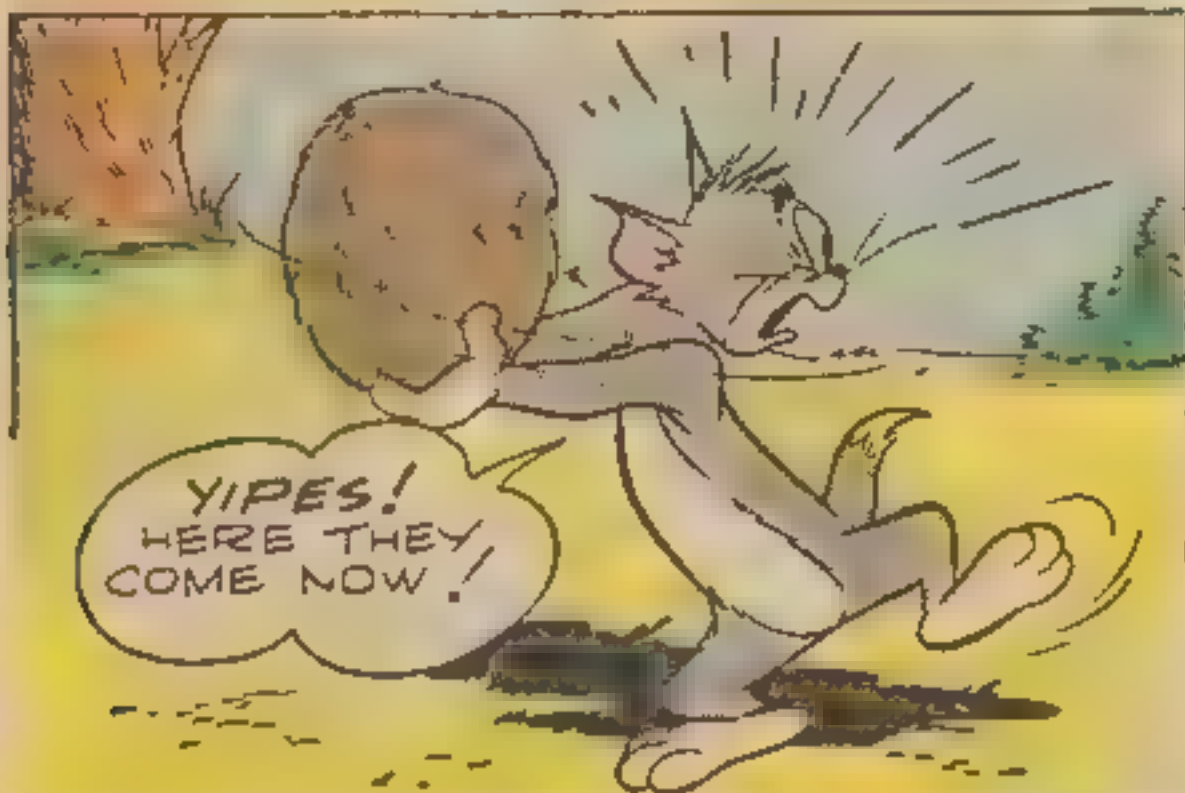
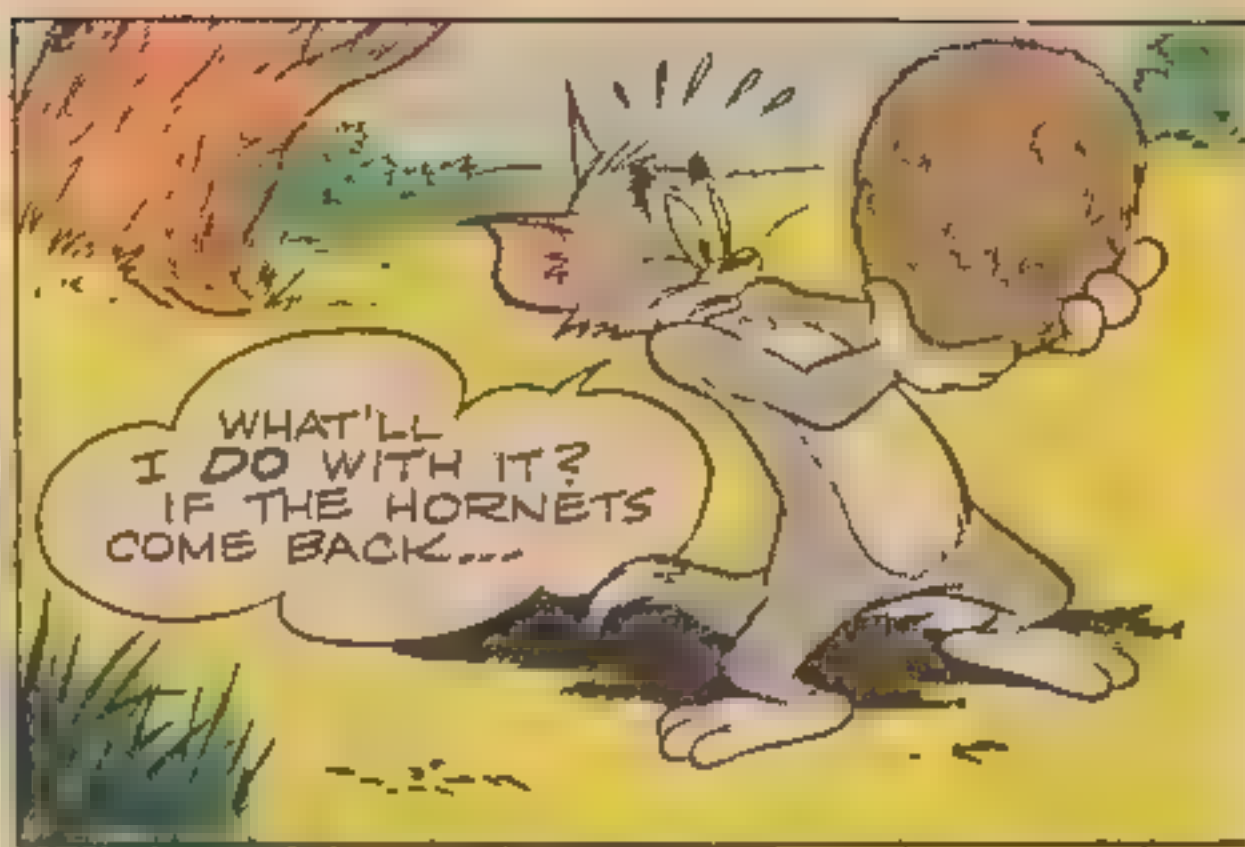
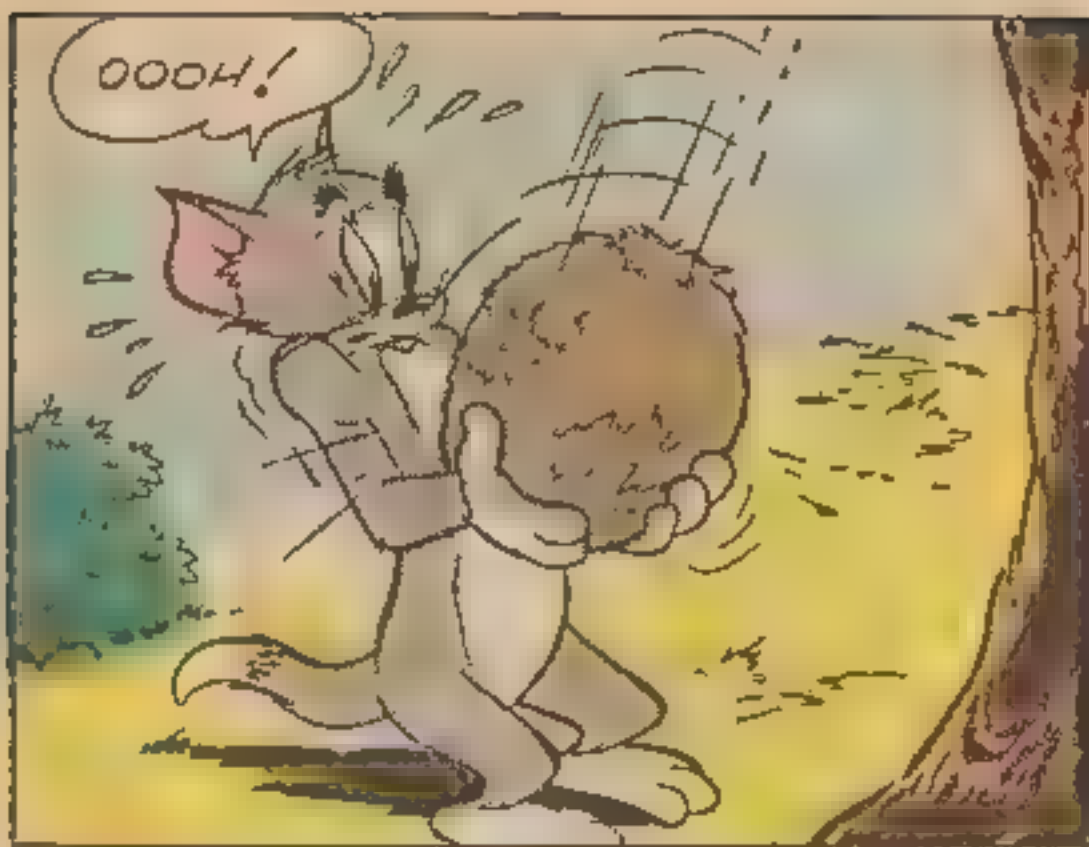




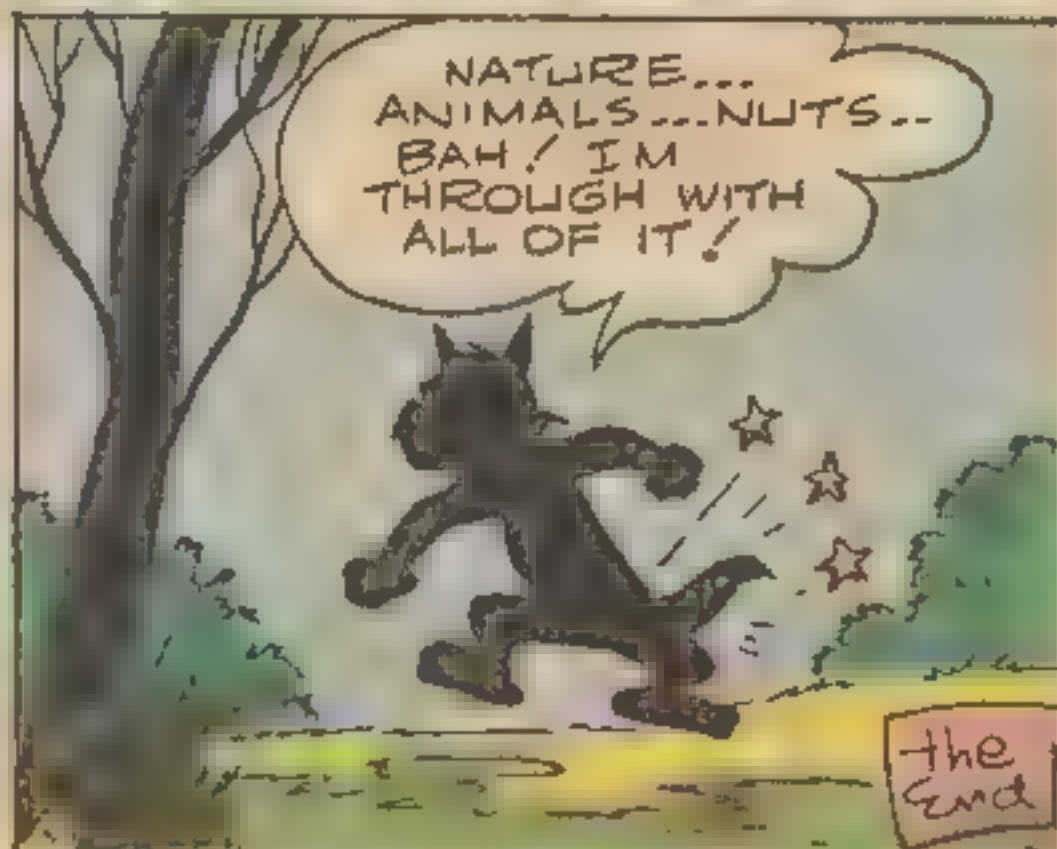
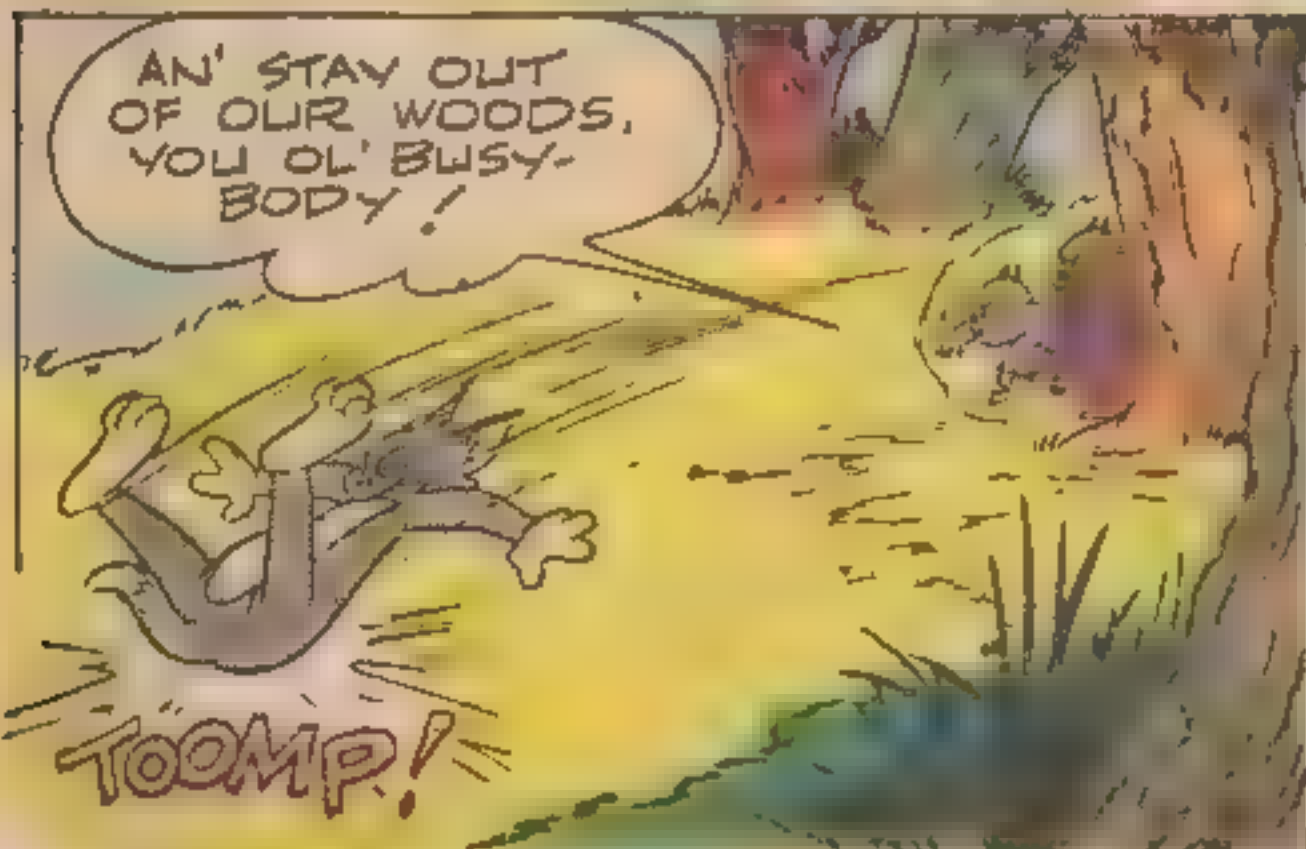
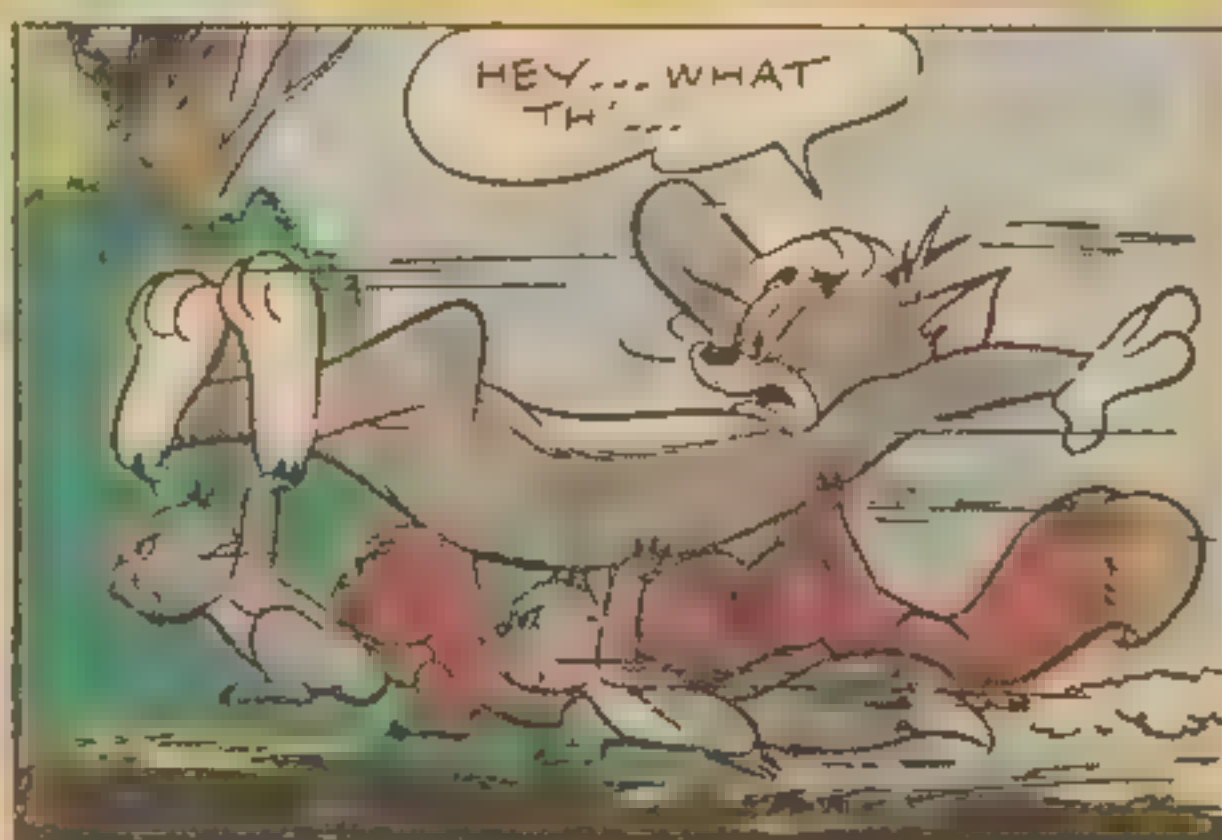
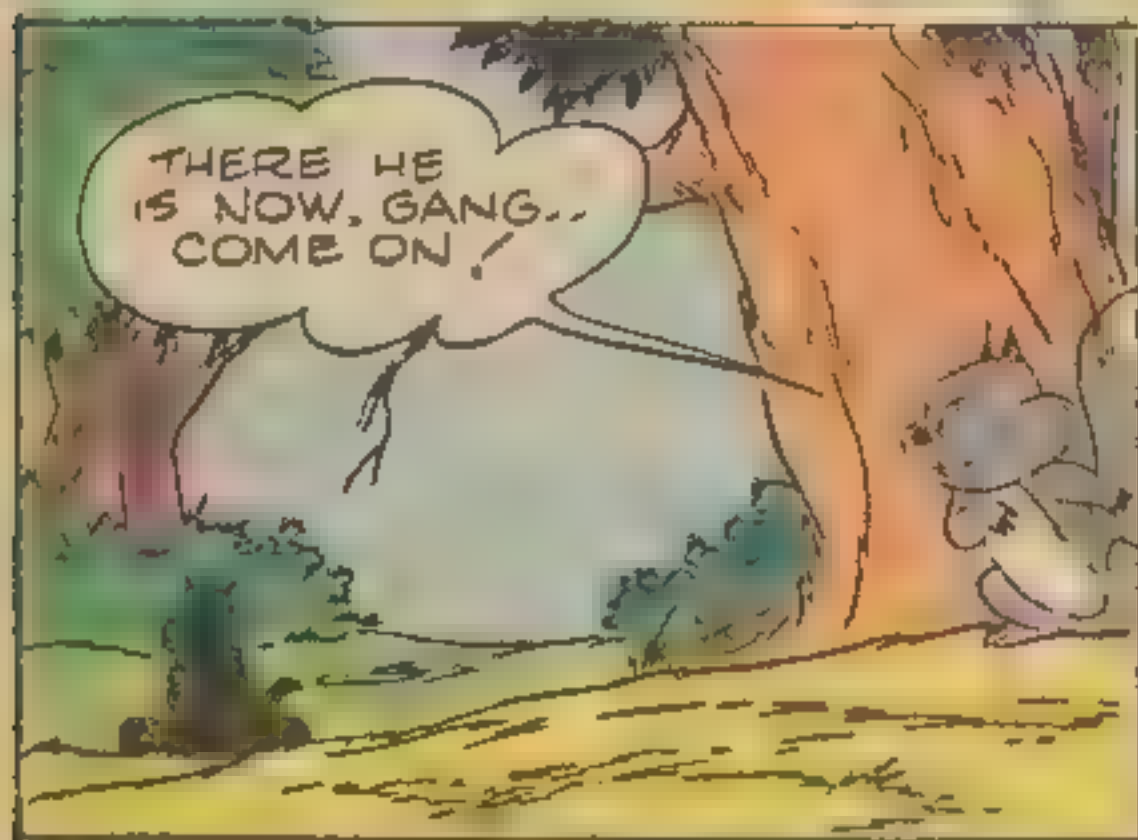
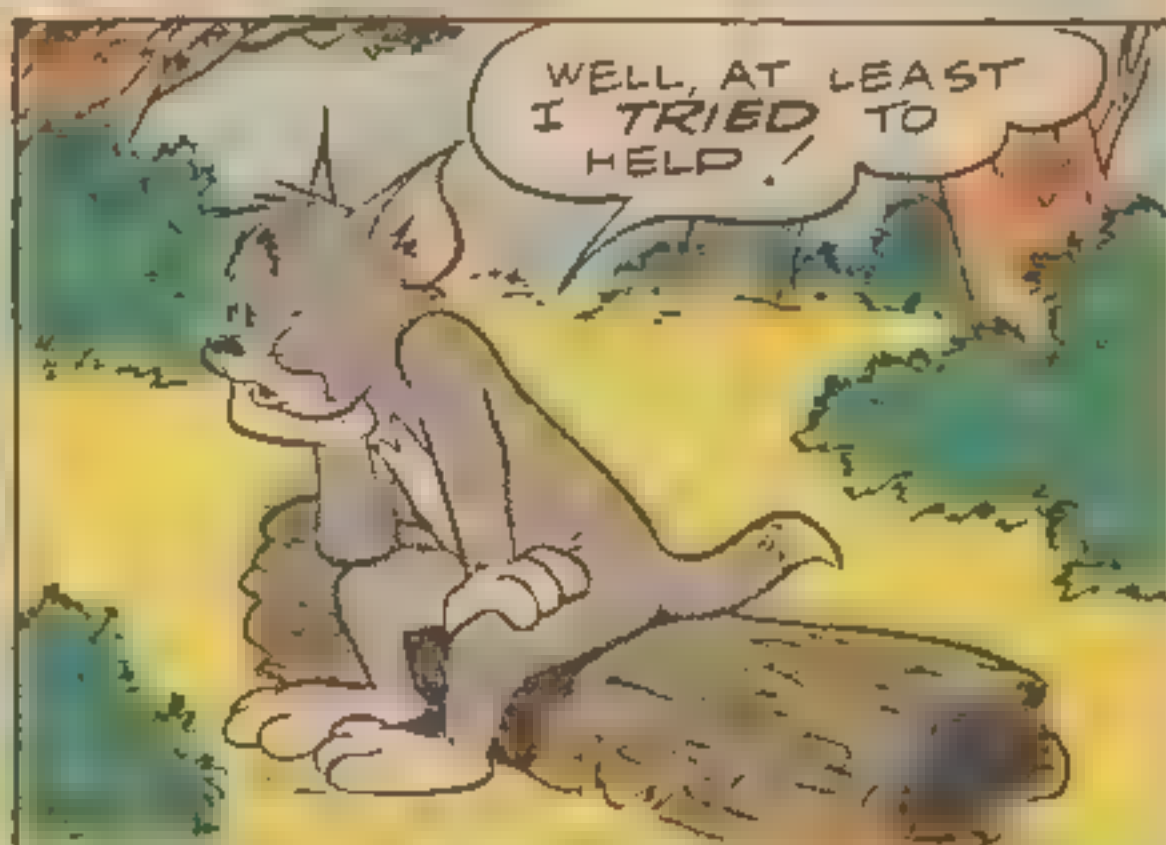
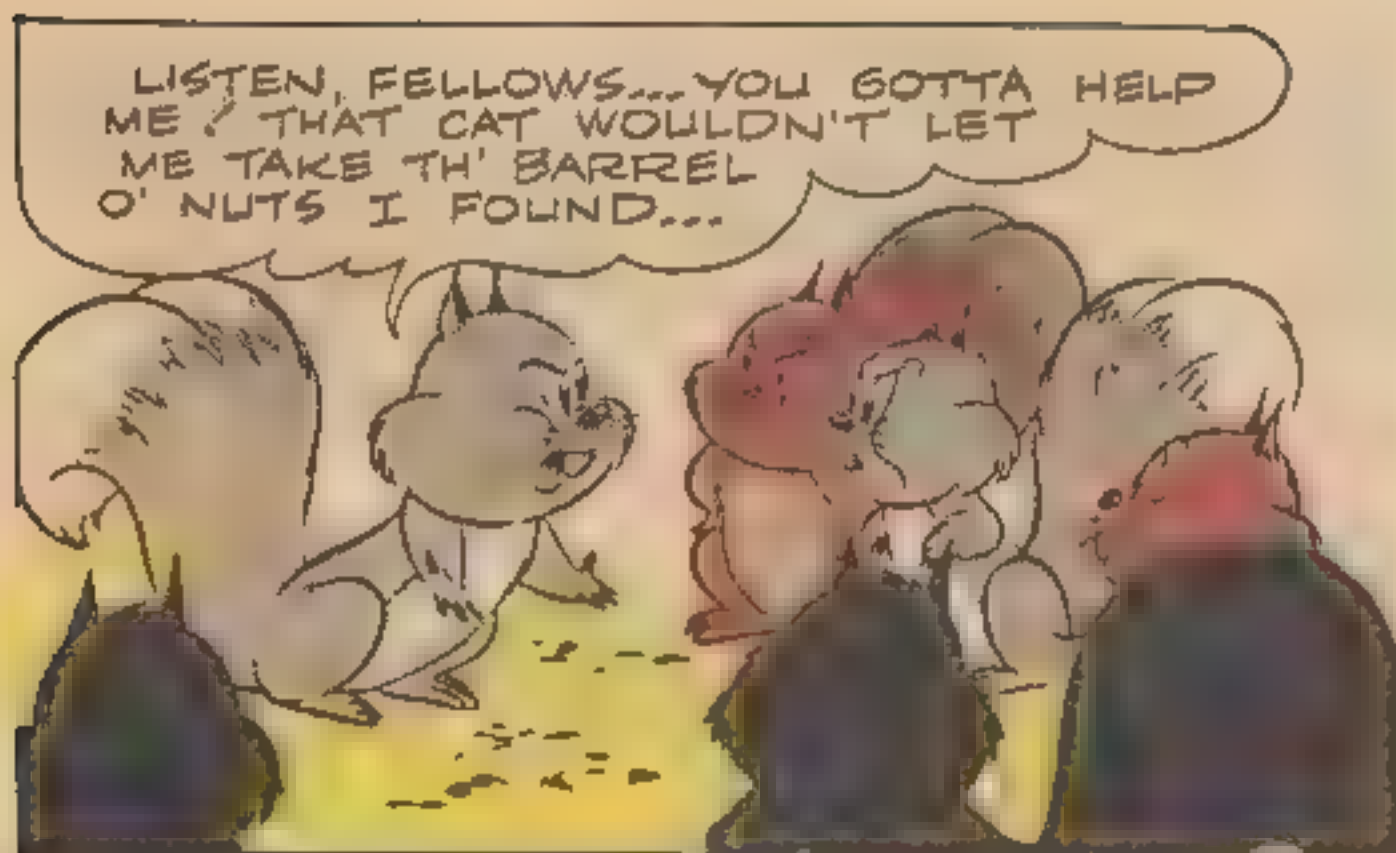






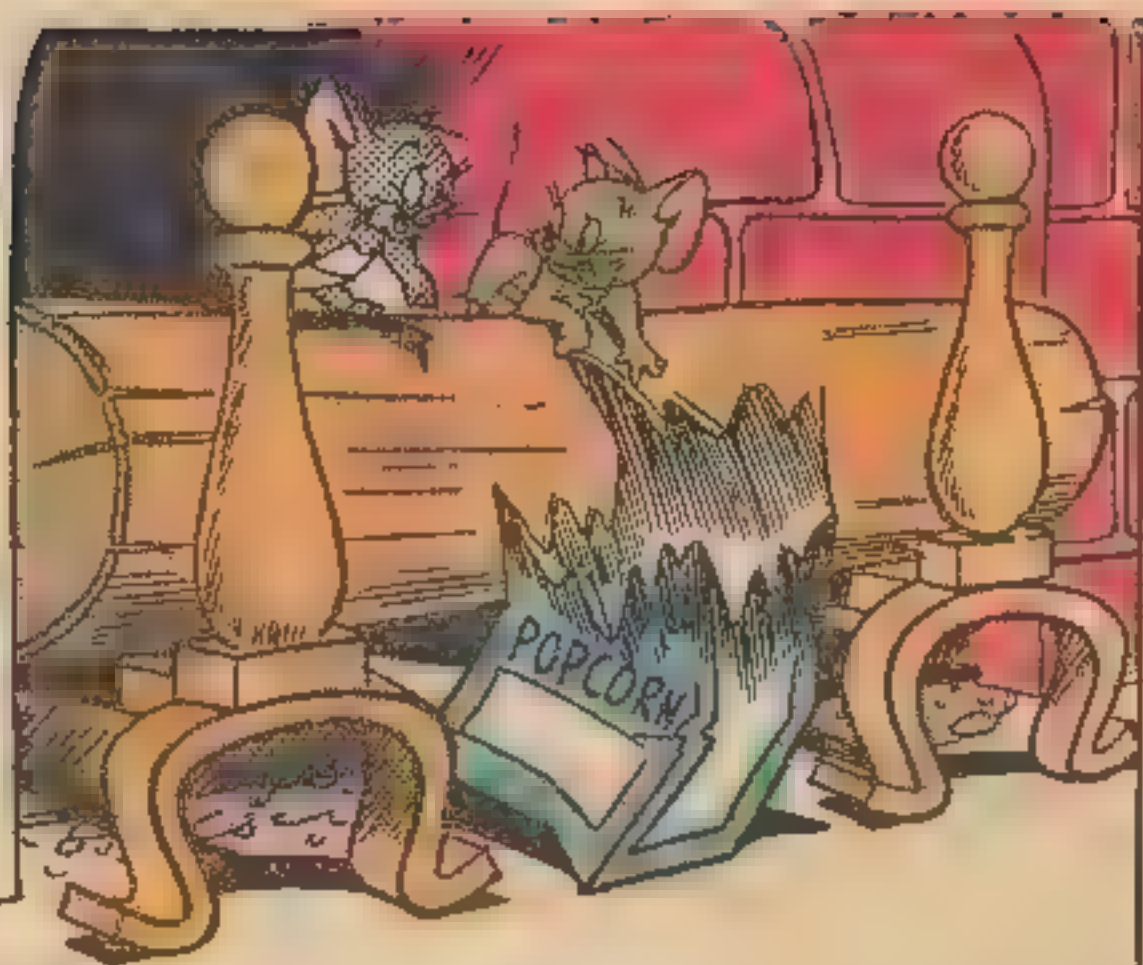








the m g m presents  
**Adventures  
of Jerry**



Jerry and Tuffy were having a game of hide-and-seek in the living room. Tuffy was hiding in the fireplace, when he noticed a round box which had been tossed under the logs. It had been burned a bit, but Tuffy could still make out the word "popcorn."

"Boy, Oh Boy!" thought the little mouse, smacking his lips. "Do I love that stuff!" He scampered into the box, and looked around for some spare crumbs of popcorn. But, alas, all he could find were a few tiny nut-like kernels.

Tuffy tried to bite one of these, and shouted "Ouch!" as his teeth hit the hard surface. Jerry heard him, and came running over to see what the trouble was. He joined Tuffy in the popcorn box. "Whillikers, Tuffy!" chirped Jerry. "You shouldn't try to eat those things. You might break a tooth!"

Tuffy gave a hollow laugh. "You should have told me that before!" he muttered, showing Jerry a chip in one of his teeth. "What a mean trick, to have a box labelled 'popcorn' . . . and then put stones in it!"

"Nobody's played any tricks on you!" chuckled Jerry. "This really is corn, but it hasn't been popped. If you put these kernels over heat, they will blow up soft and white."

"Oh!" said Tuffy. "Well—why don't WE pop them, then?"

Jerry moved over and patted Tuffy on the head. "Sure," he piped sarcastically, "all you have to do is sit on them, and they'll hatch like eggs!"

Tuffy was about to come back with a snappy answer, when Jerry interrupted him, "Hey, wait a minute! . . . maybe that's not such a bad idea at that! Of course, we can't hatch them . . . but we could plant the corn kernels! What about it, Tuffy? Then we could have all the fresh corn we could eat!"

Tuffy was all excited. He was just about to run off with Jerry to plant the corn, when he thought of something. "Jerry," he said, "we can't be real farmers unless we have some things to farm with."

"That's right!" agreed Jerry. "We'll need a rake, a hoe, and . . . I guess we had better find some straw hats. A fellow's liable to get sunstroke, working out in the hot sun."

Jerry and Tuffy carried the precious corn kernels to their little mousehole apartment, and then went in search of some farming equipment. Tuffy was soon back with part of a broken comb, and a small wooden spool. Jerry turned up next, with the stick from an ice-cream pop.

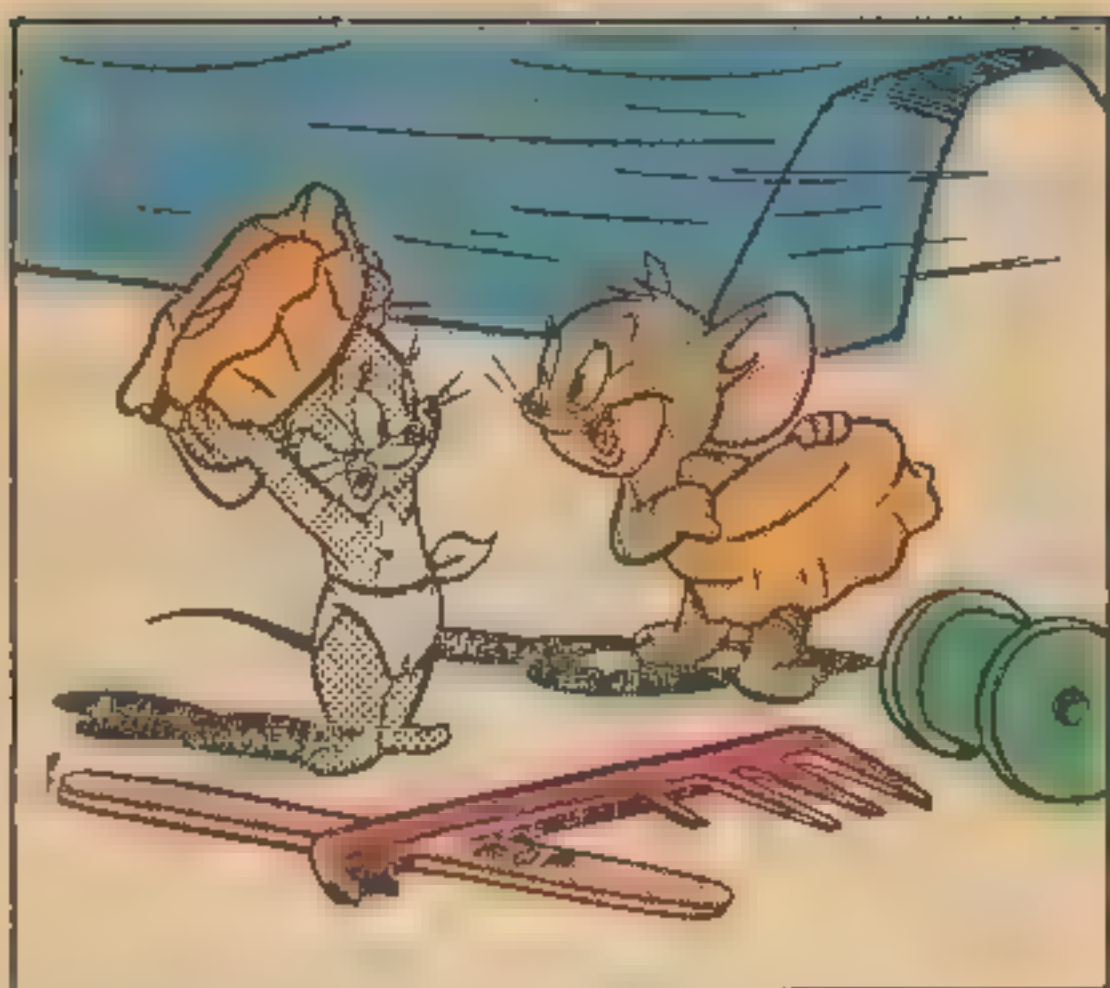
"Well, I guess we've got just about everything," observed Jerry. "The comb will do for a rake, the spool will make a good roller, and the ice-cream stick is fine for a hoe."

"Wait a minute!" called Tuffy. "We forgot hats!"

"Come on!" chuckled Jerry. "I found us some wonderful hats!"

Jerry had found two milk bottle covers in the kitchen wastepaper basket. The little mice found that when these were turned inside out, they





made excellent sun hats

Attired in their wide-brimmed sombreros, and carrying their odd assortment of farm tools, the two small pals crawled through a hole in the back screen door. They were so intent on their farming plans, they almost walked into a big sleeping cat. Lucky for them, Tom, the cat, was sound asleep. When Jerry brushed against his whiskers, he opened one eye. "What a silly dream!" thought Tom, seeing the two little dressed-up farmers. . . . "As if those two would do any work." He immediately closed his eyes, and Jerry and Tuffy practically flew into the back yard.

When they caught their breath, they selected a corner of the flower bed, and got ready to plant their corn. "Wow!" squeaked Tuffy. "That was close!" Jerry was glancing back to see if Tom was following them. "Why, that big oaf never even moved!" he muttered. "And here we went and used up some of our farming strength to run away

from him!"

With the ice-cream stick hoe, Jerry dug five tiny holes. Then, Tuffy bent over and tucked each little corn kernel carefully into the soft dirt. They rolled the spool over their little corn patch, and then raked up weeds and loose grass around it.

Tuffy decided that they might as well plant a few other things, so he scampered into a neighbor's large vegetable garden, and came back with two small green plants.

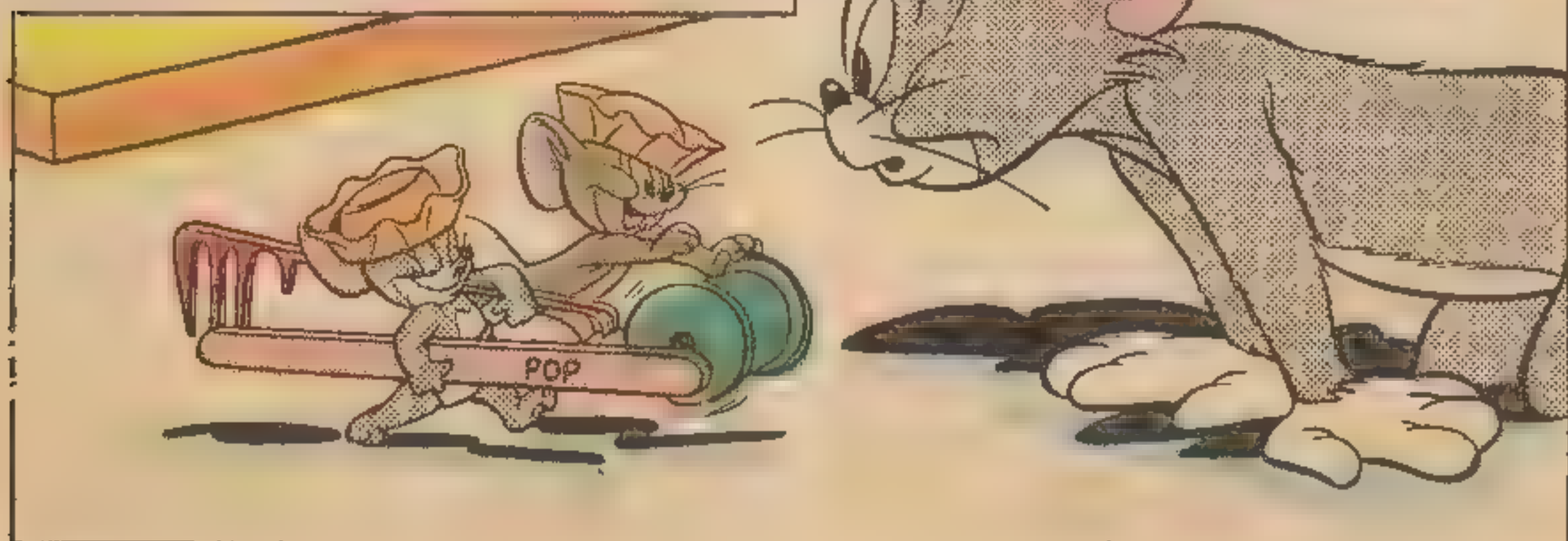
"What did you get?" asked Jerry, when Tuffy returned with the two plants.

"I don't know," answered Tuffy, "but when they grow a little, we'll probably find out."

When they had finished their farming, Jerry and Tuffy returned to their apartment. They were both very tired and hungry from the hour of exercise. "Jerry," sighed Tuffy. "Do you think that stuff will be ready by this afternoon? . . . I'm starved!"

"You're some farmer!" laughed his pal. "It will be weeks before anything grows big enough to eat!"

"That's just fine!" moaned Tuffy. "But what am I supposed to do in the

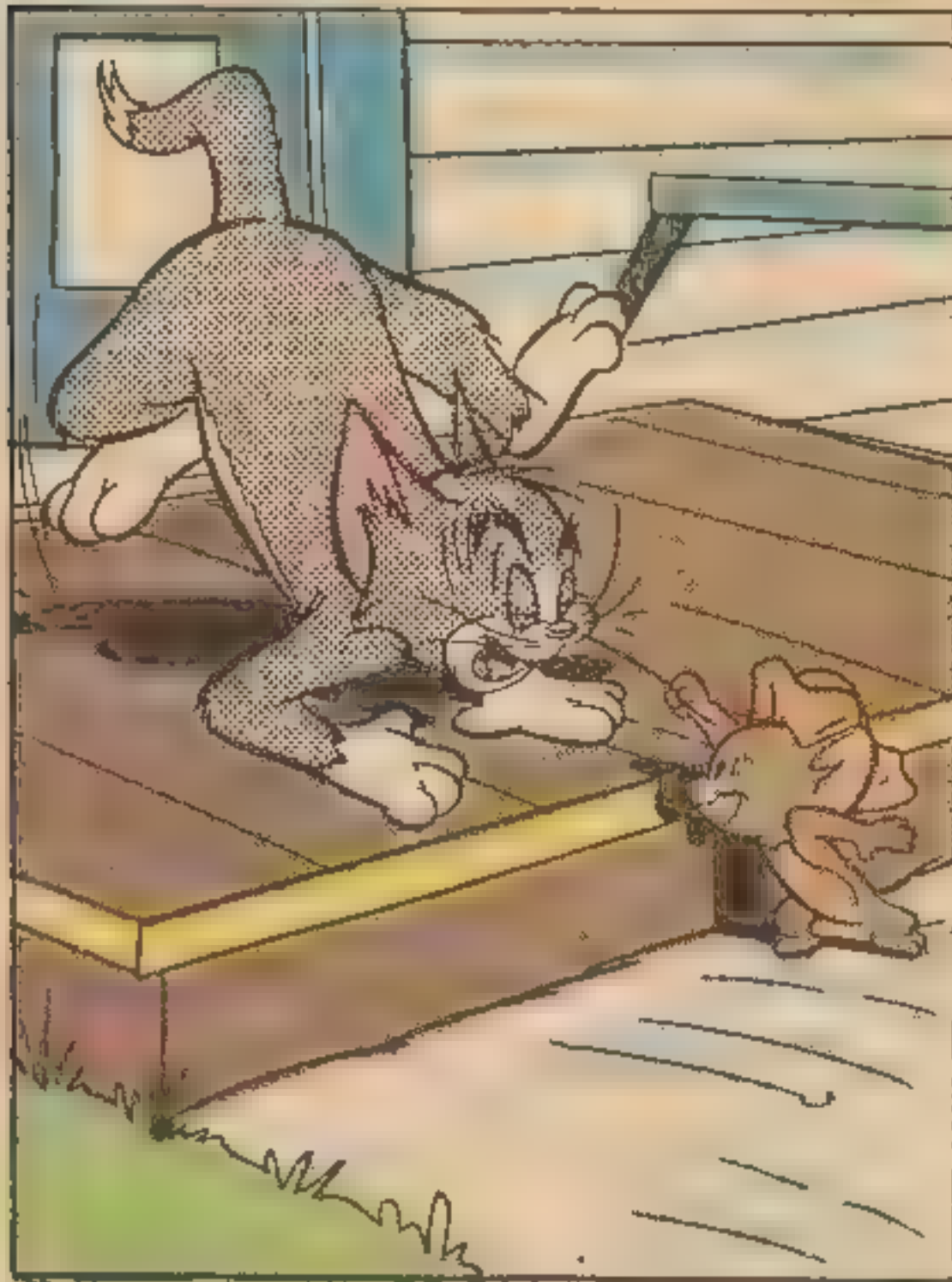




meantime?"

Luckily, the lady who lived in their house was always throwing bread crumbs out for the birds. Jerry and Tuffy knew it was dangerous for their feathered friends to come near Tom . . . so they removed temptation by eating the bread crumbs themselves. Besides, this gave them the necessary strength to run out every day to see how their garden was coming along.

Time passed . . . as it usually does



. . . and soon . . . some tiny new corn stalks appeared!

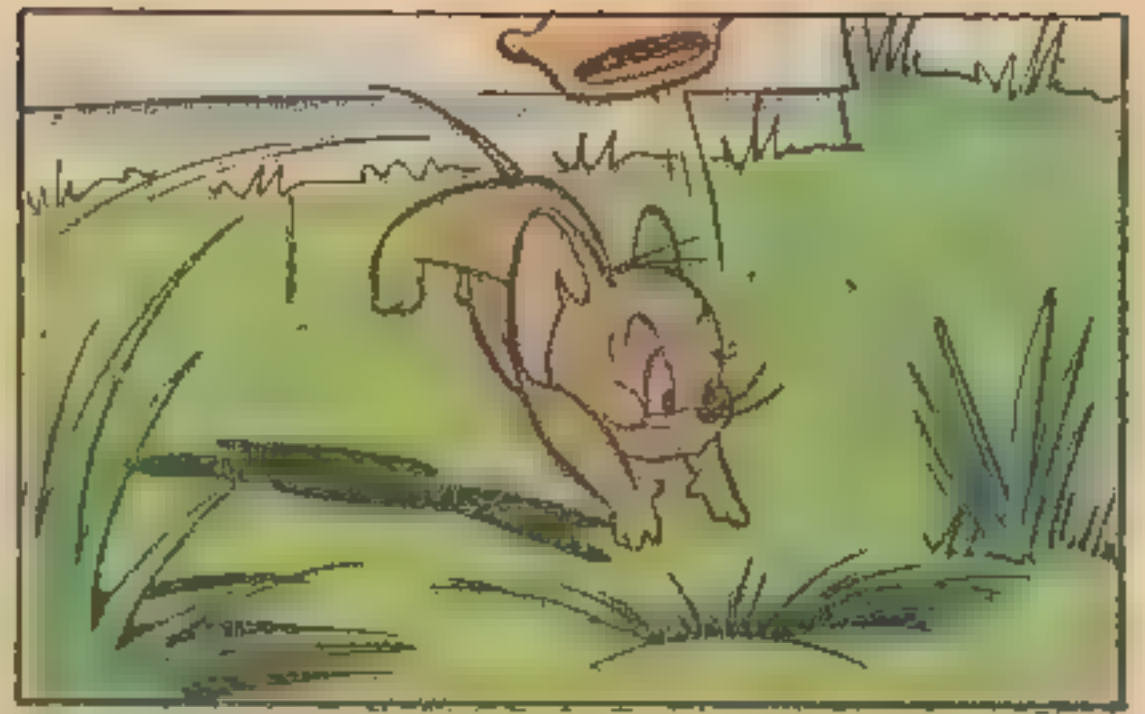
Jerry decided that one of the neighbor's plants was definitely lettuce, and that the other looked disappointingly like a big grass weed.

The day came when the lettuce was finally ready and the little farmers ran out to pick some nice crisp leaves. Alas! . . . the lettuce was gone!

"Jerry!" gasped Tuffy. "Who could have done this awful thing?"

Then, they both noticed a wiggle at the end of the garden, and the flash of a cottony tail. "Rabbits!" exclaimed Jerry.

Both little farmers had forgotten that others besides themselves might be interested in their garden. Jerry



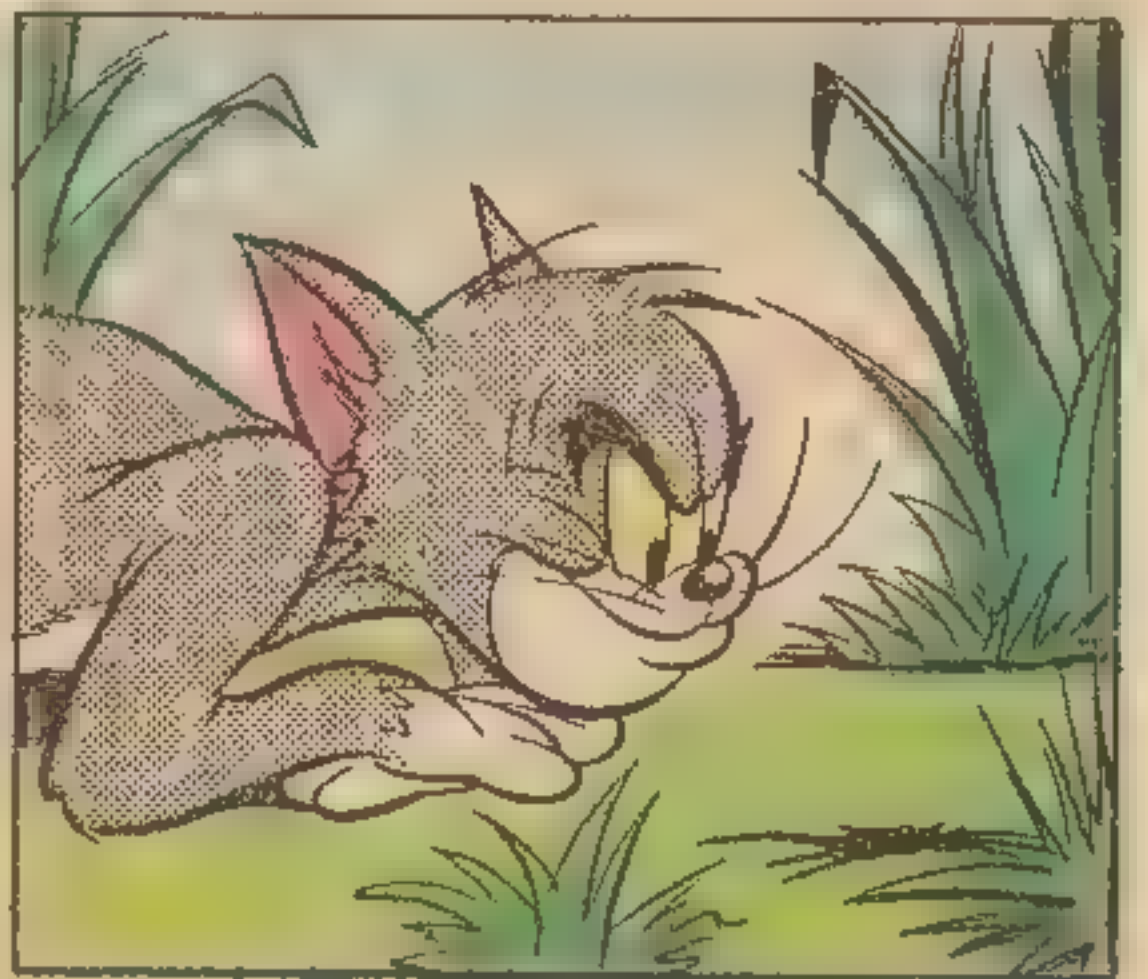
looked sadly at Tuffy. "Well," he sighed, "at least we still have the corn, and whatever that grass thing might turn into."

Just then, they heard a loud laugh, "Caw, haw, haw!" Perched above them on a tree branch, was a large crow, and he was looking greedily at the new ears of corn.

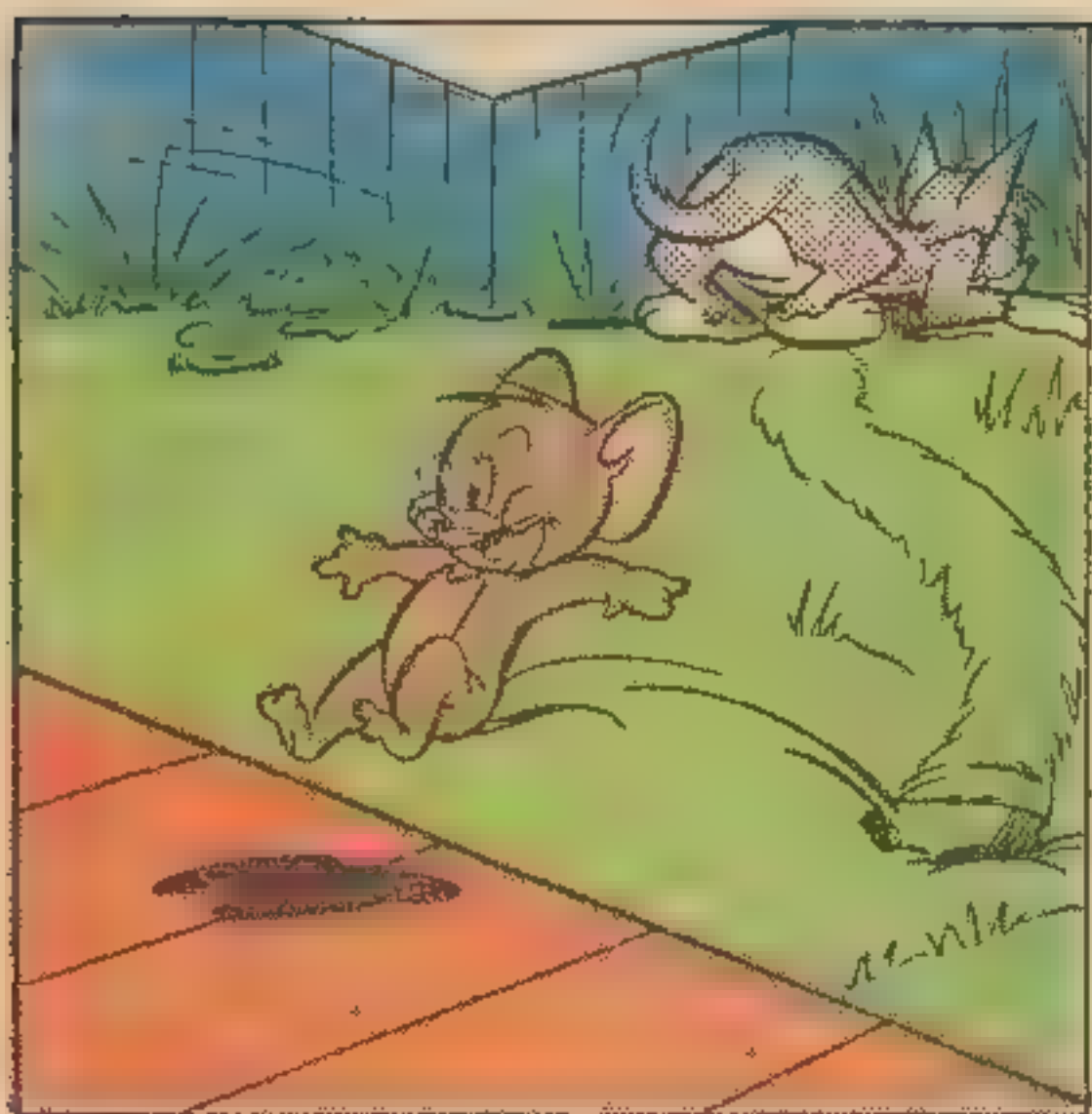
"Oh, no you don't!" muttered Jerry. "Come on, Tuffy! I have an idea! Tom can be of some use for once in his nine lives! . . . He'll make a perfect scarecrow!!"

With Tuffy's help, Jerry dug a narrow tunnel from their corn patch to the back stoop. Then Jerry grabbed a coarse blade of grass, ran over to the sleeping Tom, and tickled his nose.

Tom awoke . . . and without stopping to think if he were still dreaming . . . took a mighty leap! . . . Jerry got out of the way just in time, and ran until he came to the tunnel entrance in their garden. He jumped down the hole, while the unsuspecting Tom settled down by the corn, and waited for him to come out.







Jerry then ran through the tunnel, hopped up the back stoop, and made his way back to the apartment, where Tuffy was already waiting for him.

"You know," Tuffy greeted him, "I've been thinking. Using Tom for a scarecrow is a great idea . . . BUT . . . what about us? He scares me, too !!!"

Jerry looked at him in dismay "Golly!" he exclaimed. "You're right! I never thought of that. If he stays there, we won't be able to get in our garden either!"

Jerry and Tuffy decided they'd rather take their chances with the crow. Tuffy sneaked through the tunnel. Tom had fallen asleep near the entrance. "Humph!" sniffed Tuffy. "What a character!" He can't even hold down a scarecrow job!"

Tuffy quietly and carefully crept out, until his head was right up to the sleeping Tom's ear . . . then Tuffy screamed, "MICE!!!!!"

Tom jumped . . . very high.

When Tom came down, he chased Tuffy back to the mouse apartment, but Tuffy ducked through the hole to safety with time to spare.

The two little mice didn't venture out until they knew Tom had left. Then, they crept out into the night air, and down to their garden.

Jerry quickly climbed up a corn stalk. The ear of corn was still there, but . . . it was stripped bare of kernels!

"Caw, haw, haw!" chorused the sat-

isfied crows, as they flew off into the dark sky. "That's fair trade for all those bread crumbs we didn't get!"

The crows had finished every single kernel of corn!

"Aw, gosh!" squeaked Tuffy, "This is going too far! I'm going to grab this last vegetable before someone else takes it!"

Tuffy pulled and tugged . . . and pulled . . . until at last . . . PLUNK!!! . . . out it came . . . A . . . BIG . . . JUICY . . . ONION . . . !!!

Tuffy lifted it up to take a bite but he began to cry "Aw, Tuffy, it's not that bad!" Jerry tried to console him.

"If you don't think it's bad," retorted the weeping Tuffy, "You try and get near this onion!"

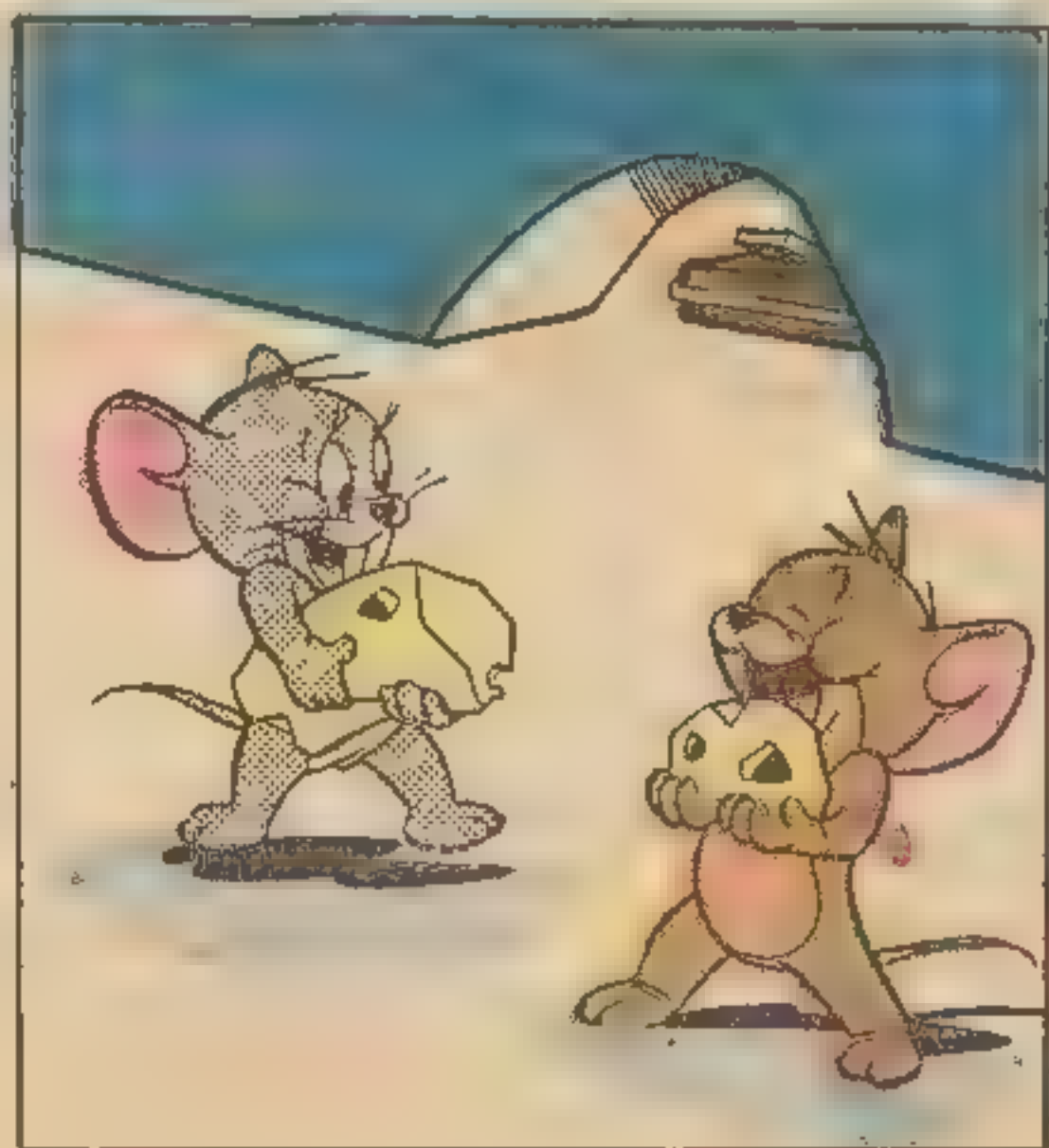
The onion was so strong that Jerry's eyes began to water, too. Both little fellows left the garden in a hurry.

"Come on, Tuffy!" called Jerry, running toward the house. "I don't think we're cut out to be farmers . . . but I know where there's some nifty cheese!"

Jerry led Tuffy to a large new mousetrap. "See!" cried Jerry. "This cheese was planted here . . . just for us!"

Tuffy winked at him, "Yeah, Jerry, and if we let it grow, it will only grow old," he laughed.

So . . . with the help of a whisp of hard straw from the broom, they lifted out the cheese . . . and enjoyed a hard-earned meal.





# Flip 'n' Dip

SOUNDS LIKE SOME-  
BODY KNOCKING AT THE  
DOOR, MA!

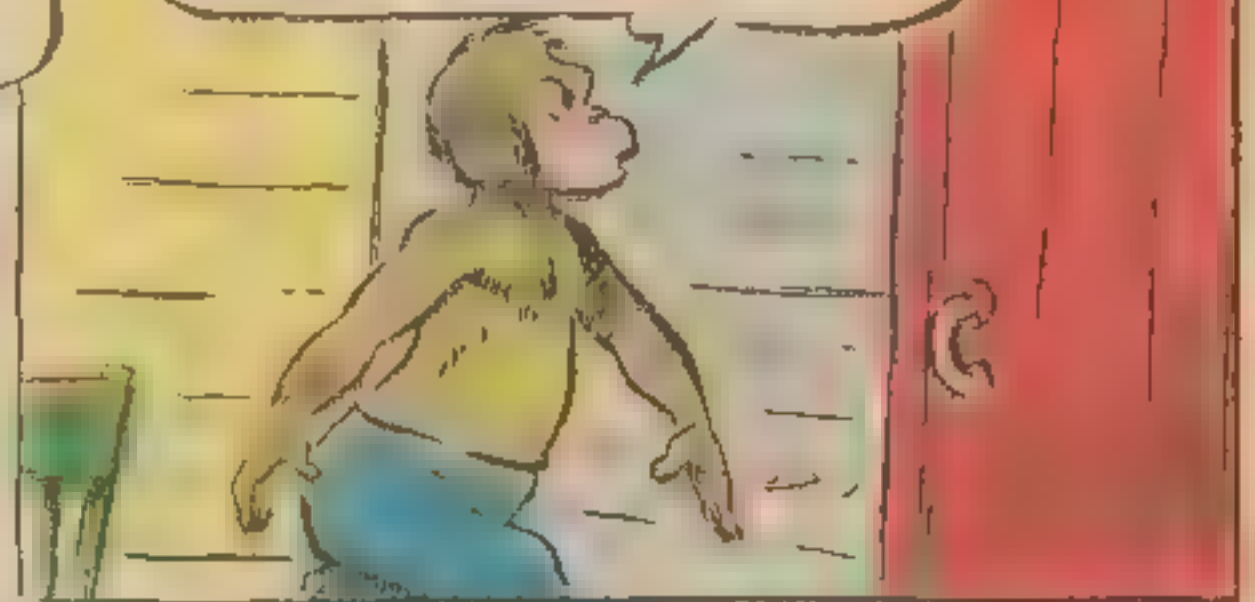
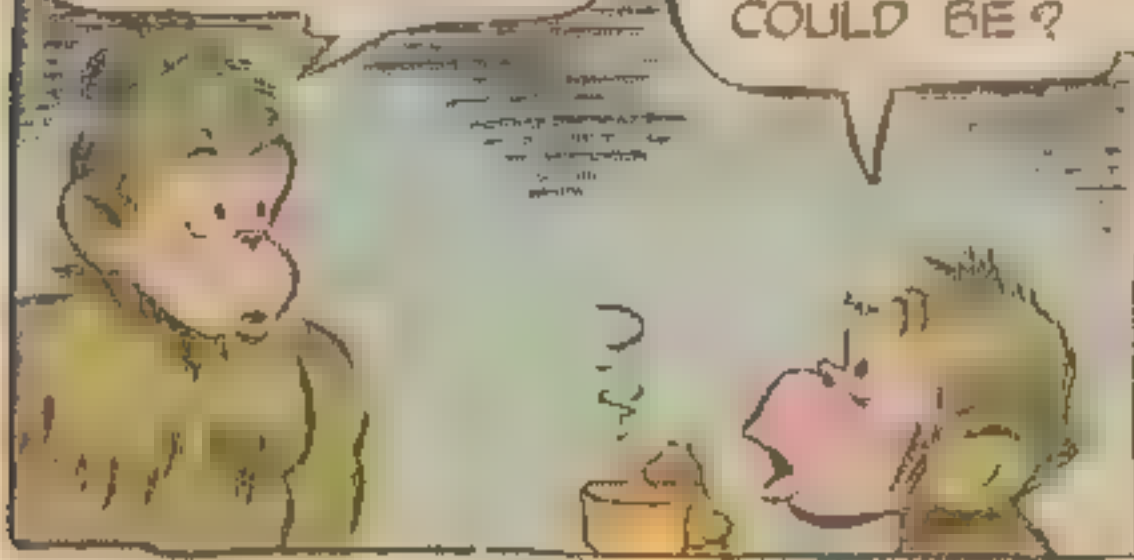
YOU FINISH YOUR  
BREAKFAST, I'LL SEE  
WHO IT IS!



THAT WAS THE TRUANT  
OFFICER! HE WANTED  
TO KNOW WHY FLIP N  
DIP WAS ABSENT  
FROM SCHOOL!

WELL FOR GOOD-  
NESS SAKE! WHERE DO YOU  
SUPPOSE THE  
LITTLE SCAMPS  
COULD BE?

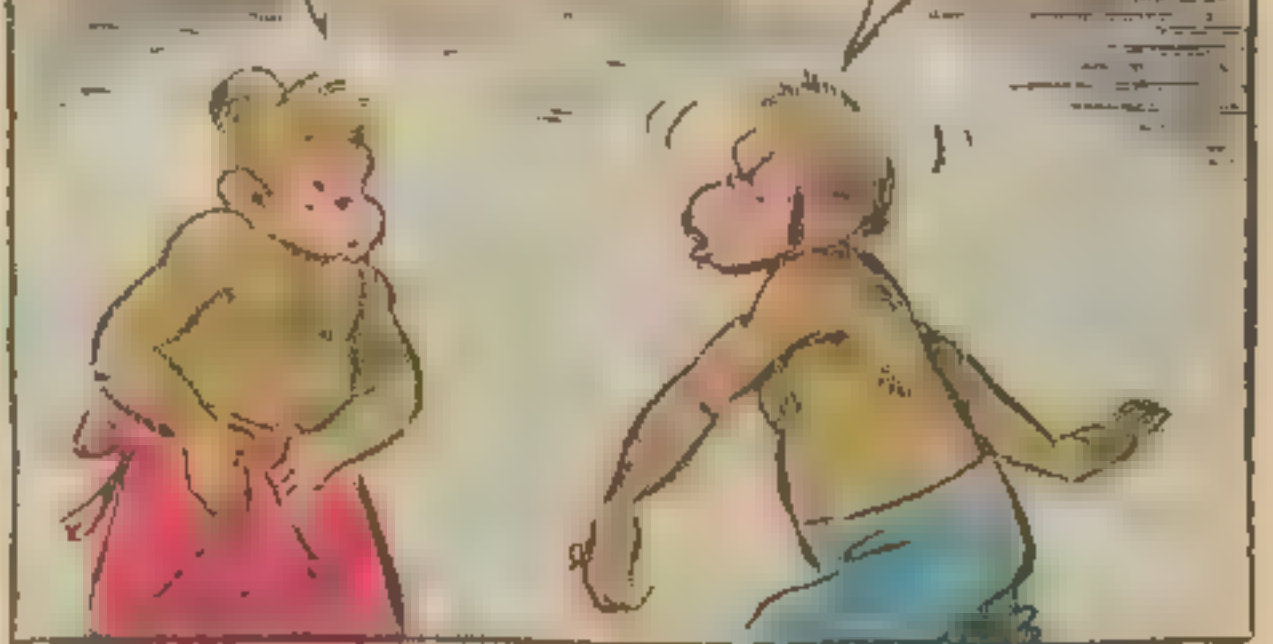
OF COURSE THEY COULD BE  
HIDING RIGHT HERE IN THE  
HOUSE! I'LL CHECK THIS  
JAM CLOSET FIRST!



HMMM! TWO GLASSES OF JAM  
MISSING AND AN EMPTY COOKIE  
JAR! VERY INTERESTING!

DID YOU FIND  
ANYTHING?

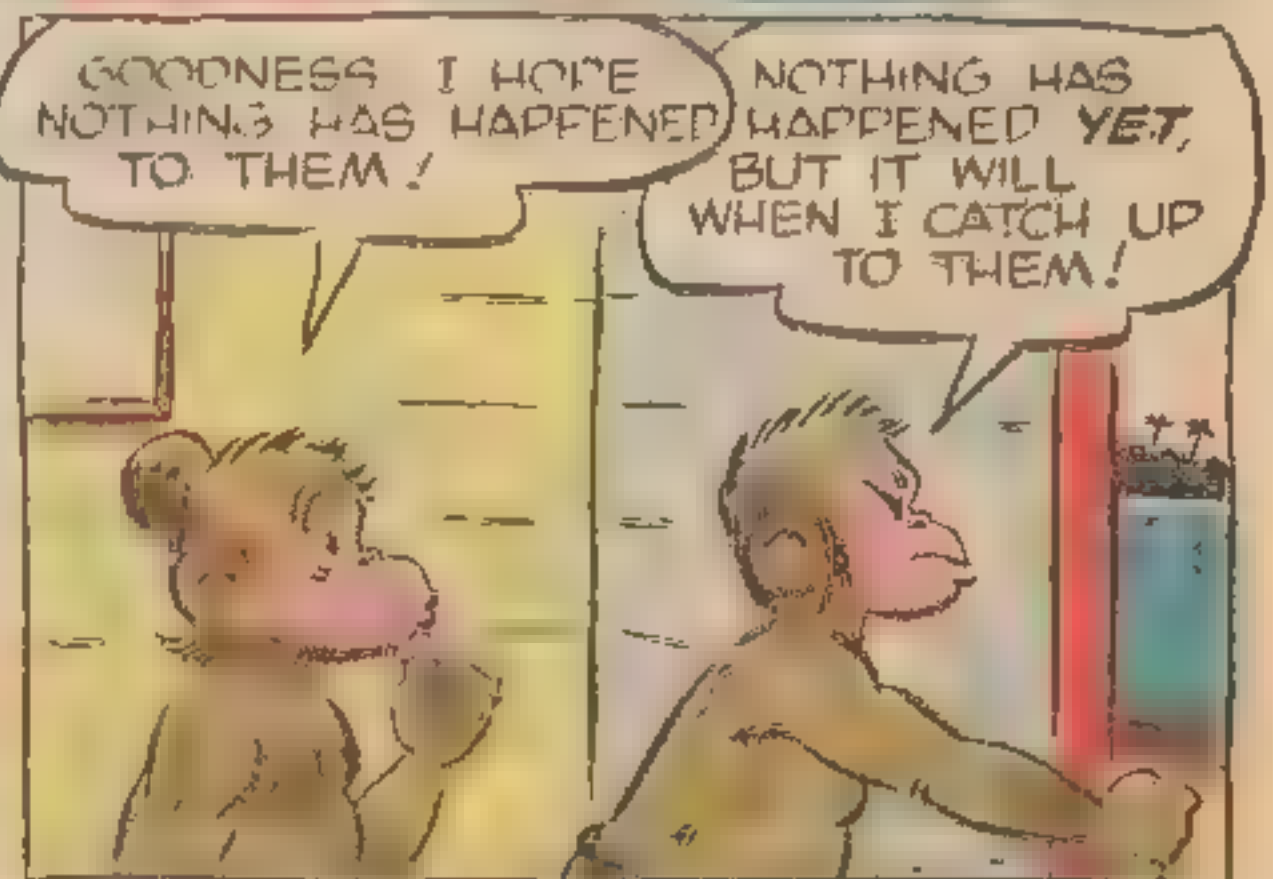
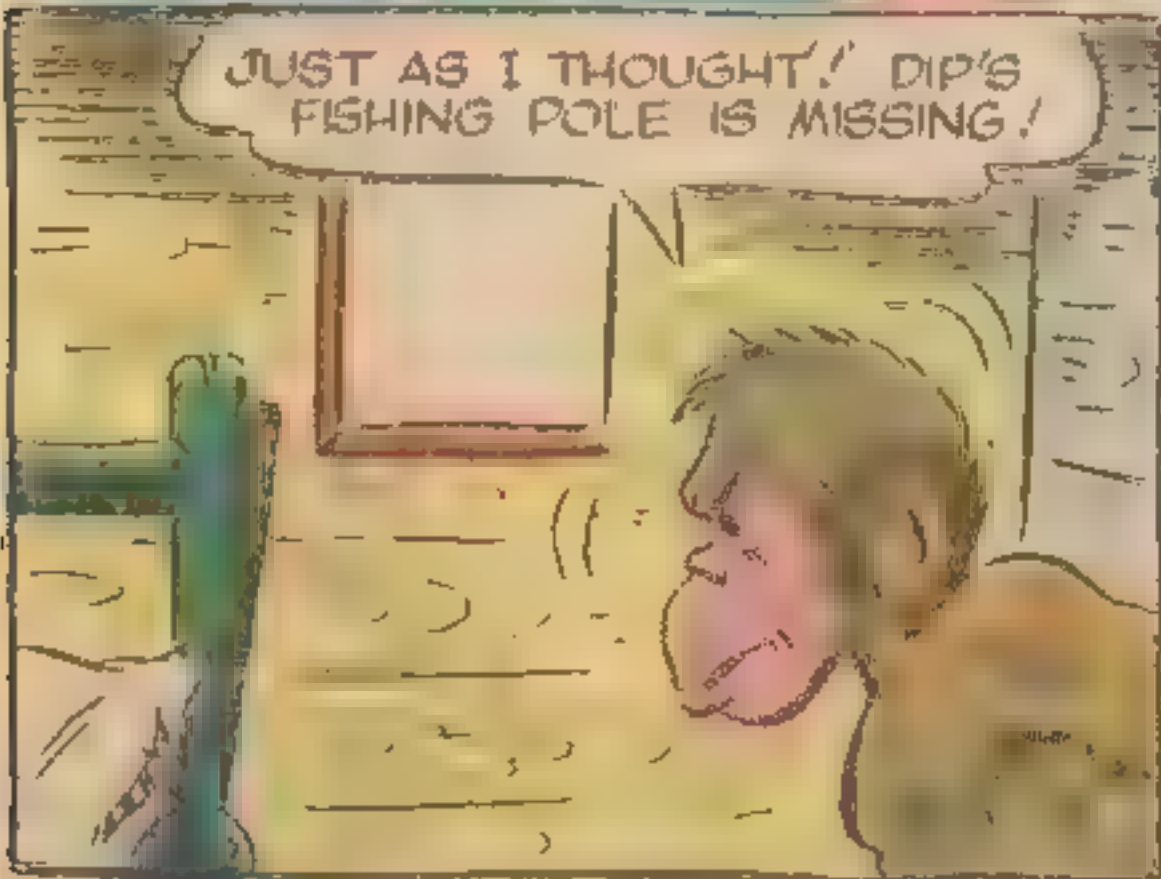
YES INDEED! I'M  
HOT ON THE TRAIL!



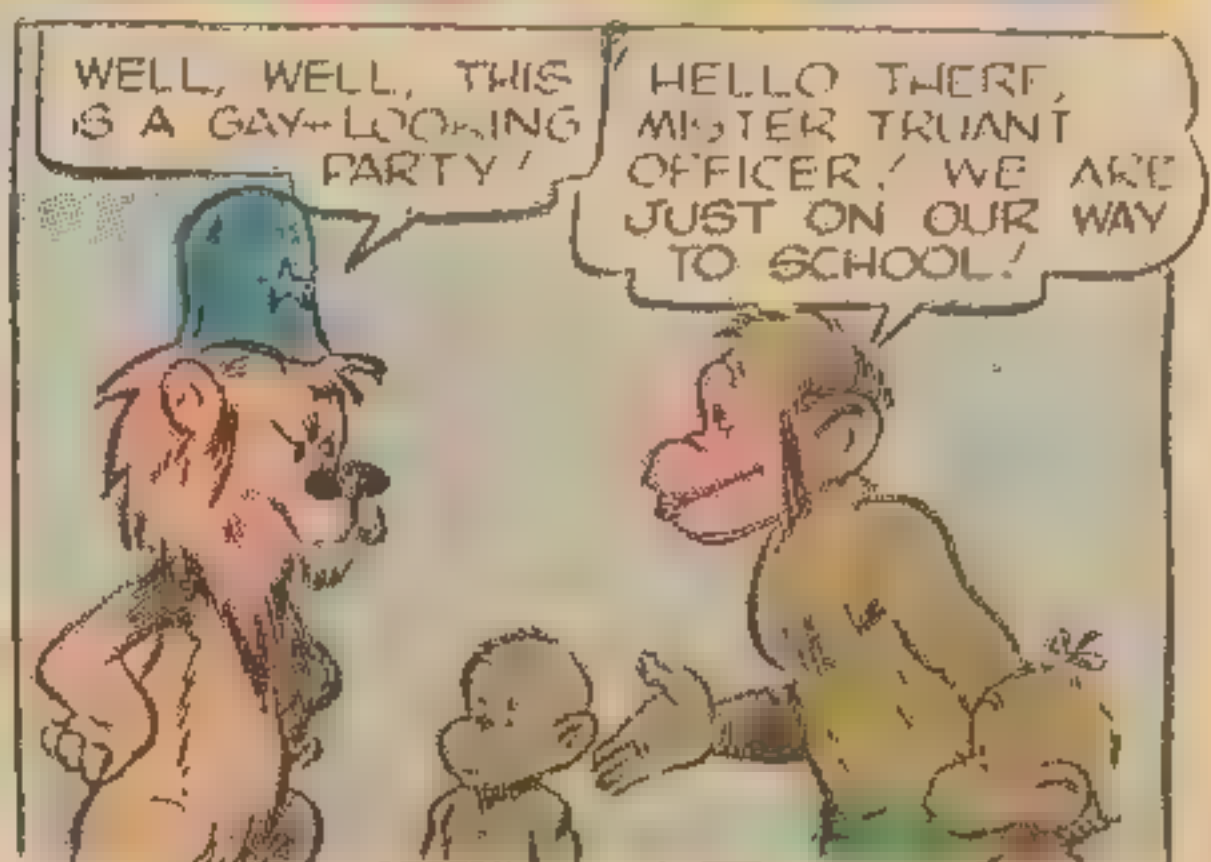
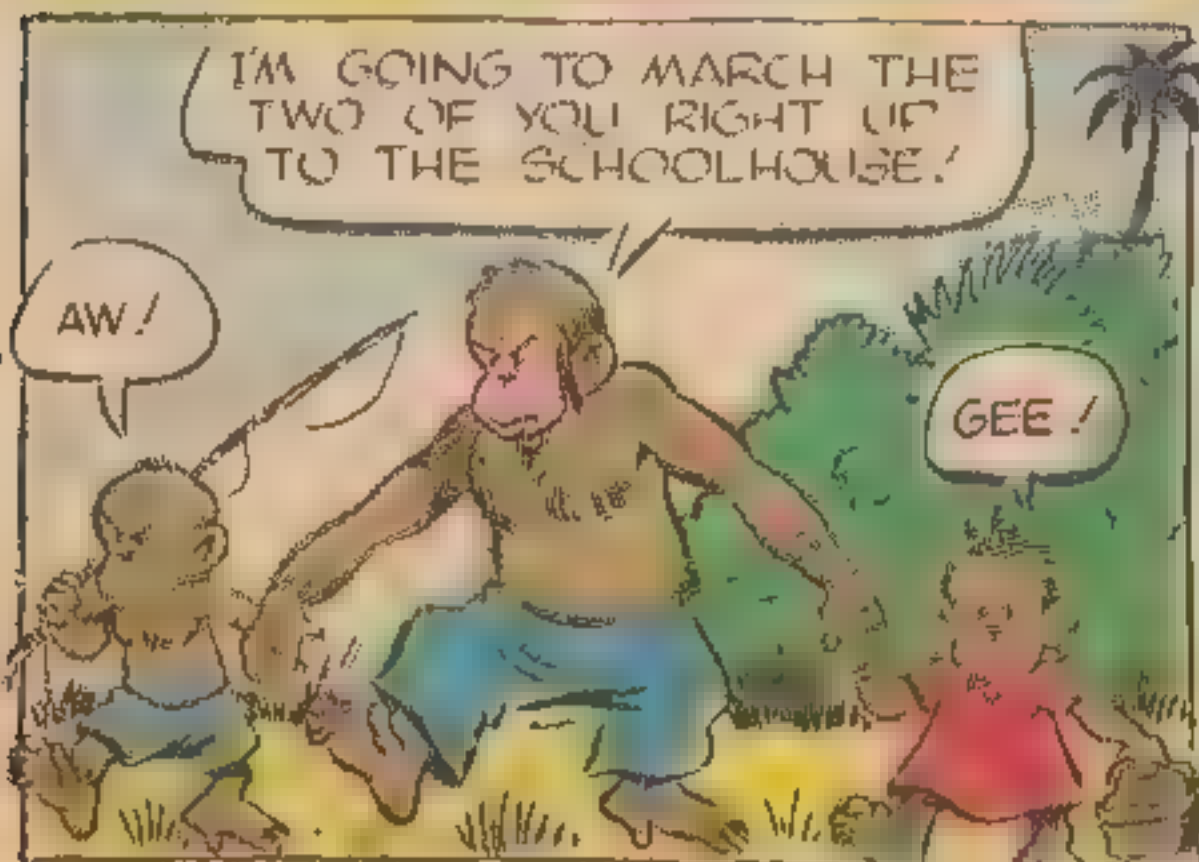
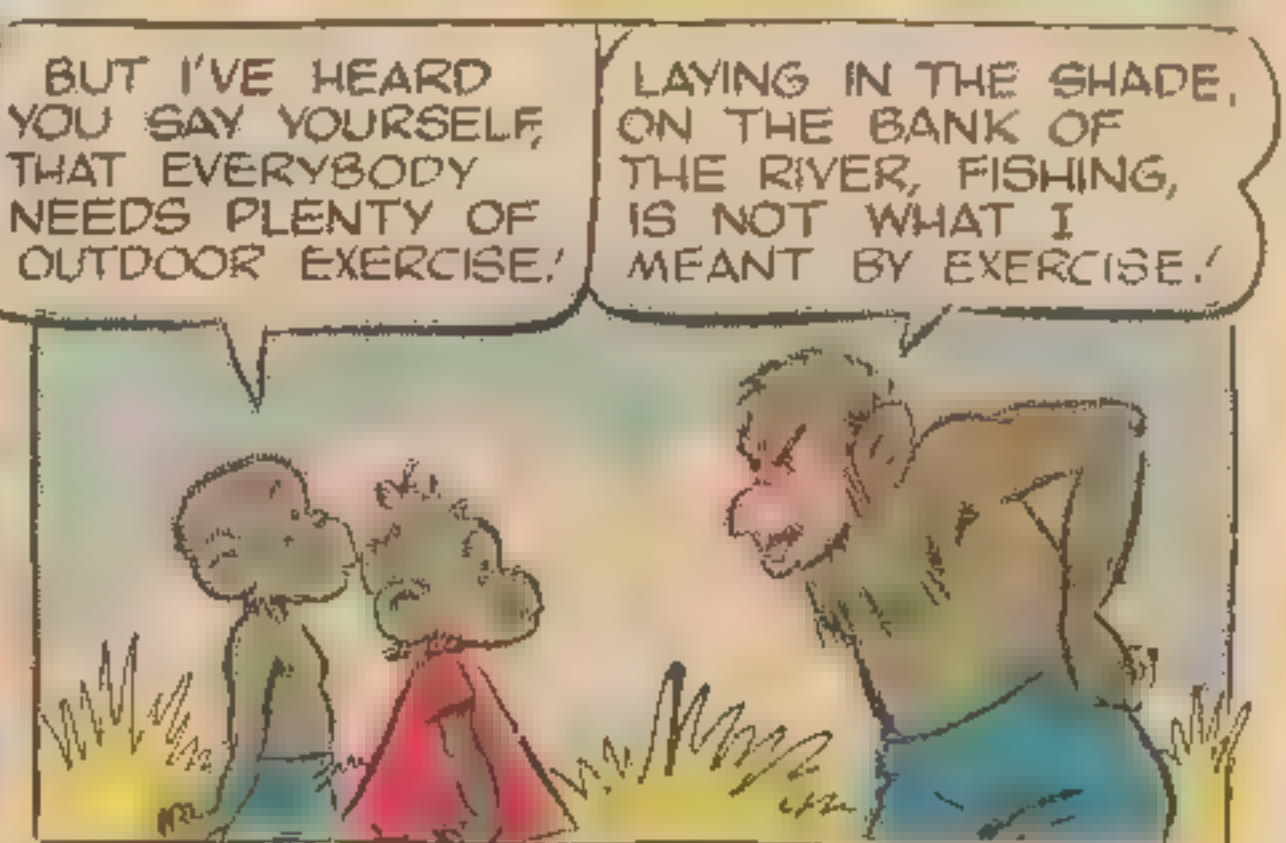
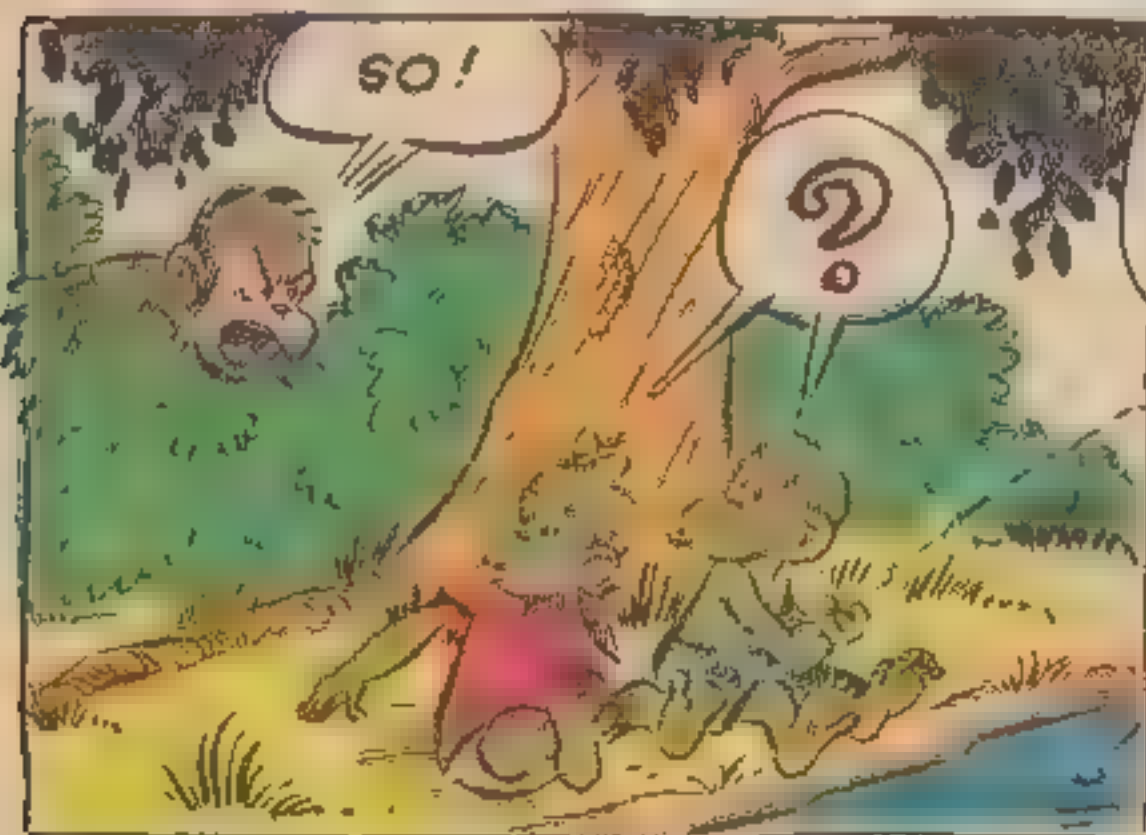
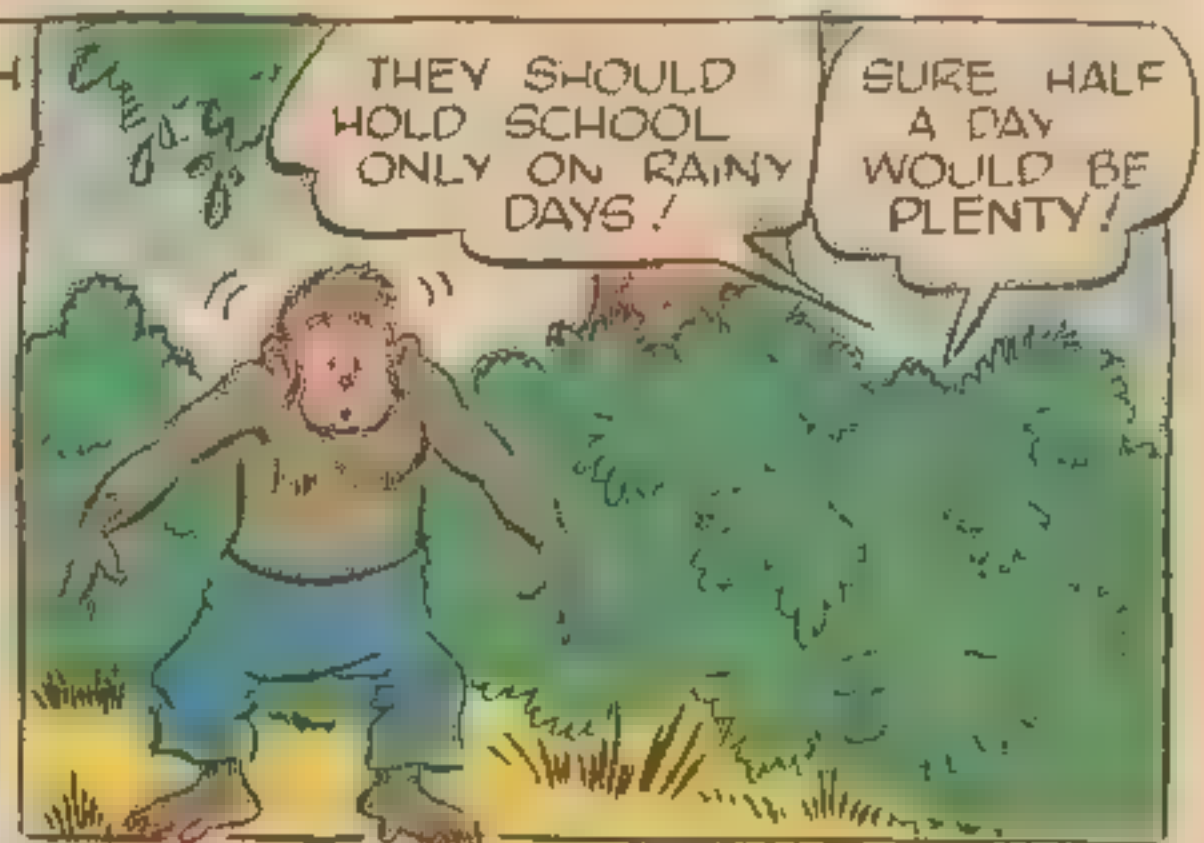
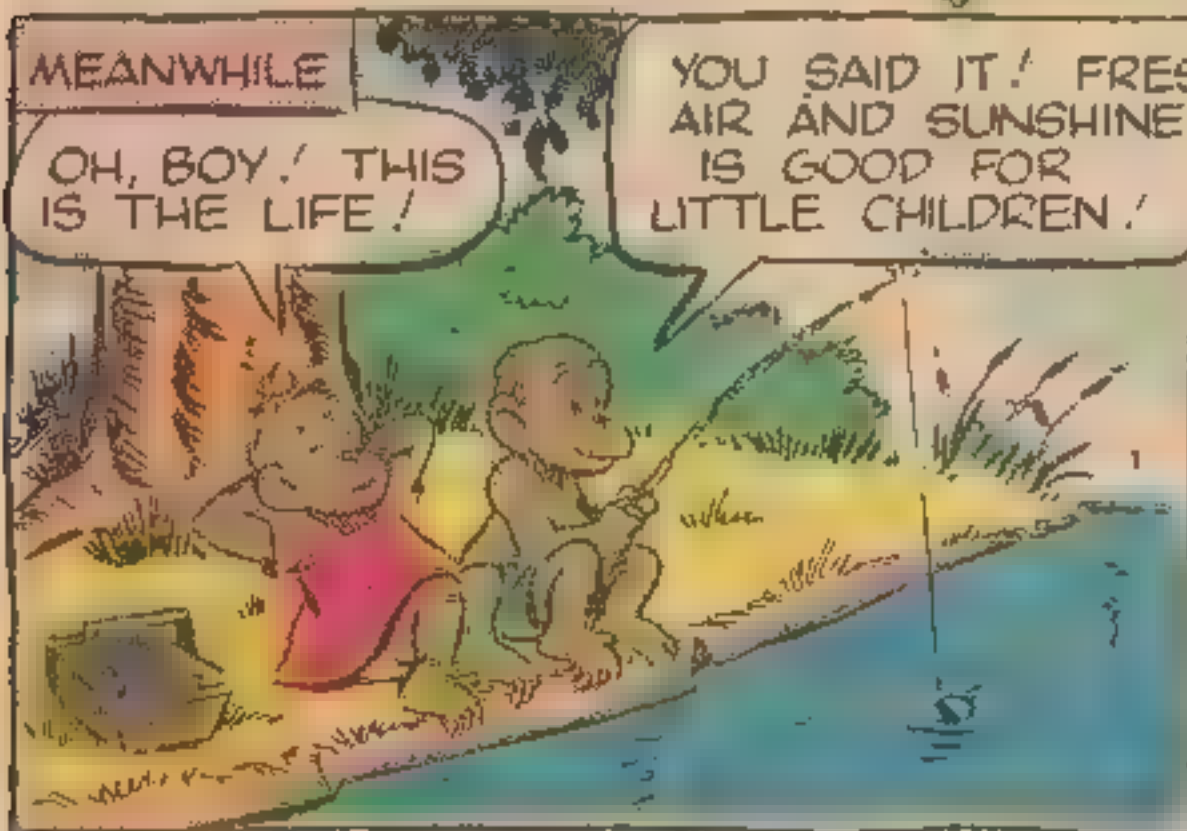
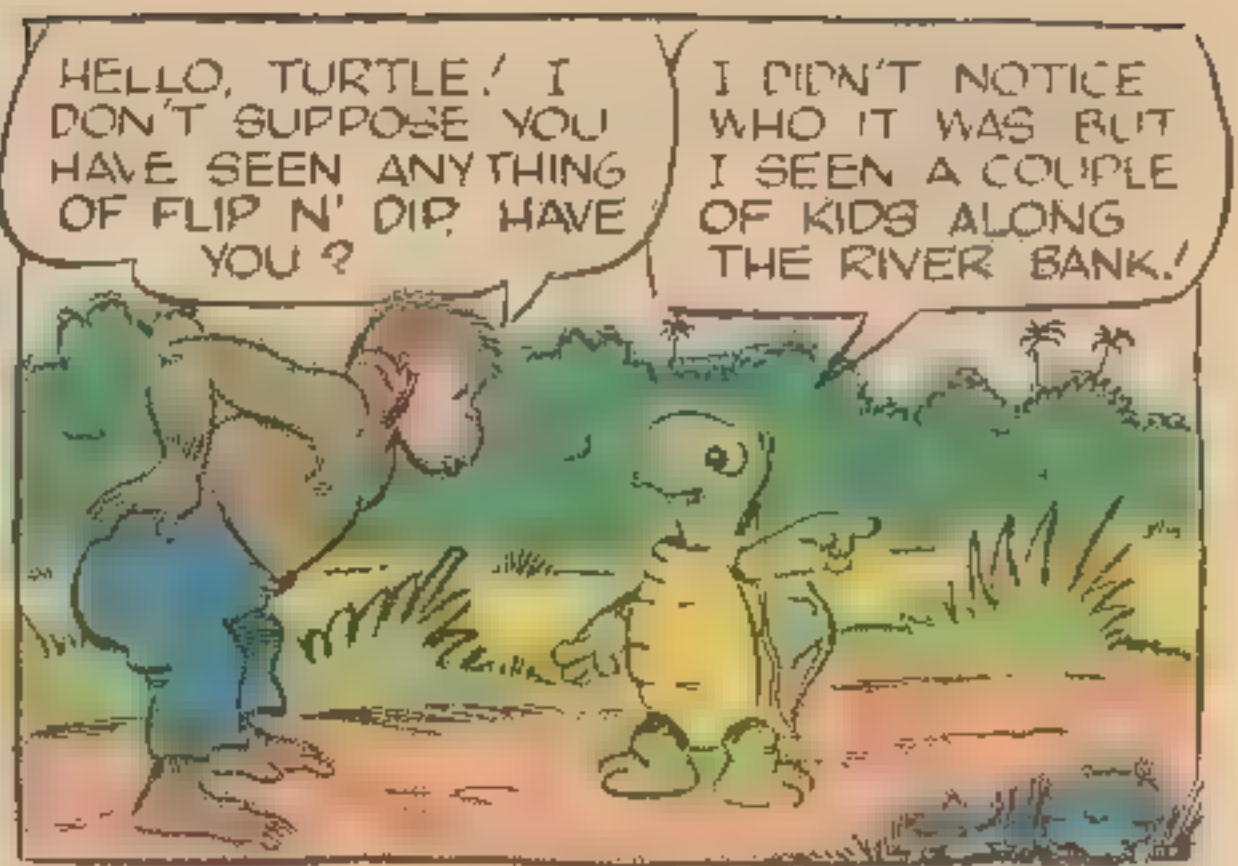
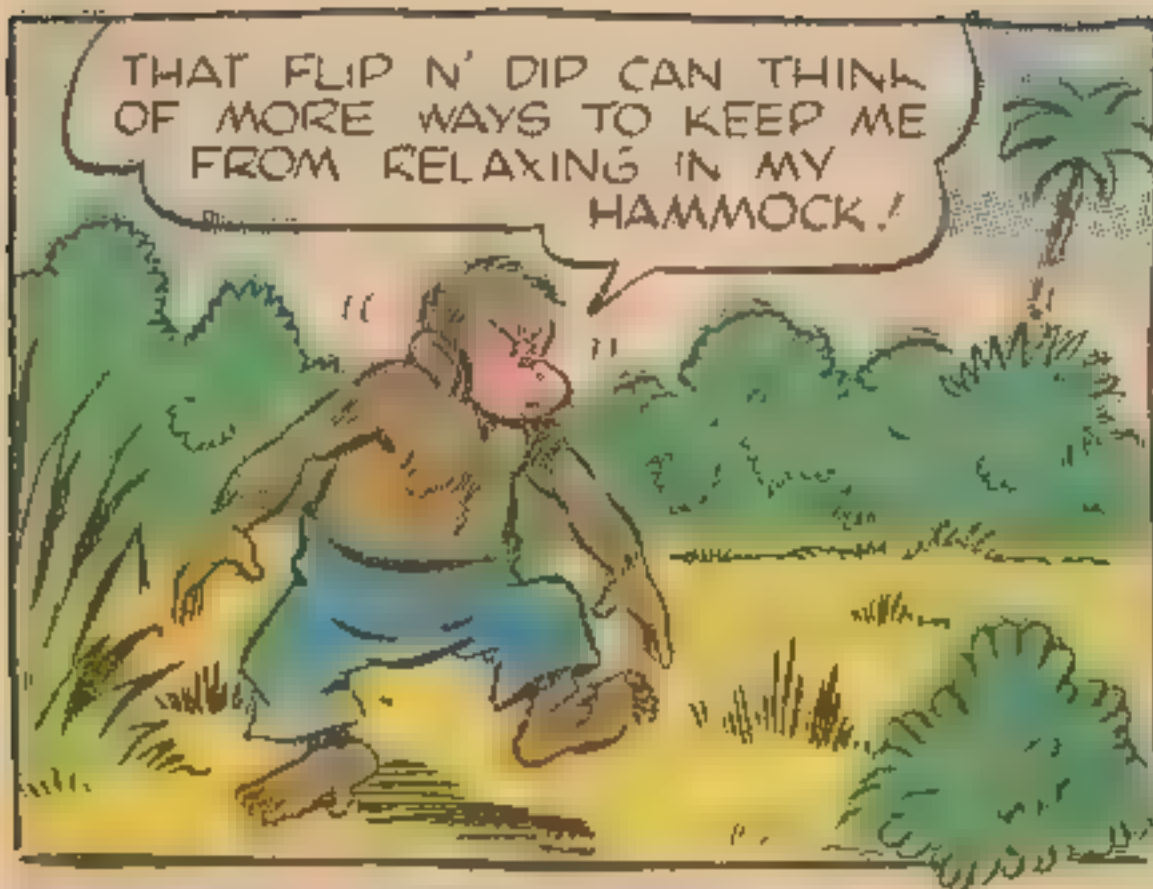
JUST AS I THOUGHT! DIP'S  
FISHING POLE IS MISSING!

GOODNESS I HOPE  
NOTHING HAS HAPPENED  
TO THEM!

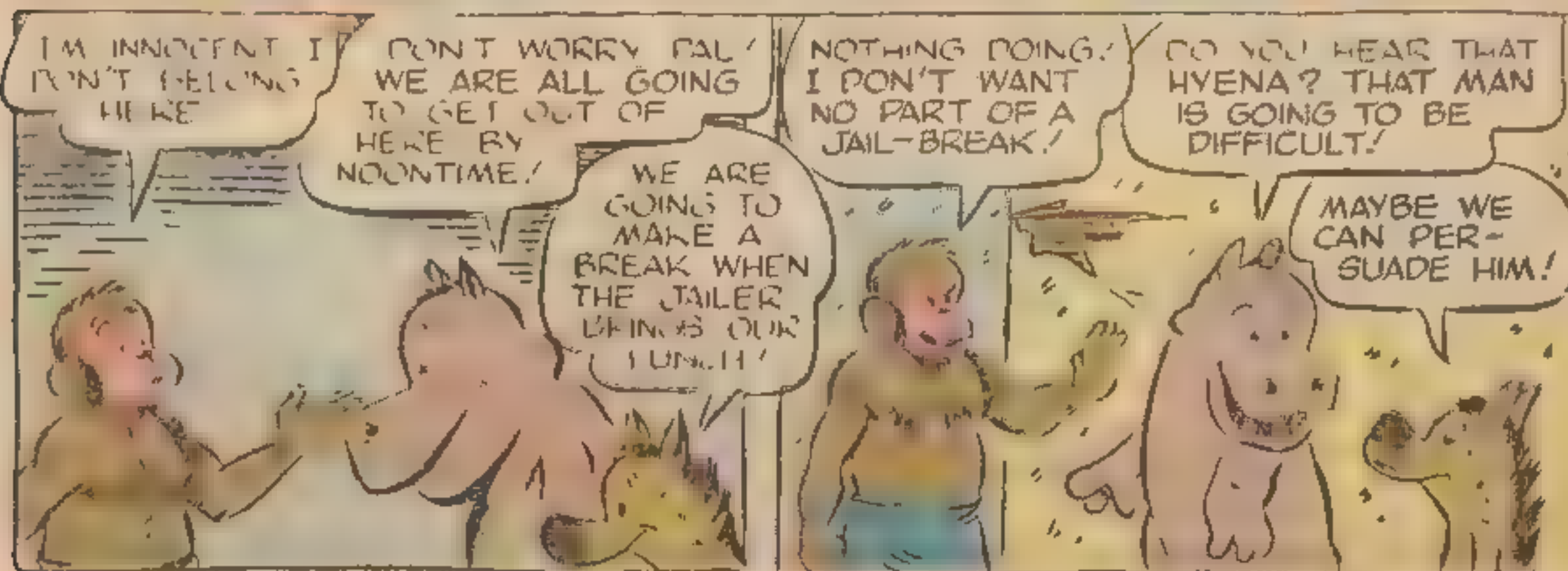
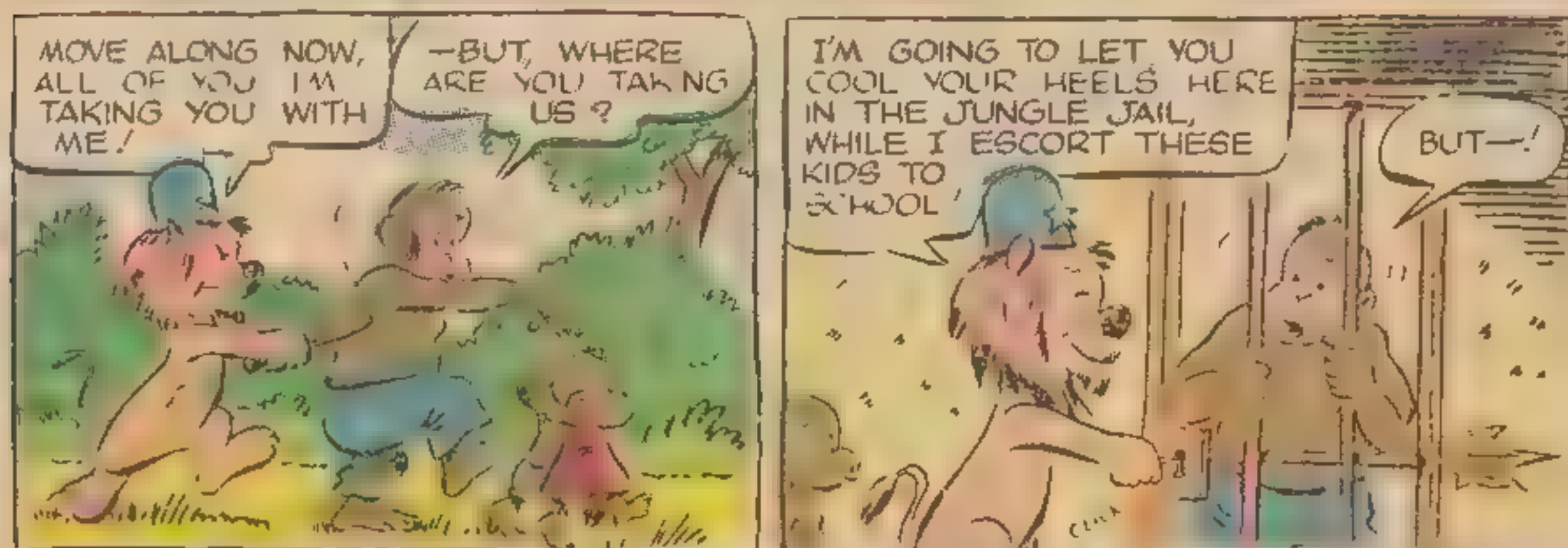
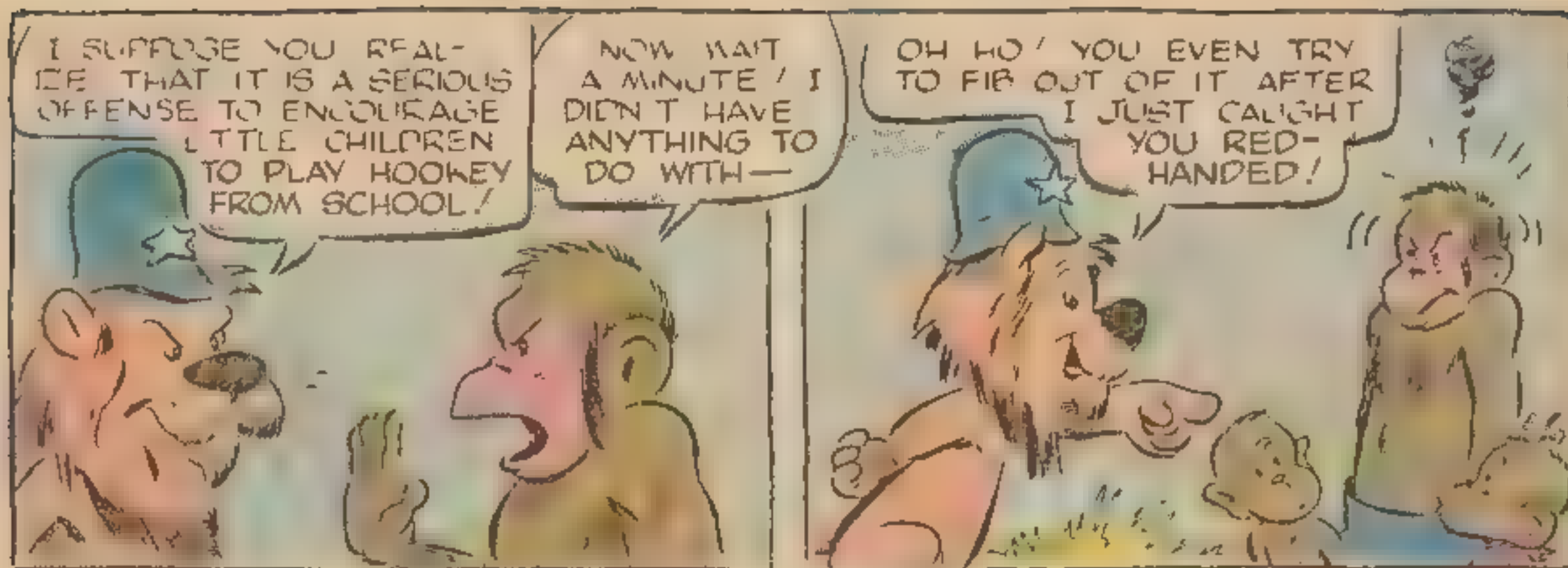
NOTHING HAS  
HAPPENED YET,  
BUT IT WILL  
WHEN I CATCH UP  
TO THEM!



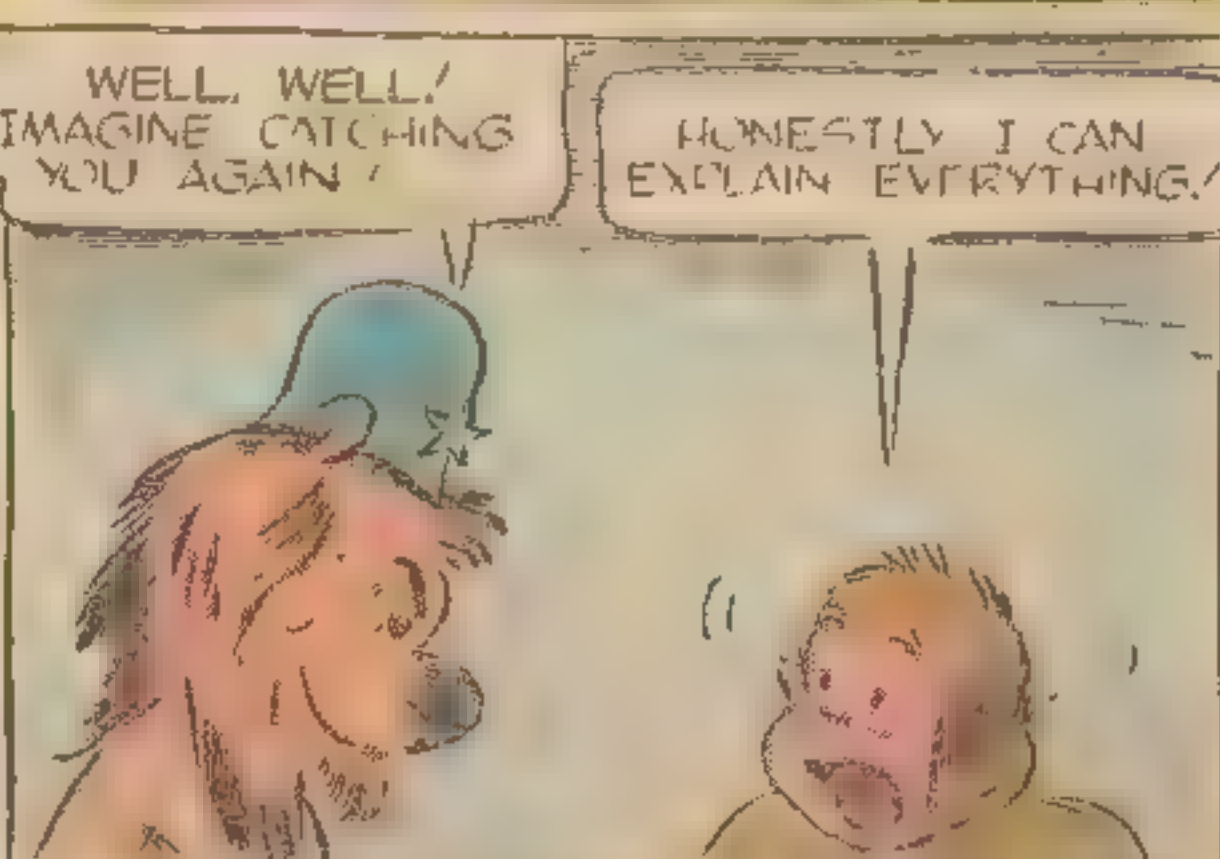
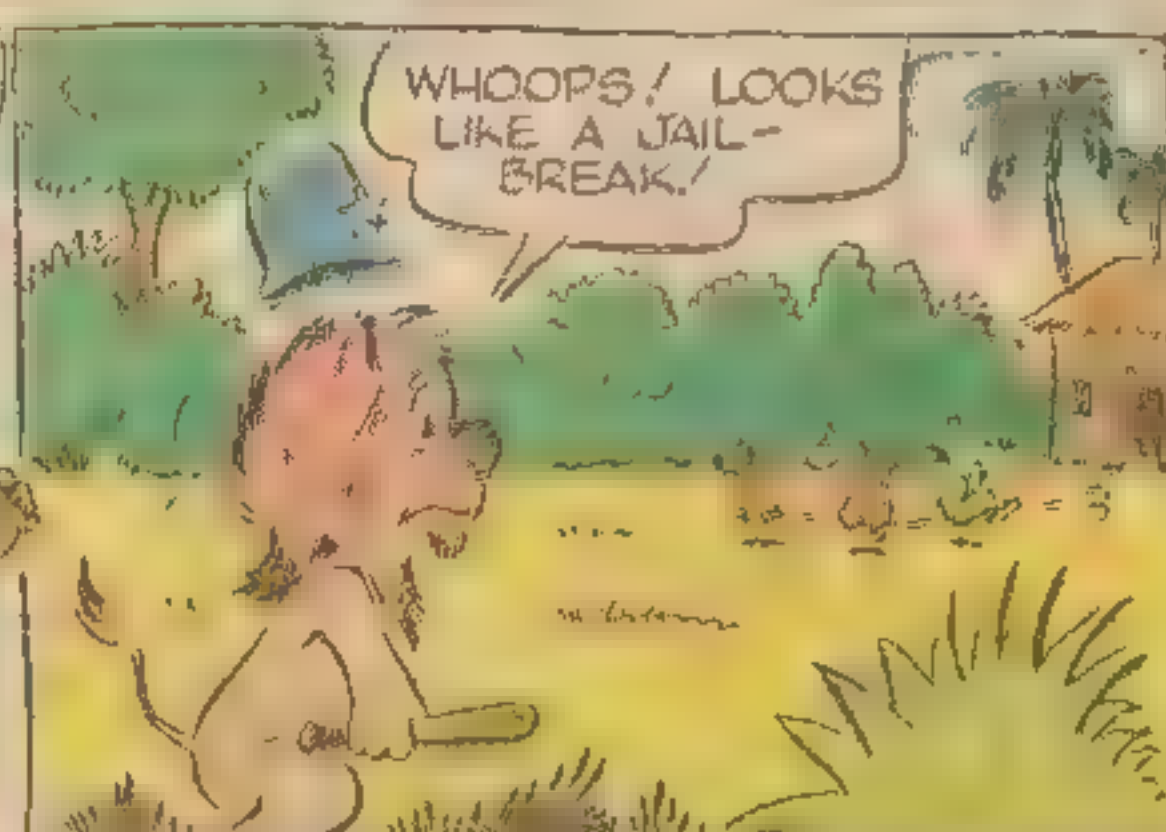
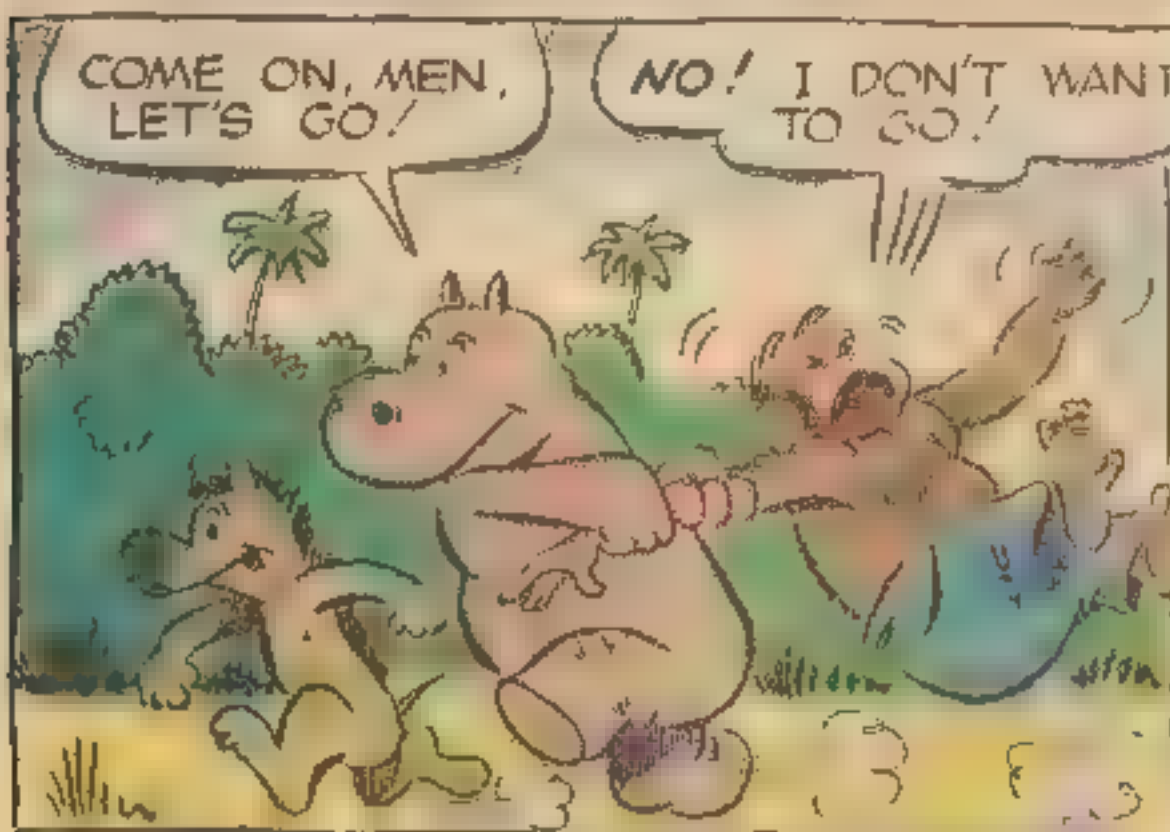
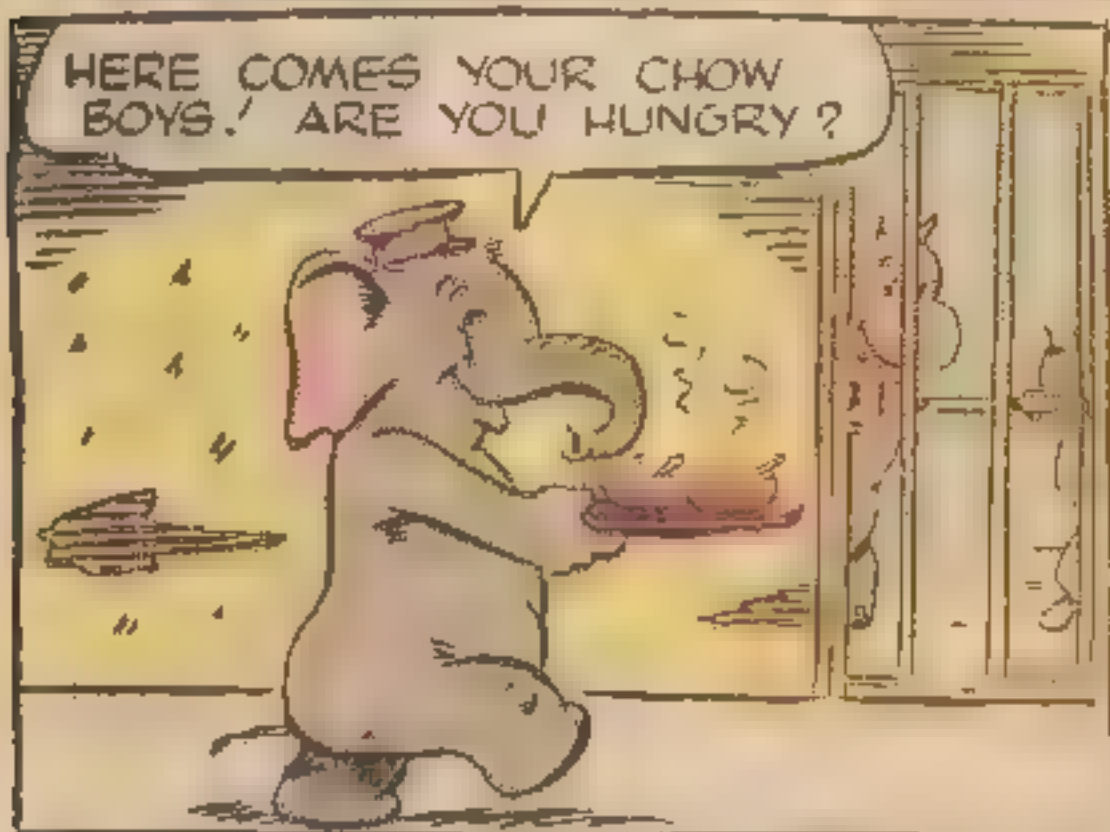
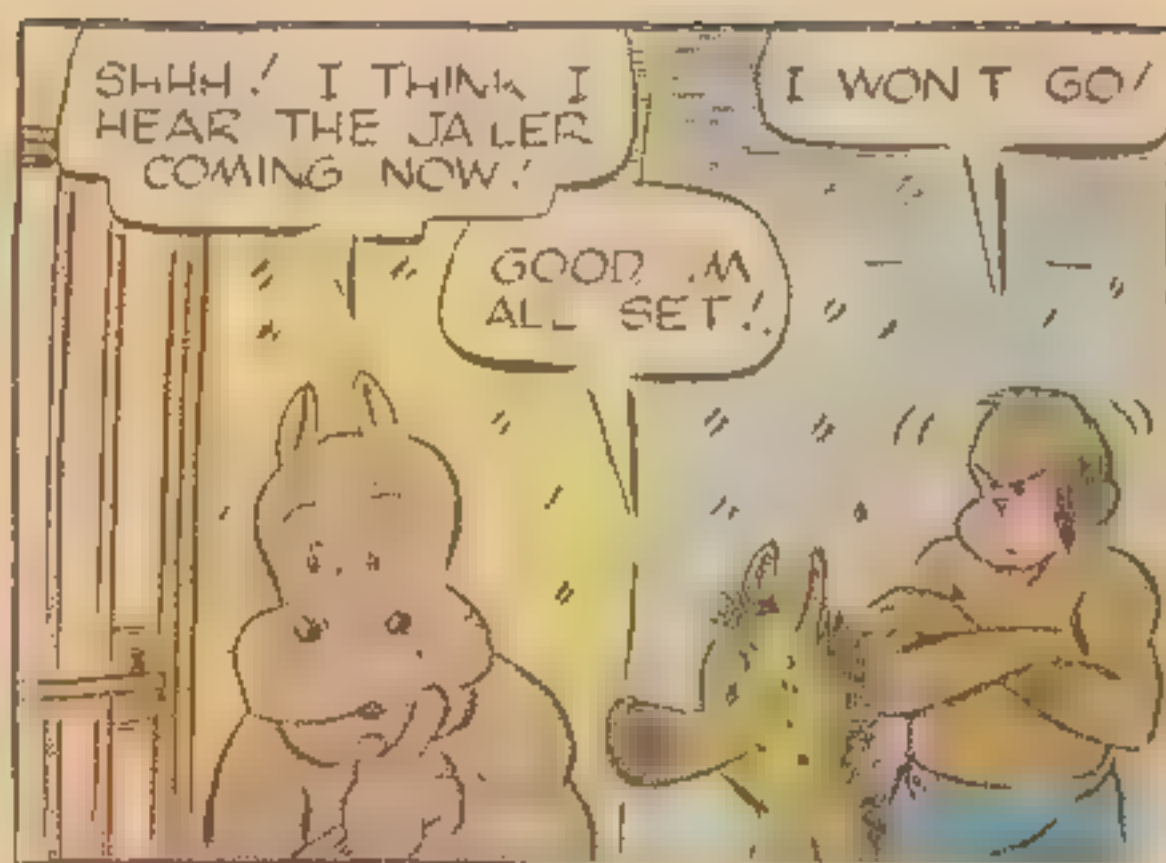
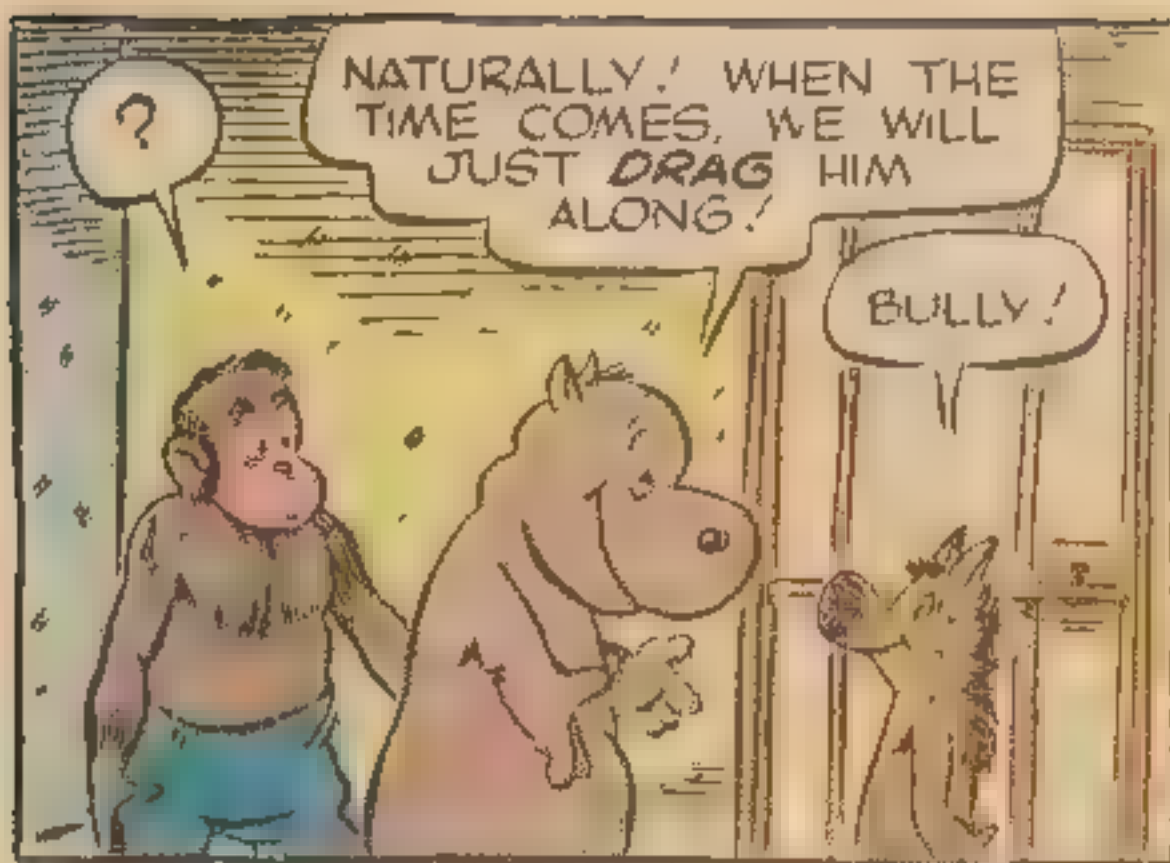




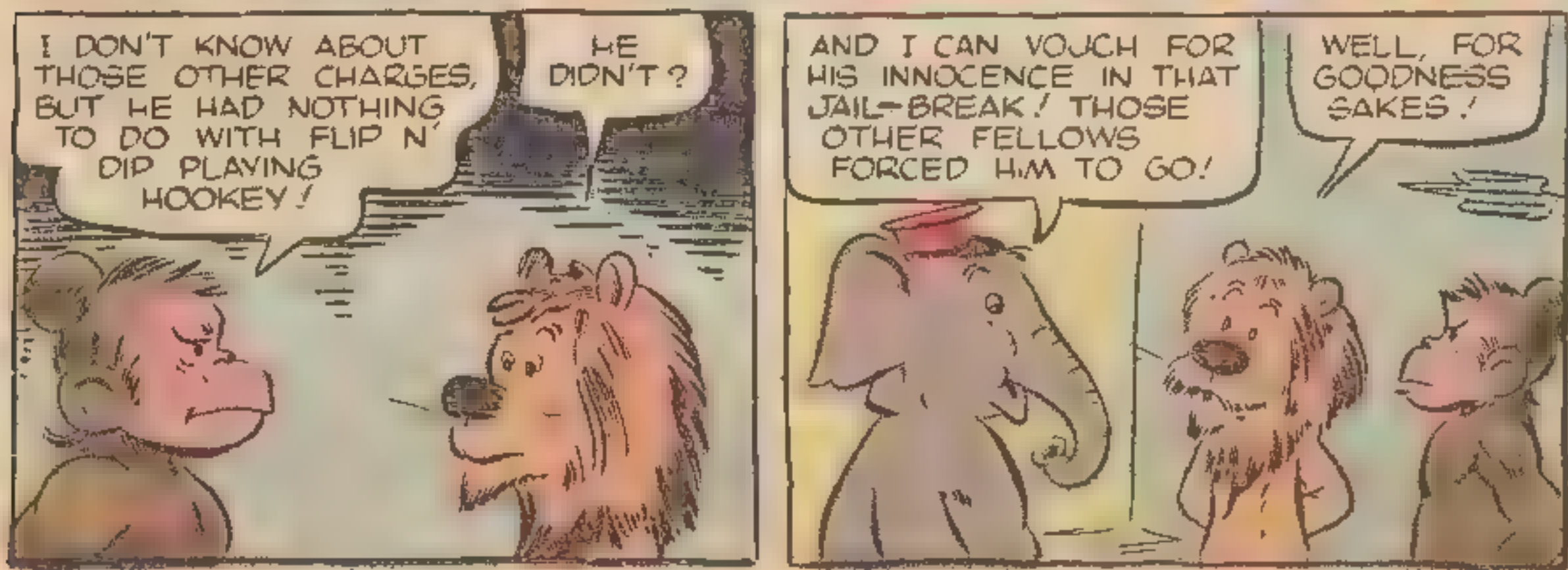
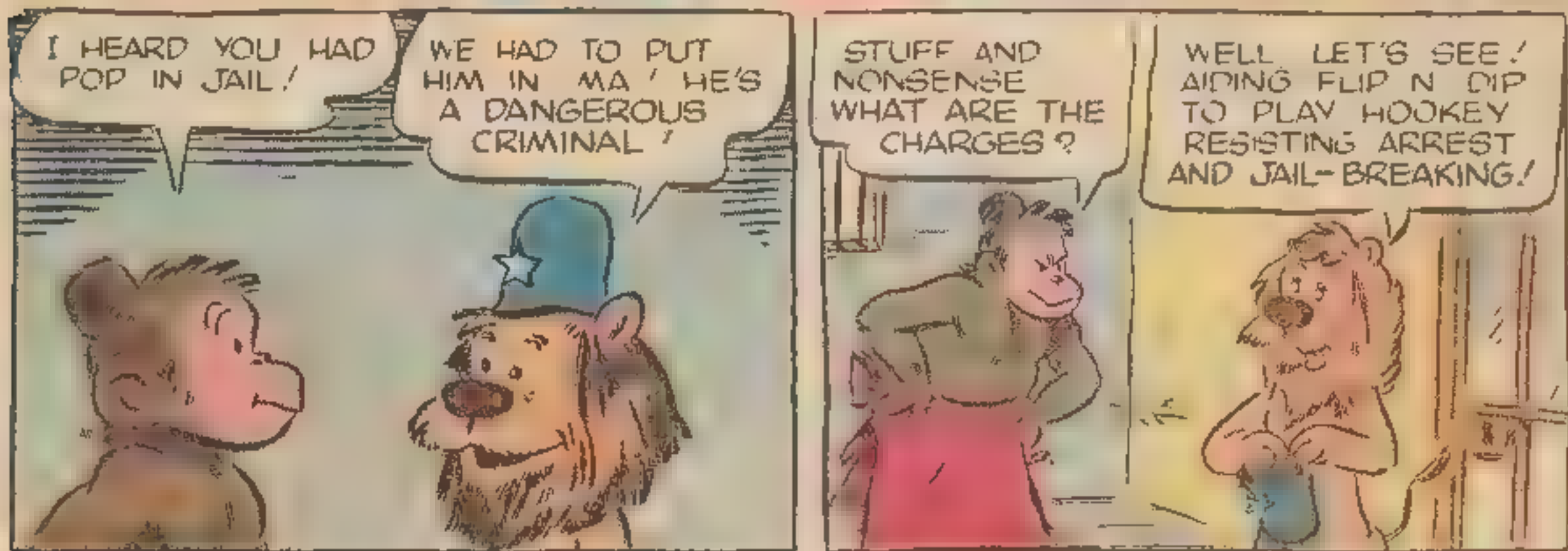
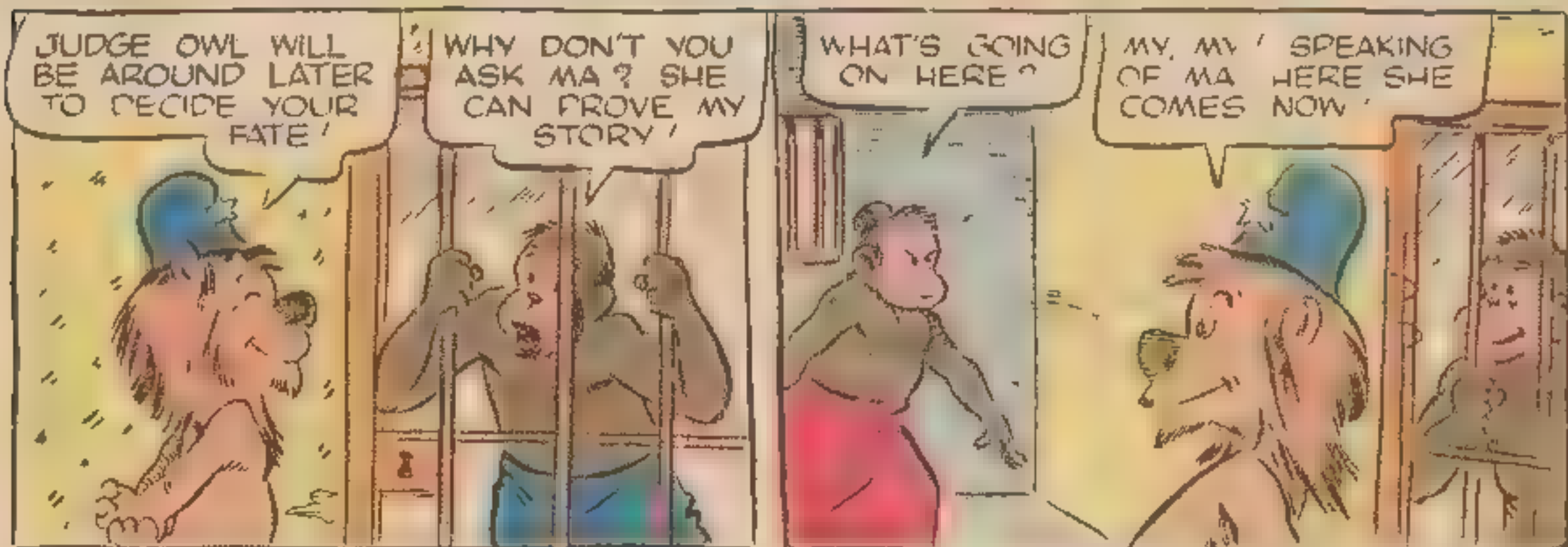
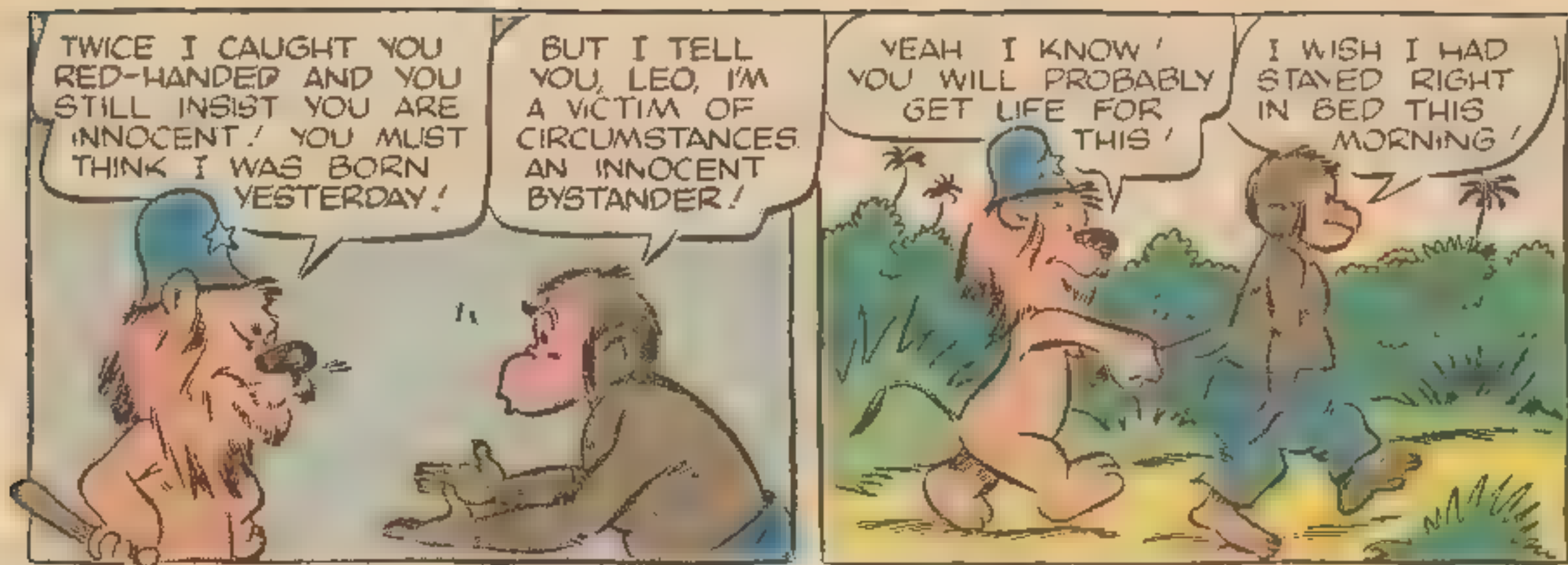




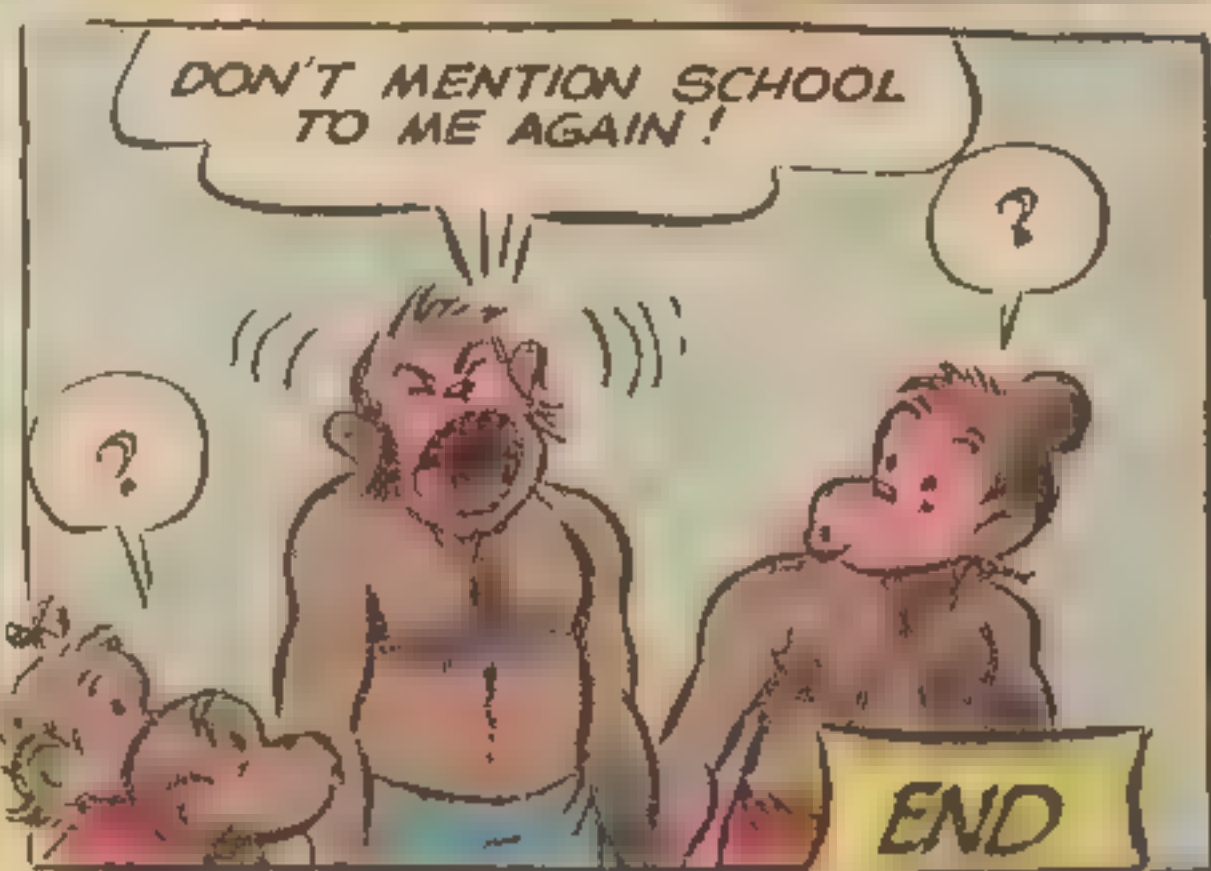
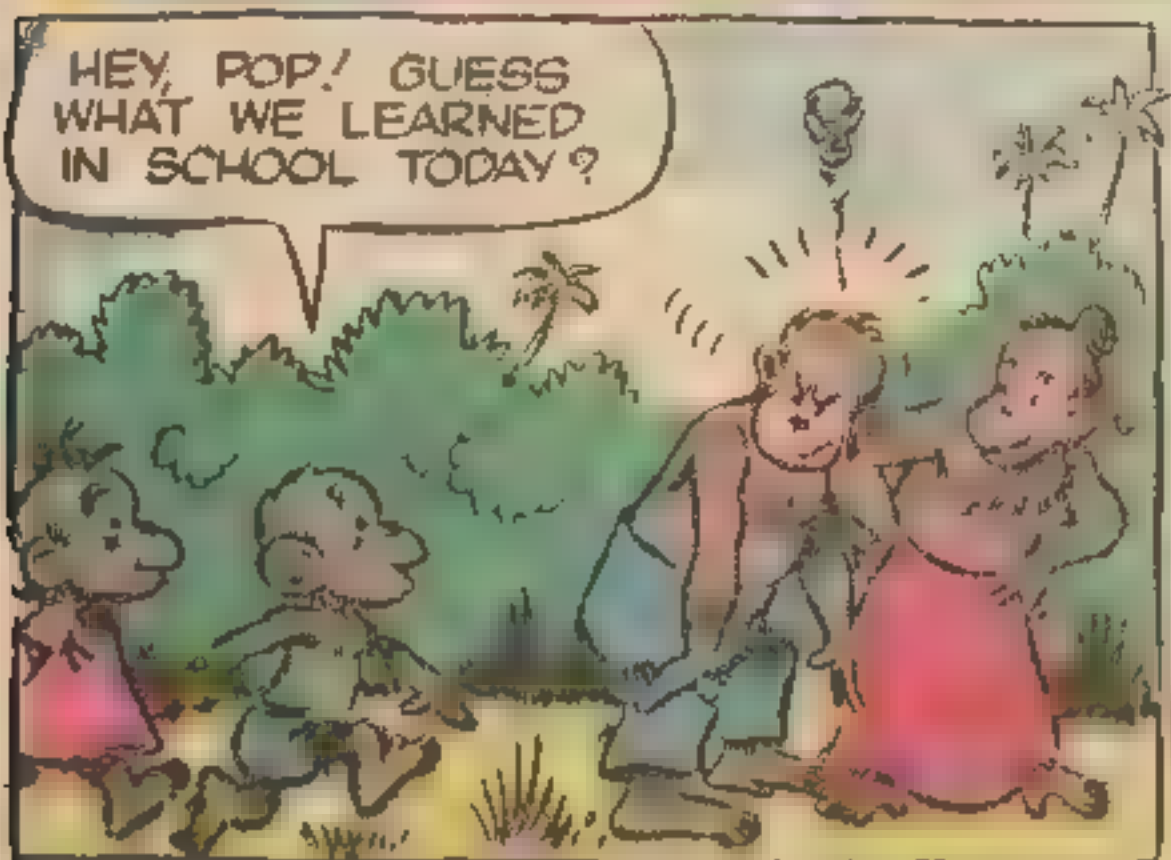
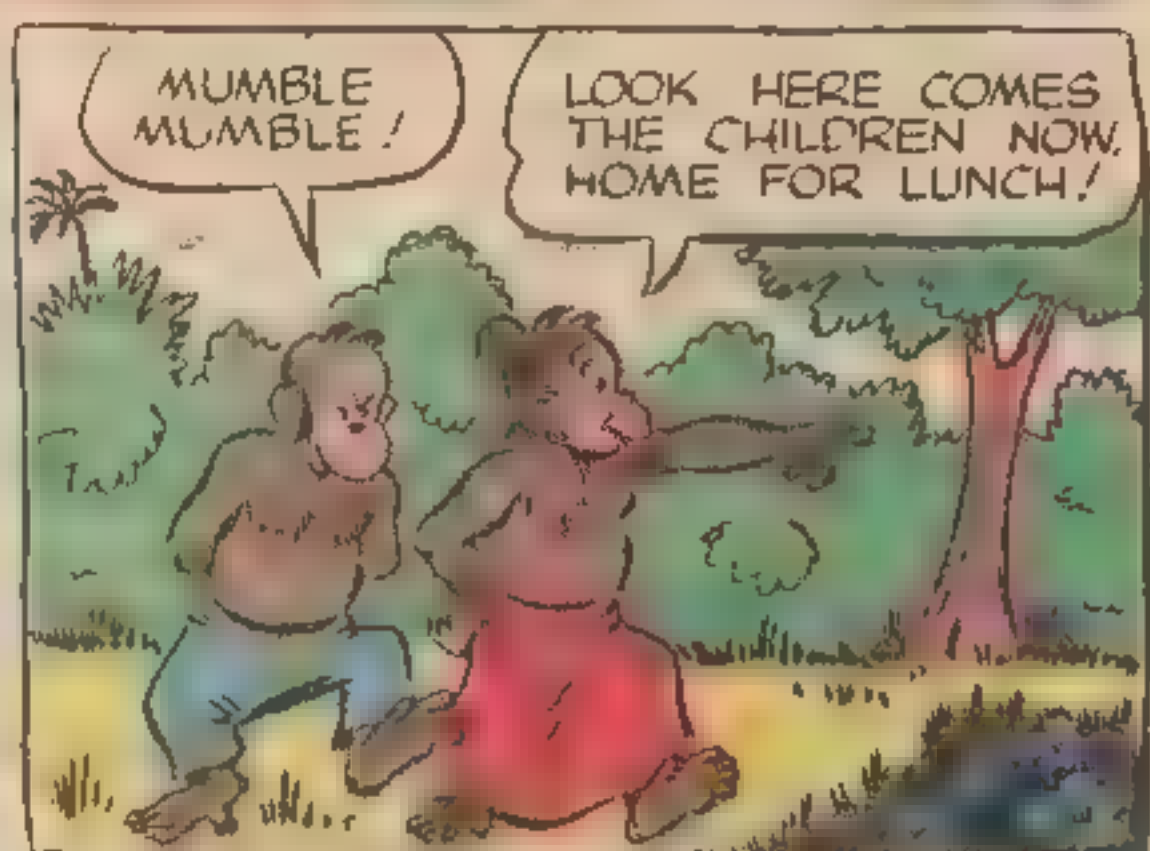
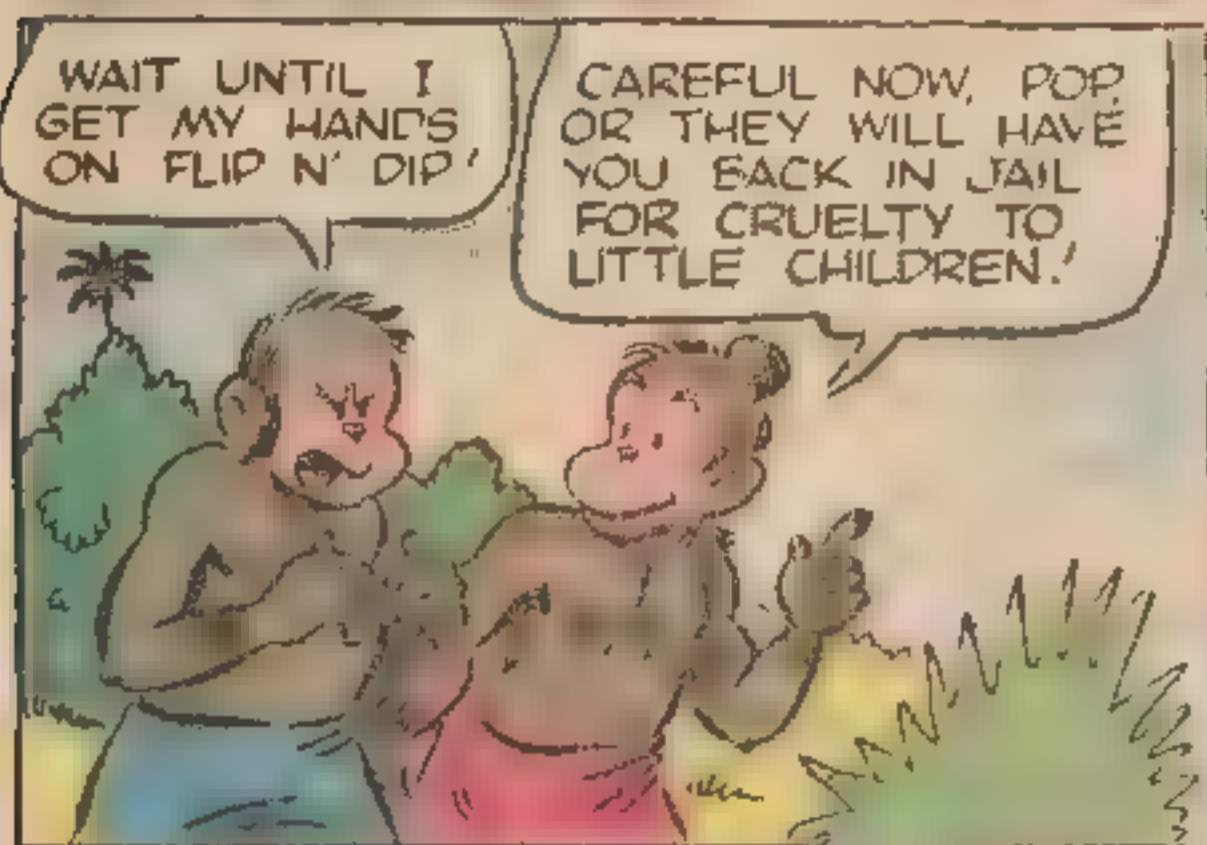
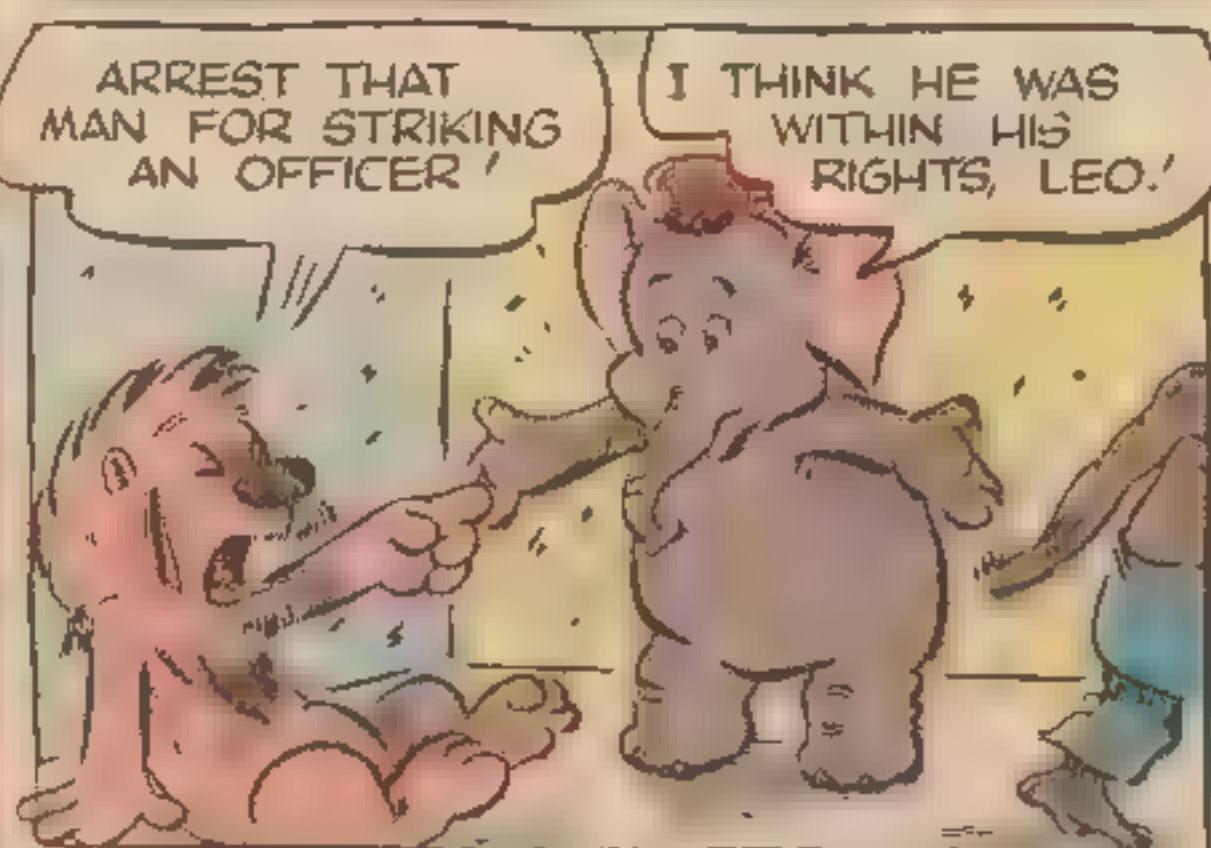
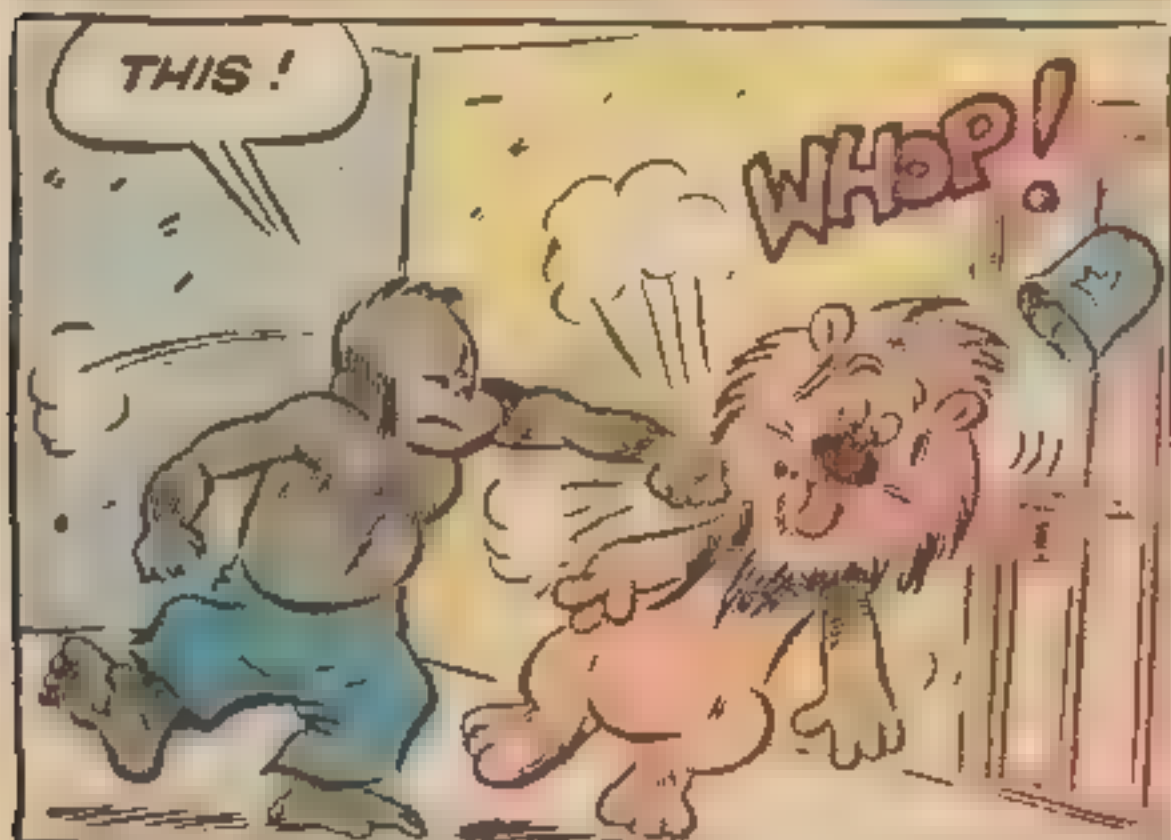
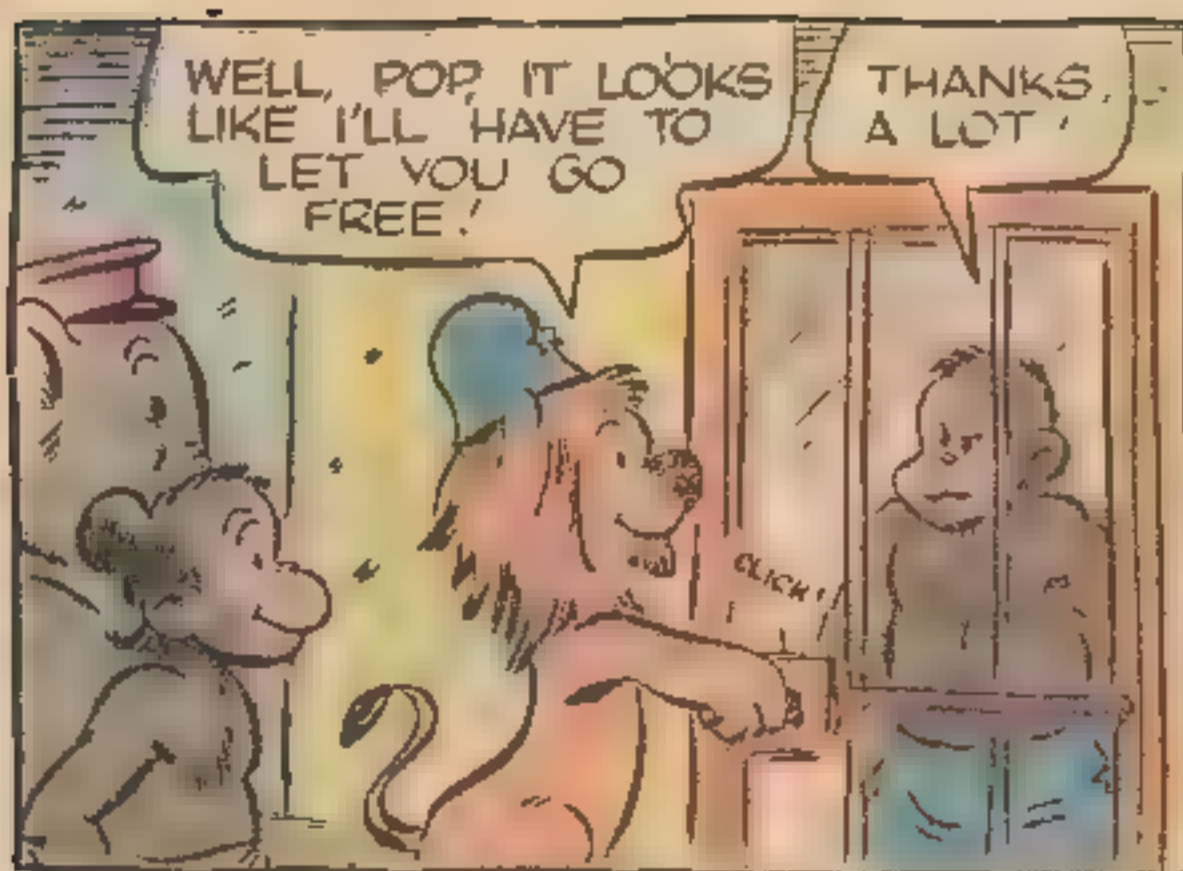














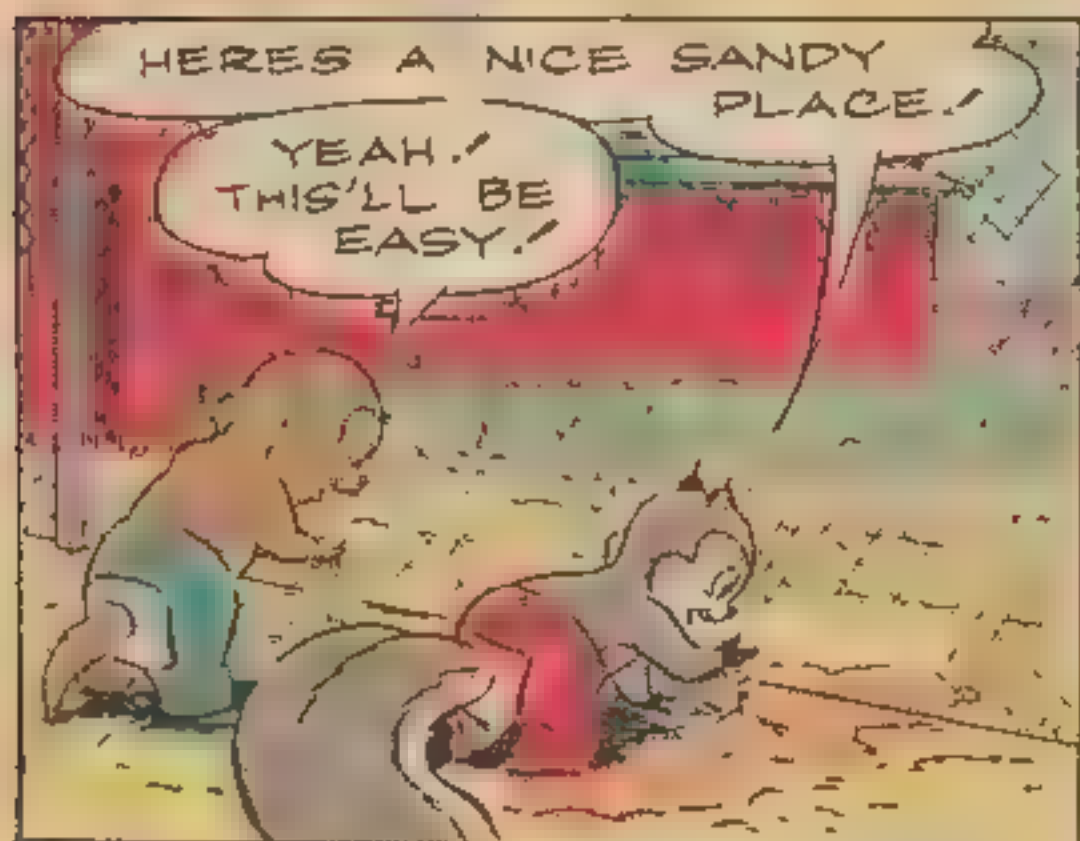
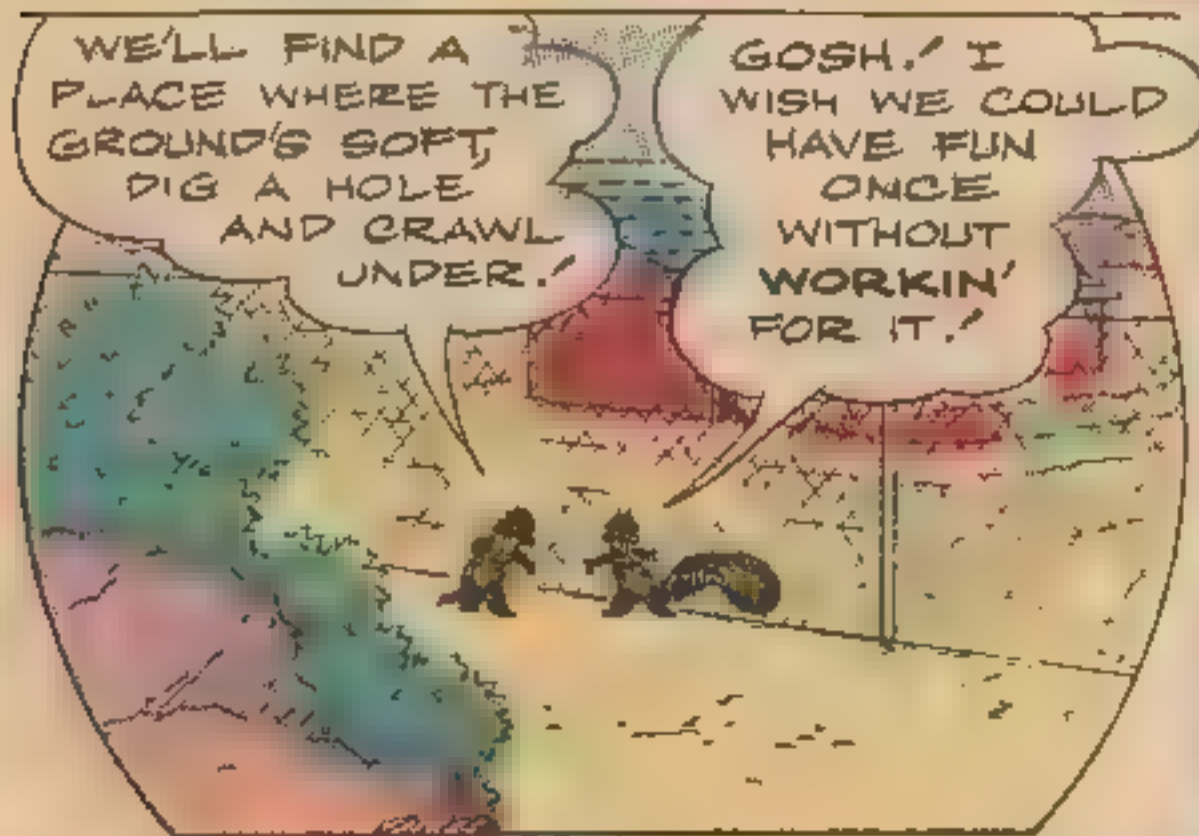
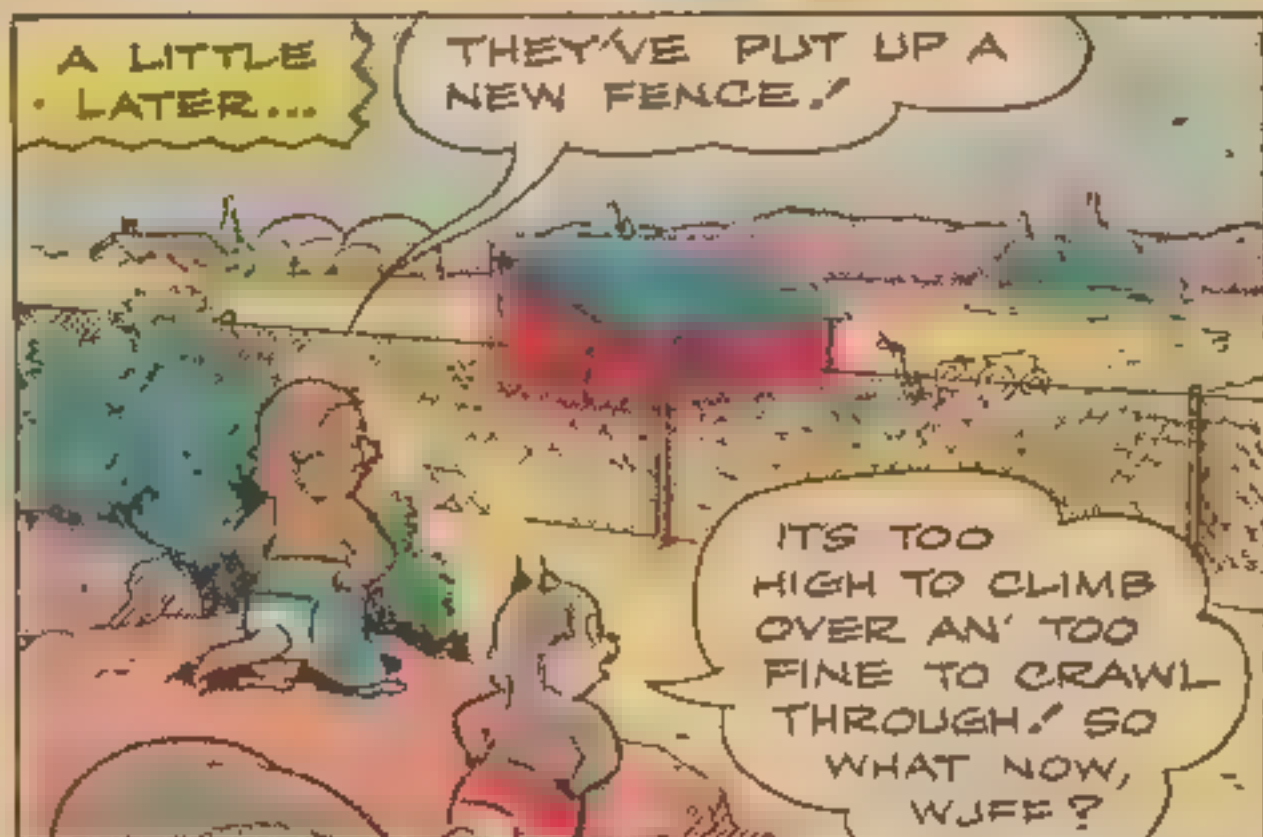
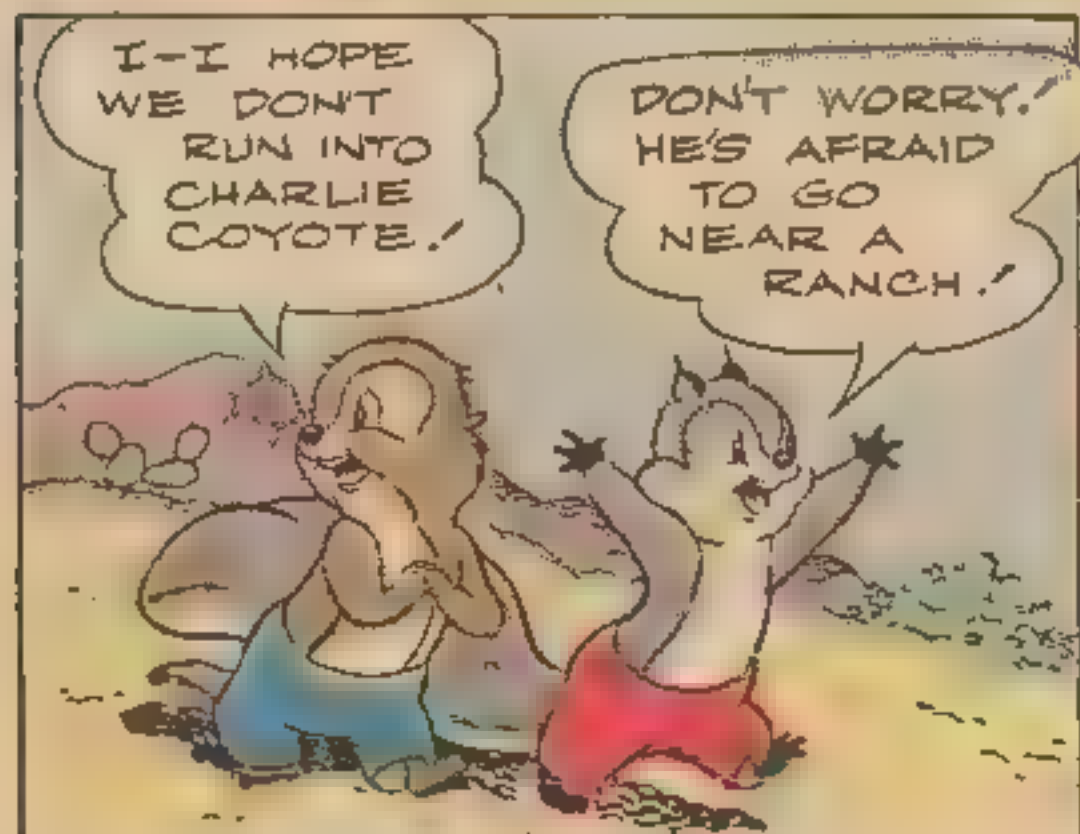
M.G.M. CARTOONS  
present

# WUFF

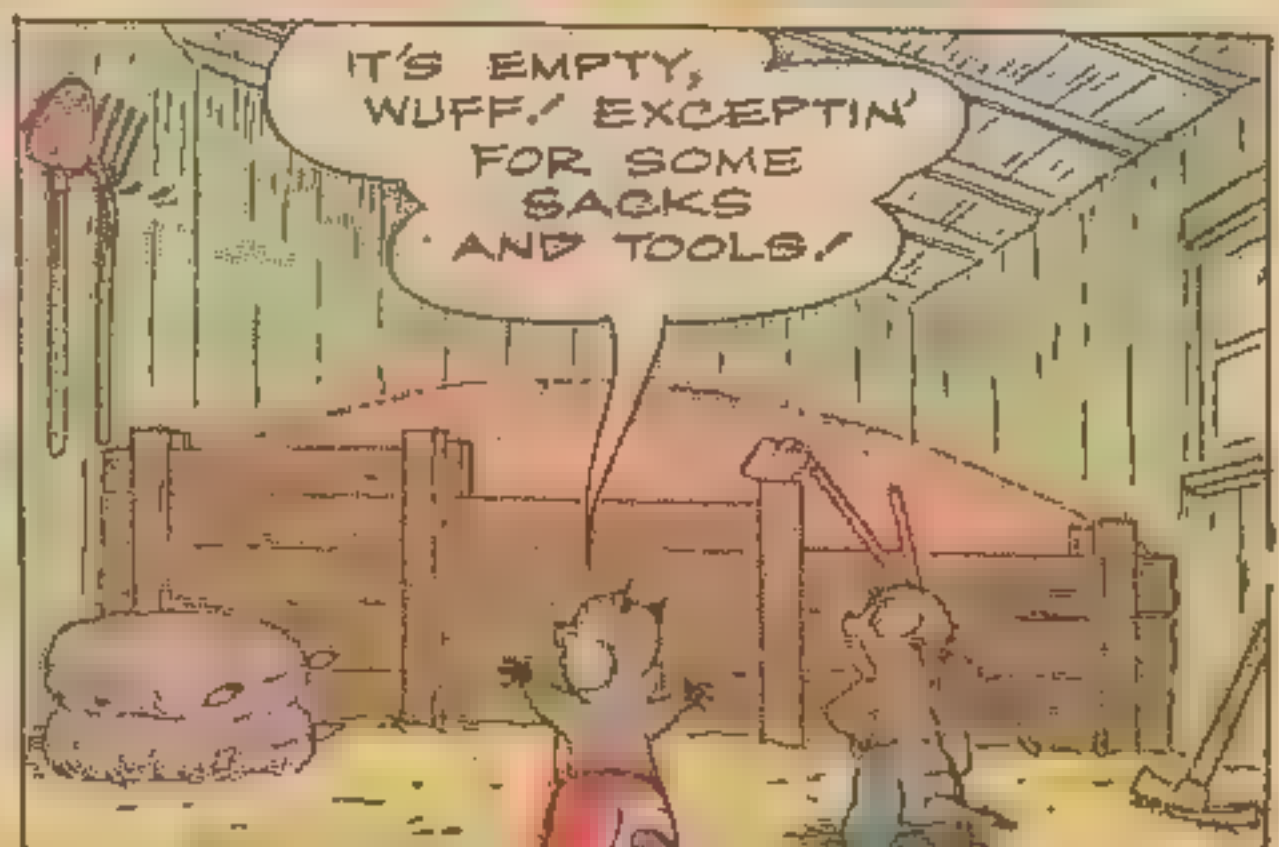
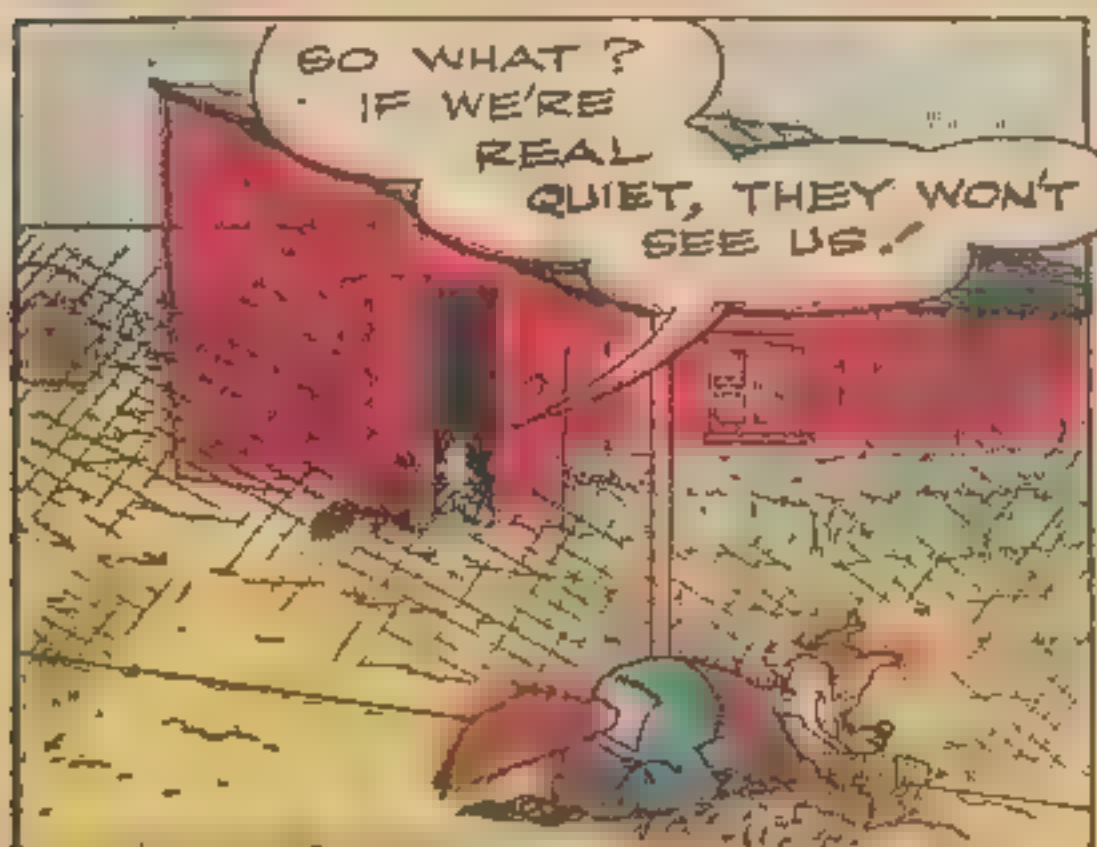
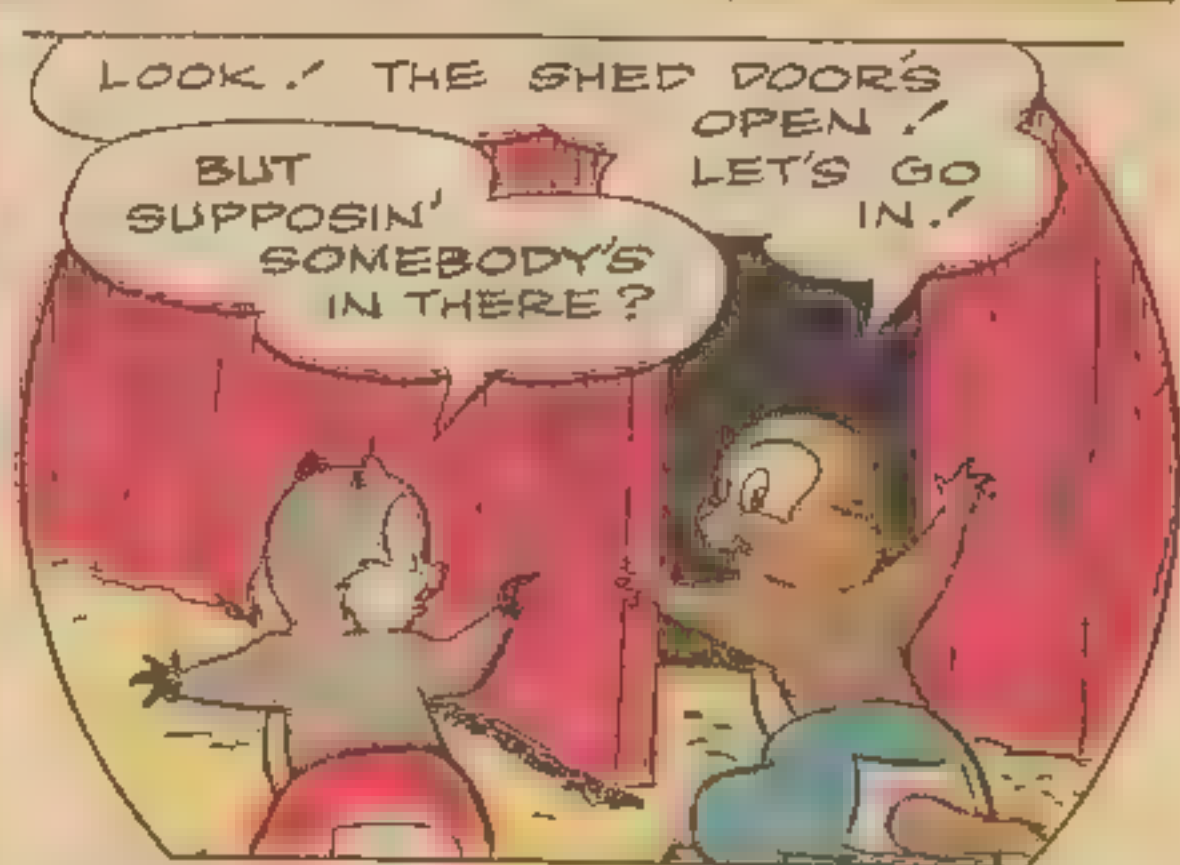
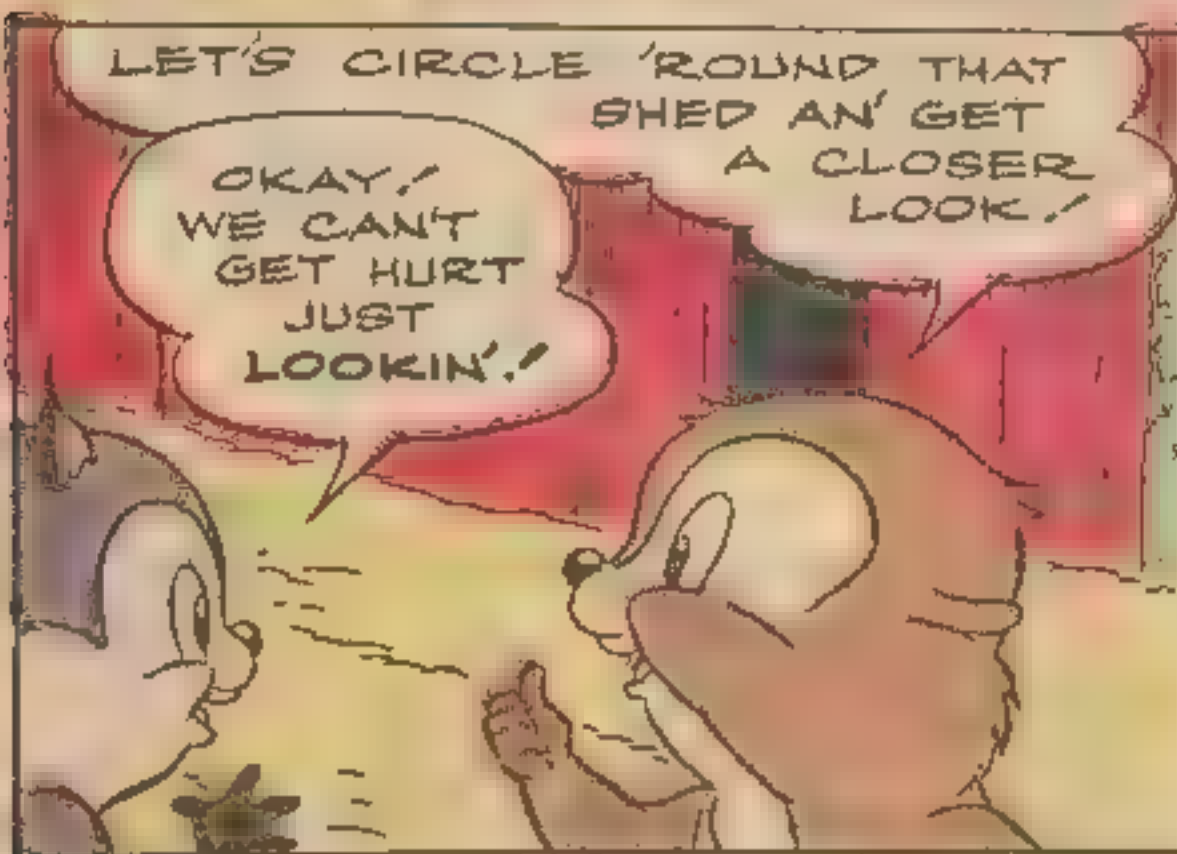
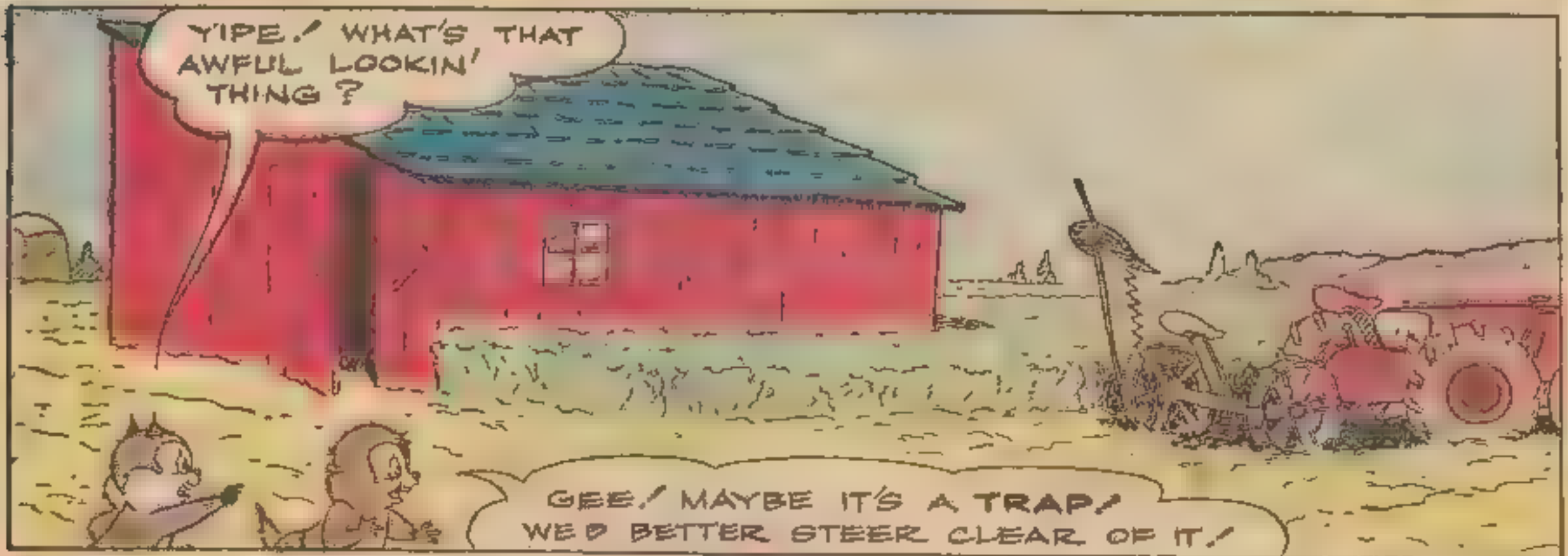
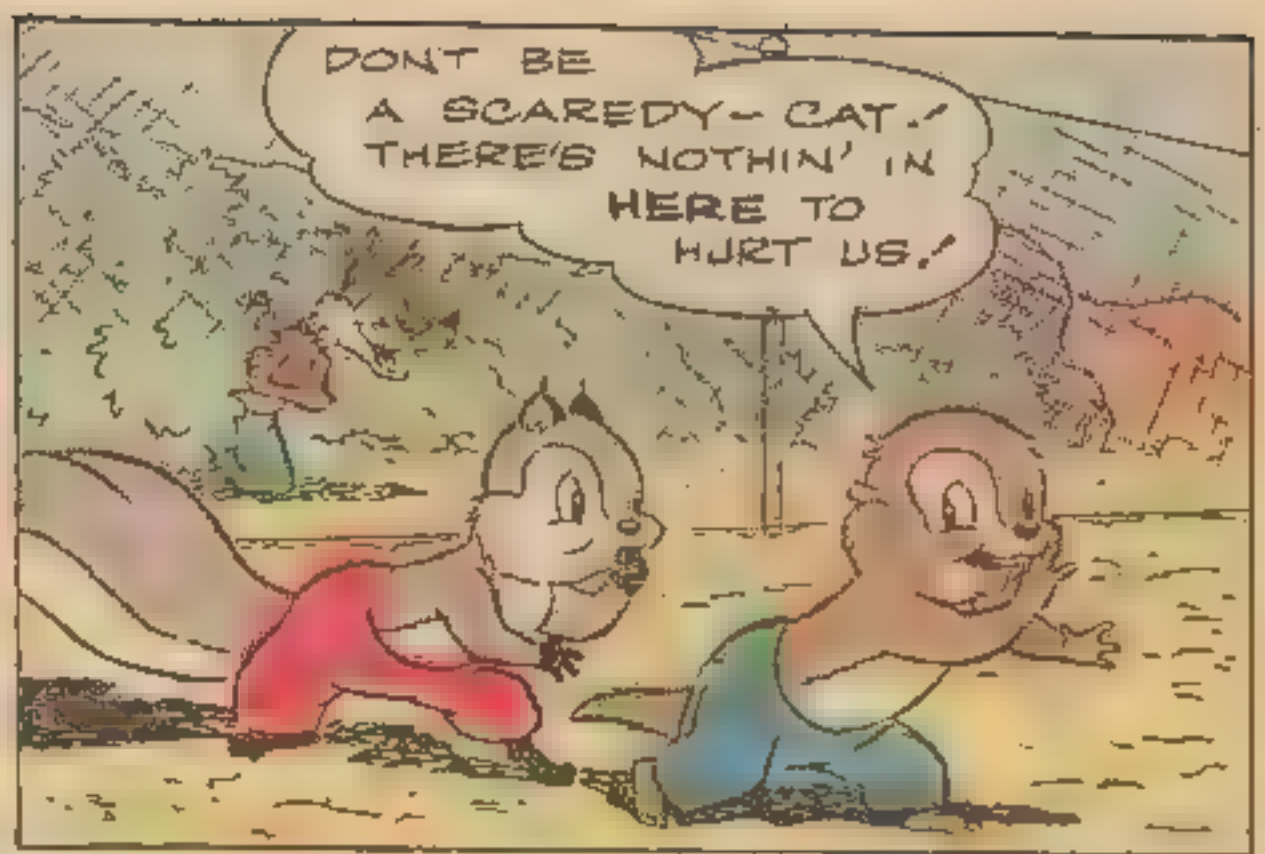
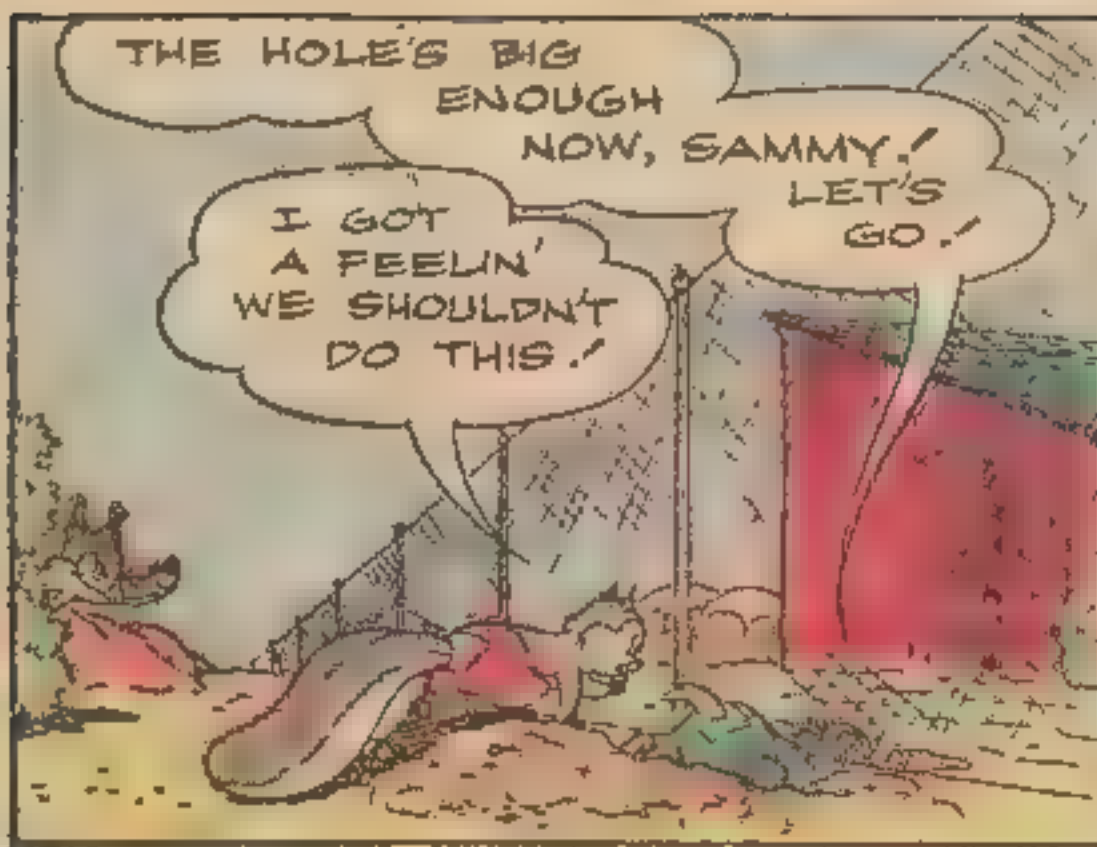
The  
PRAIRIE  
DOG

GEE, SAMMY! IT'S SURE  
QUIET AROUND HERE! LET'S  
GO OVER TO TALBOT'S  
RANCH AND FIND SOME  
EXCITEMENT!

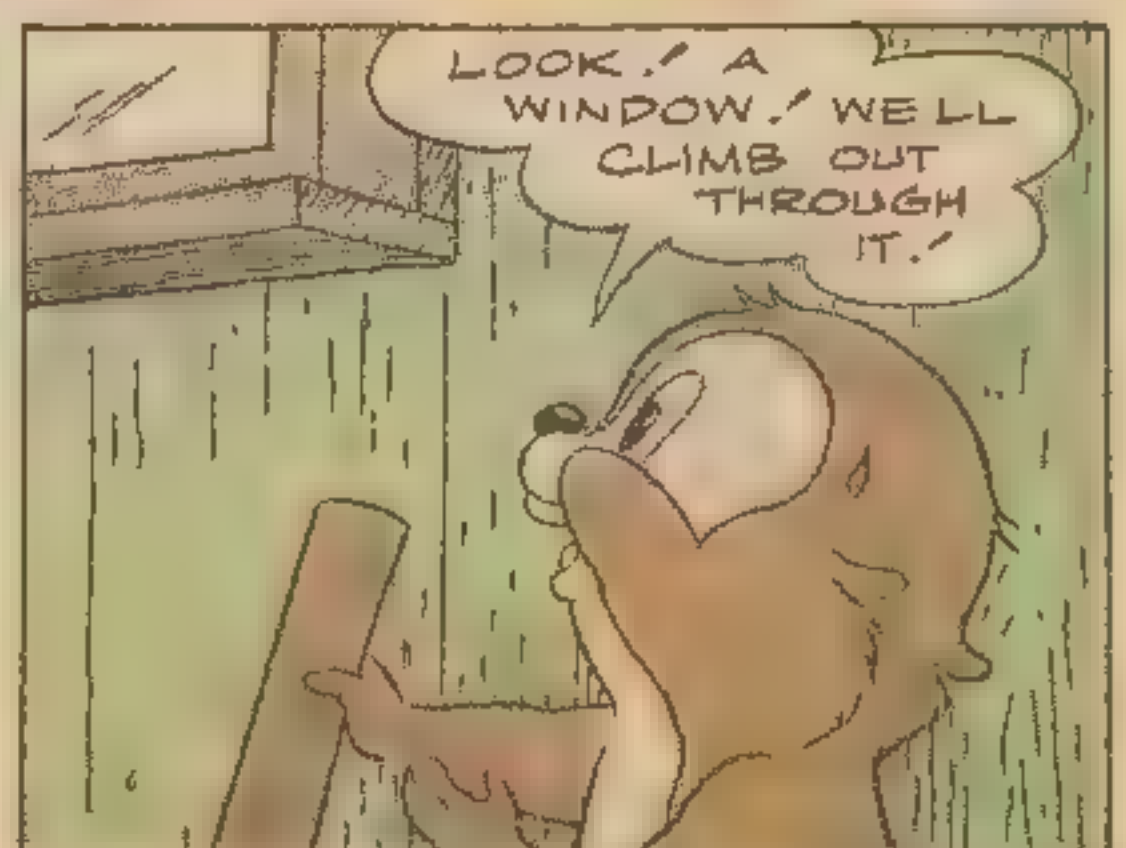
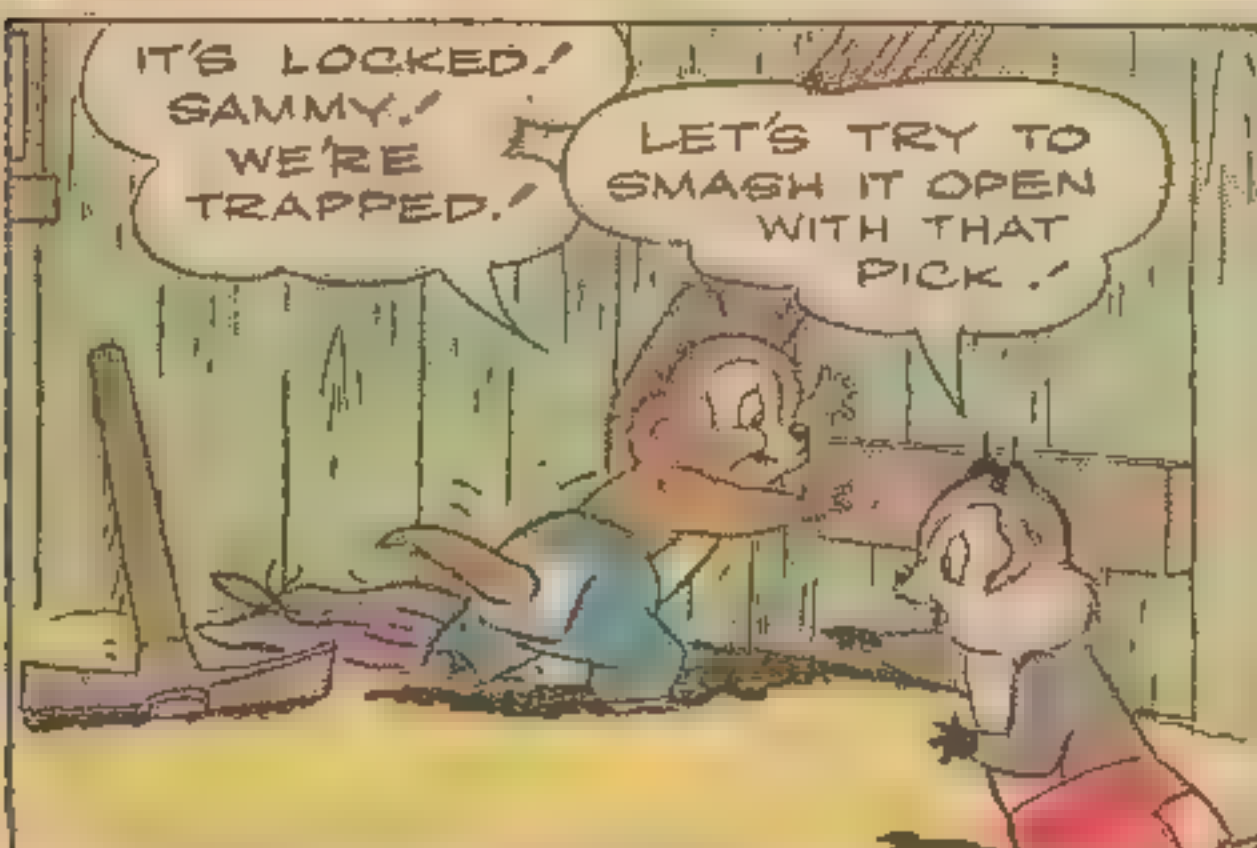
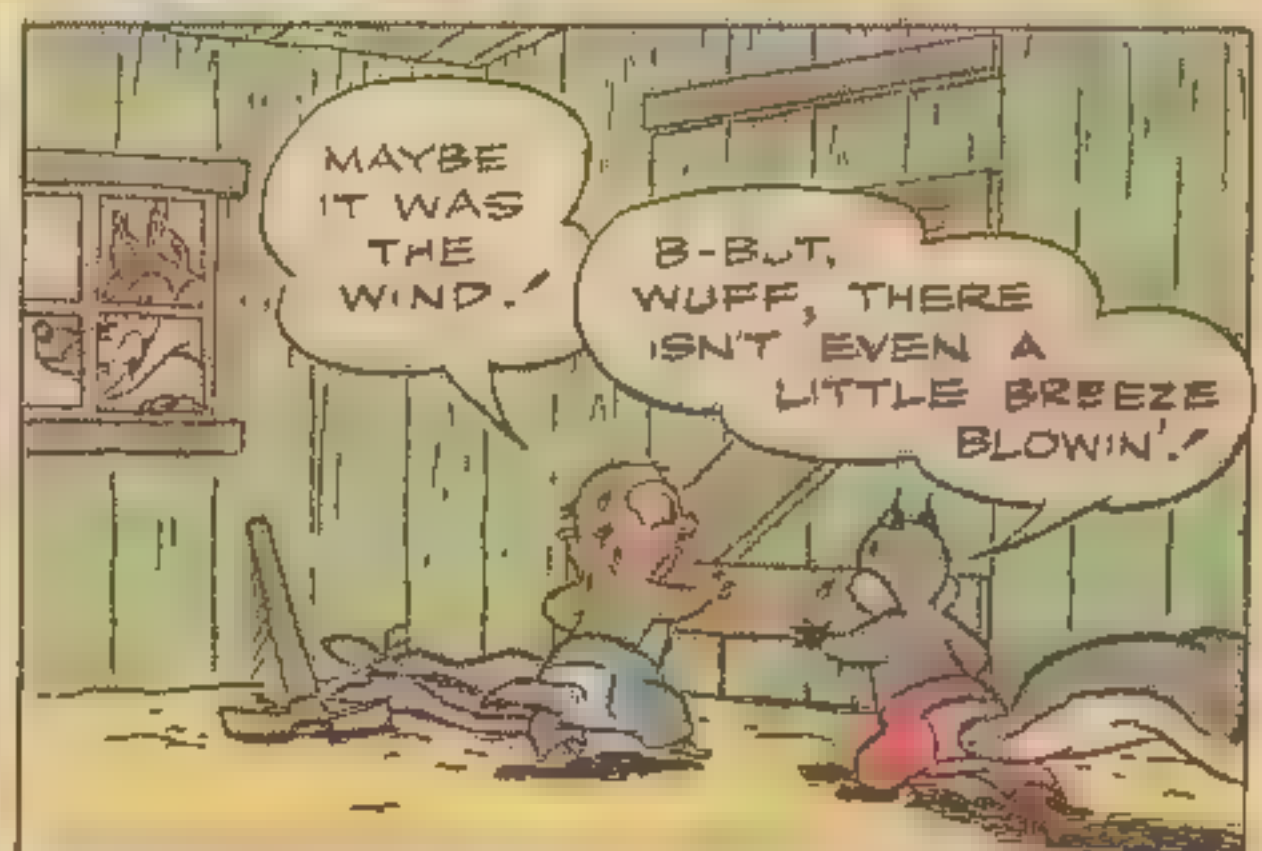
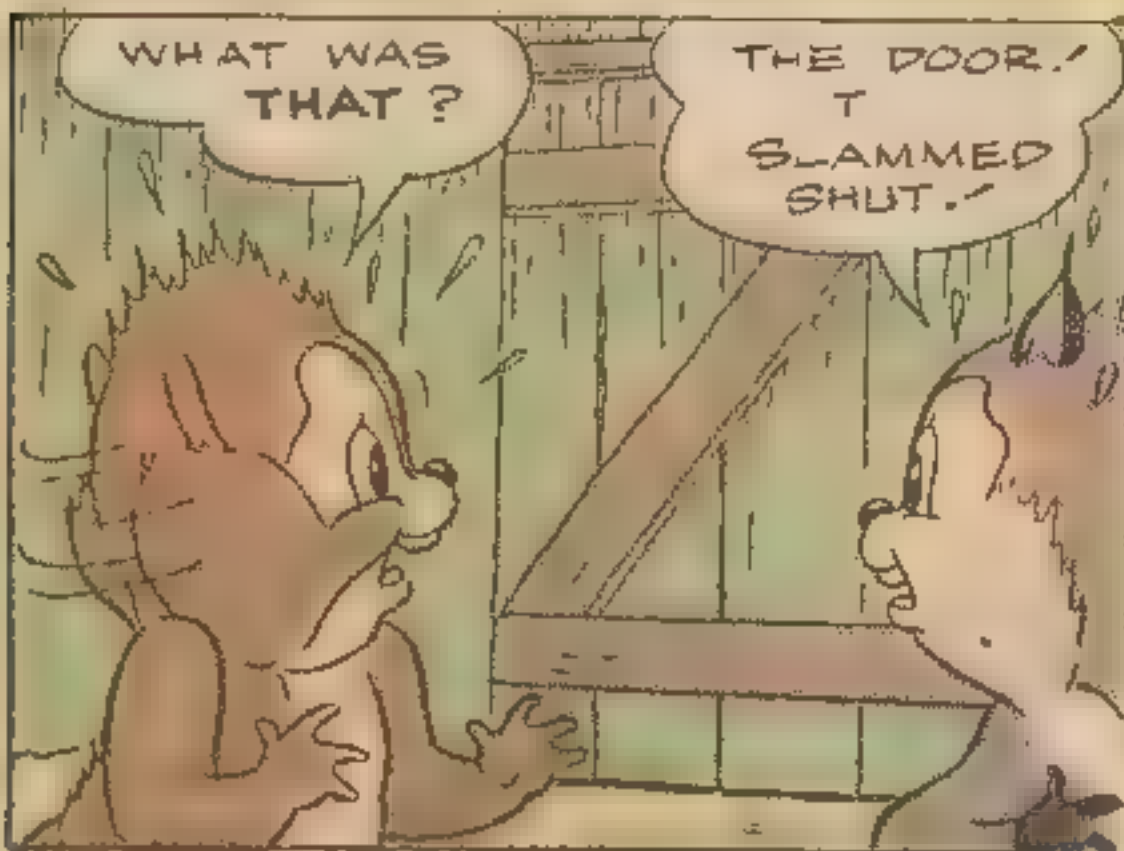
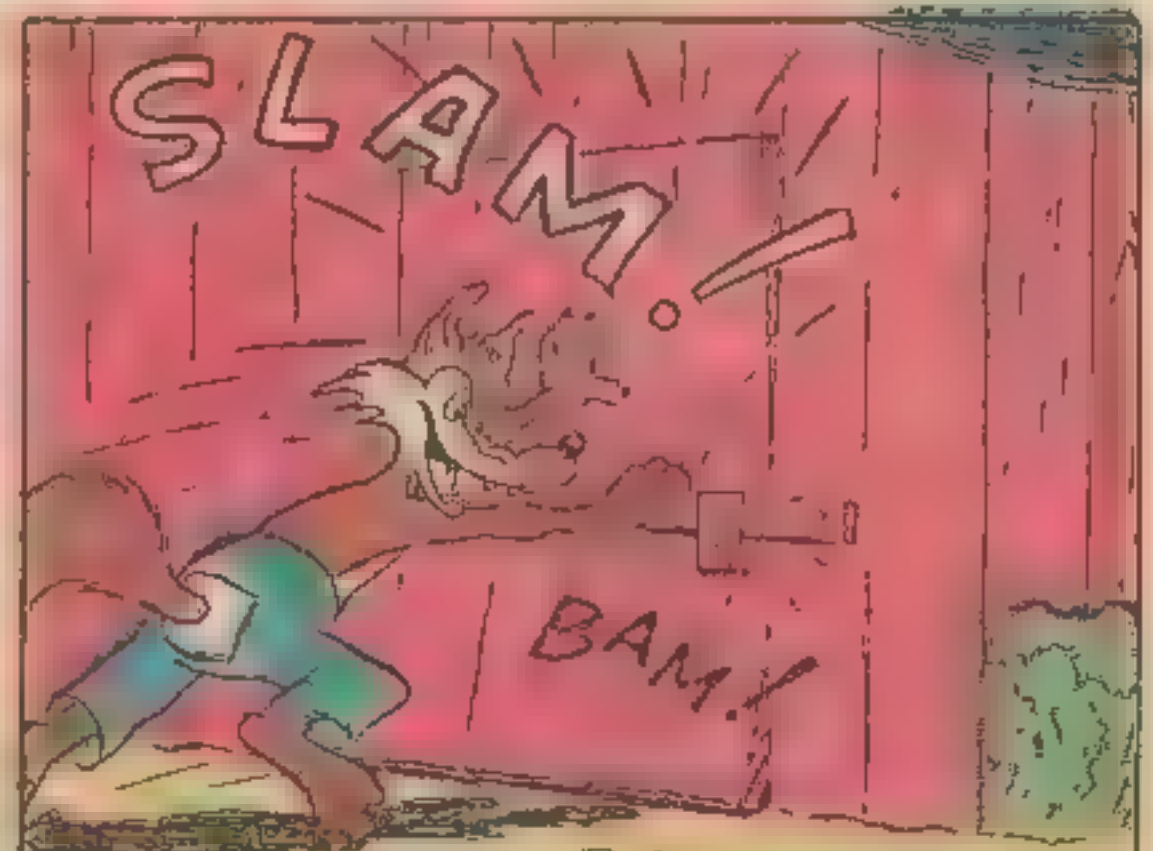
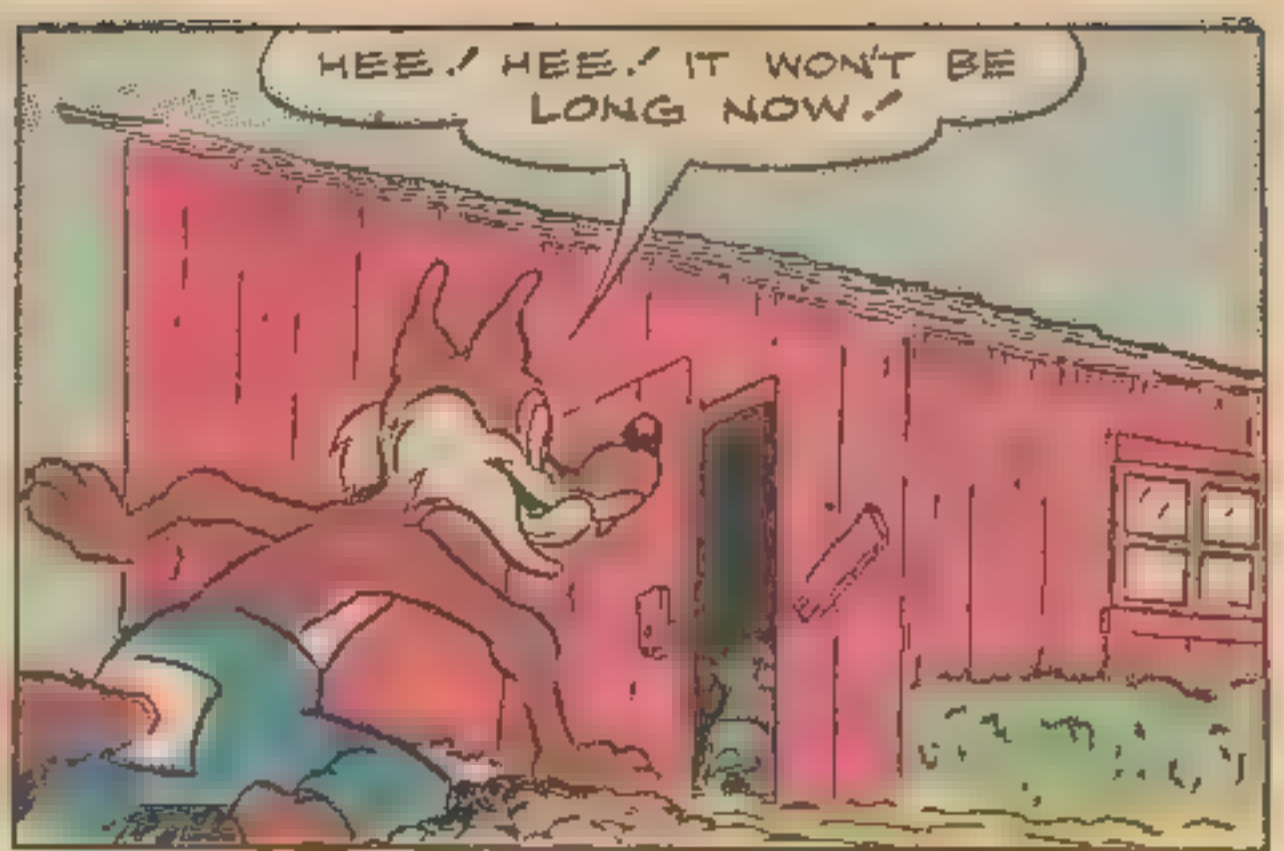
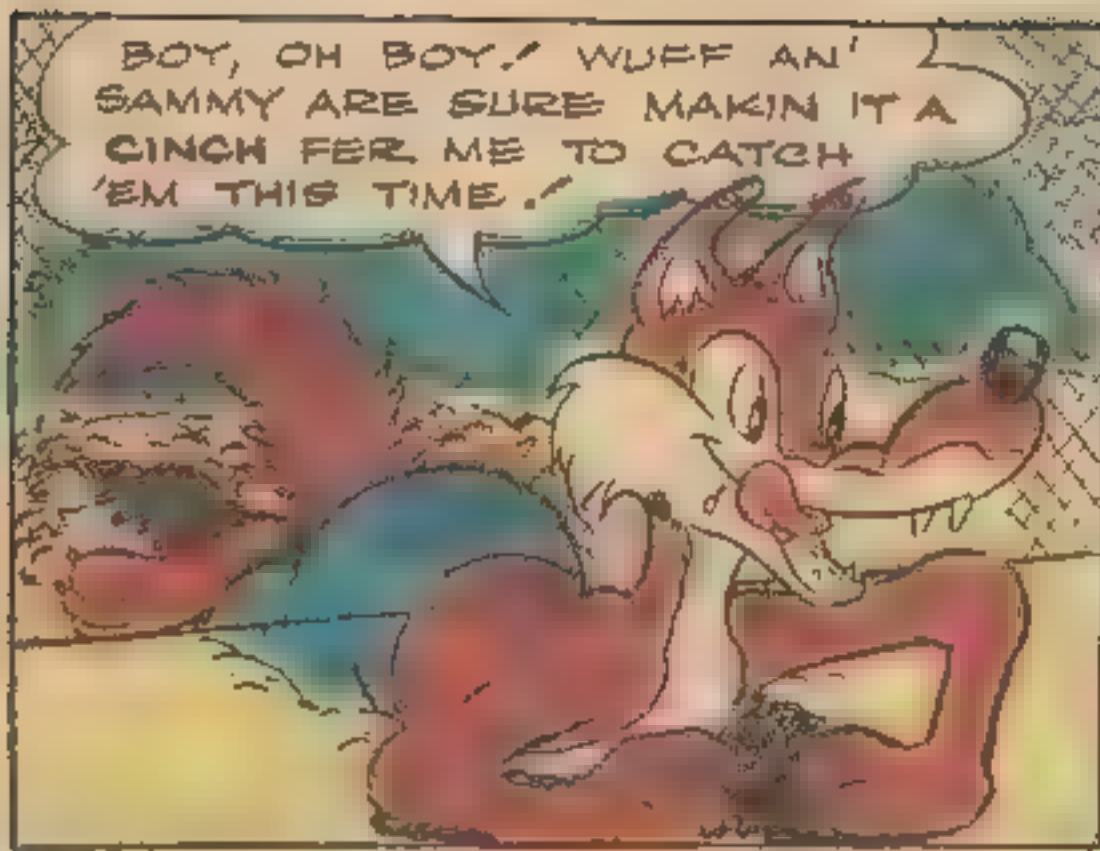
A  
SWELL  
IDEA,  
WUFF!



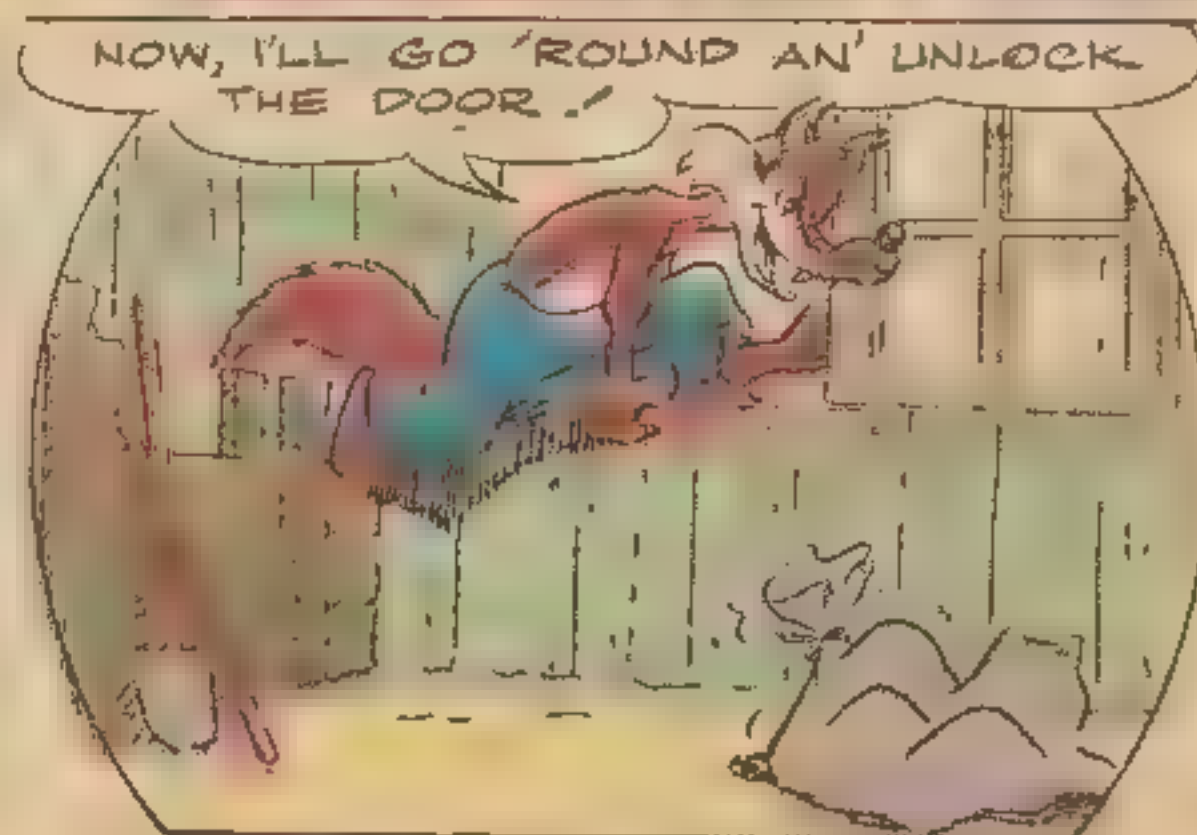
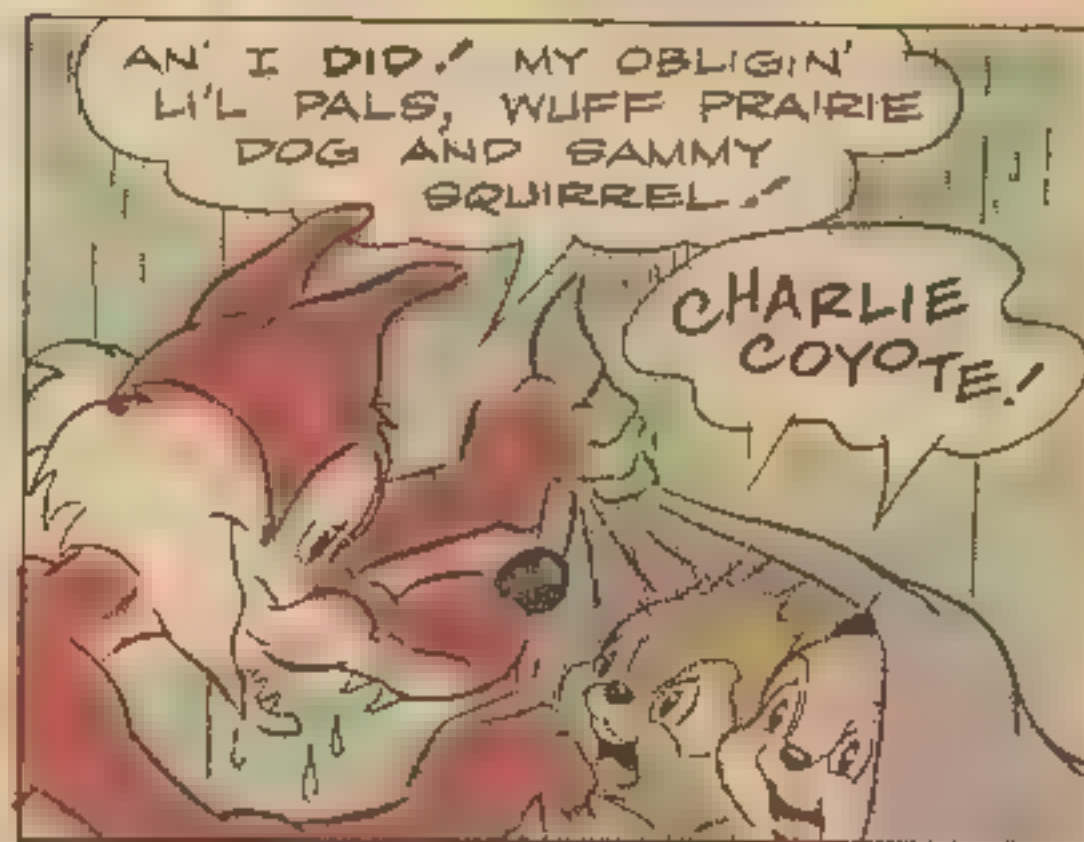
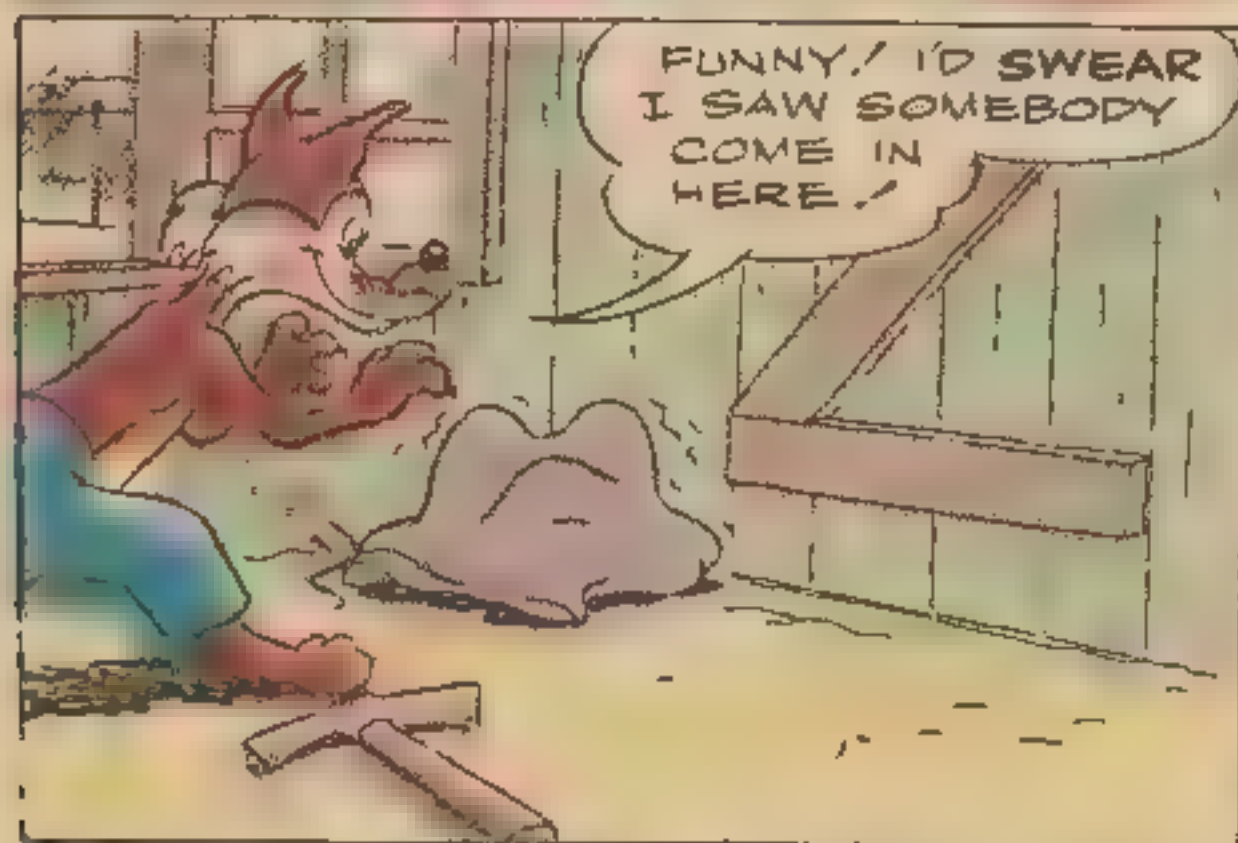
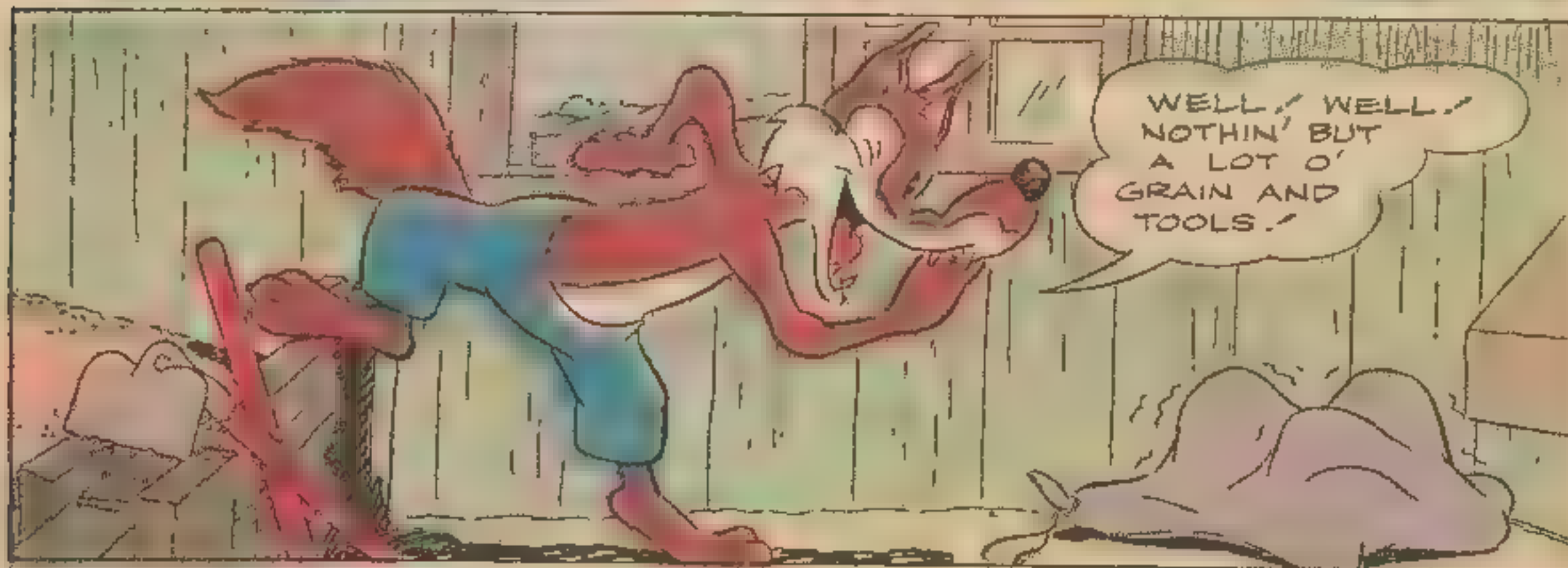
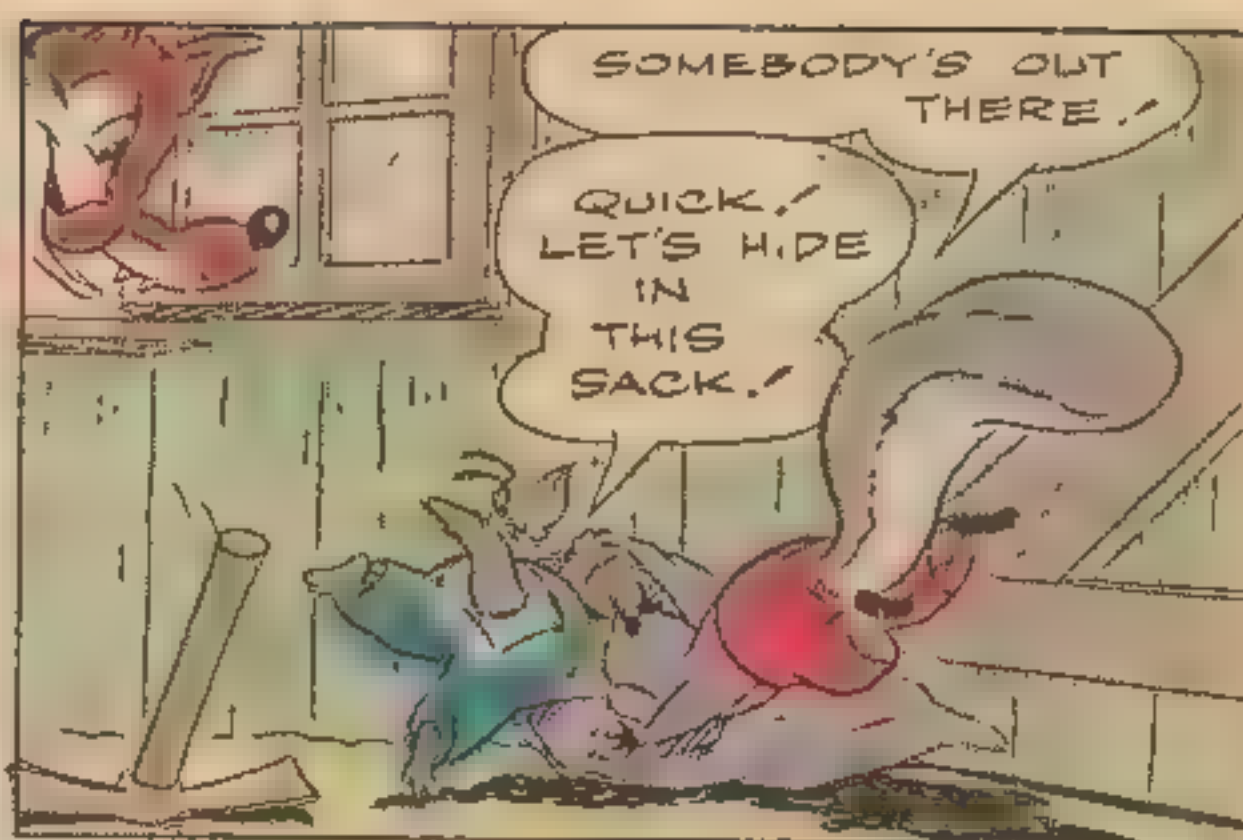




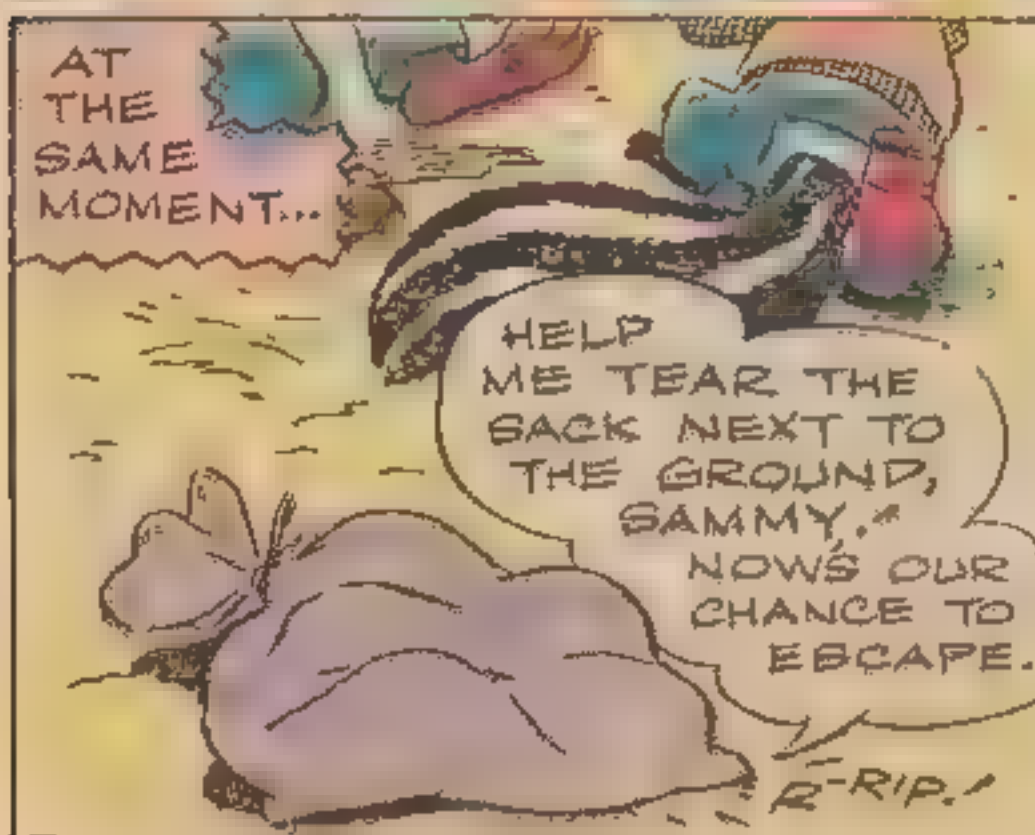
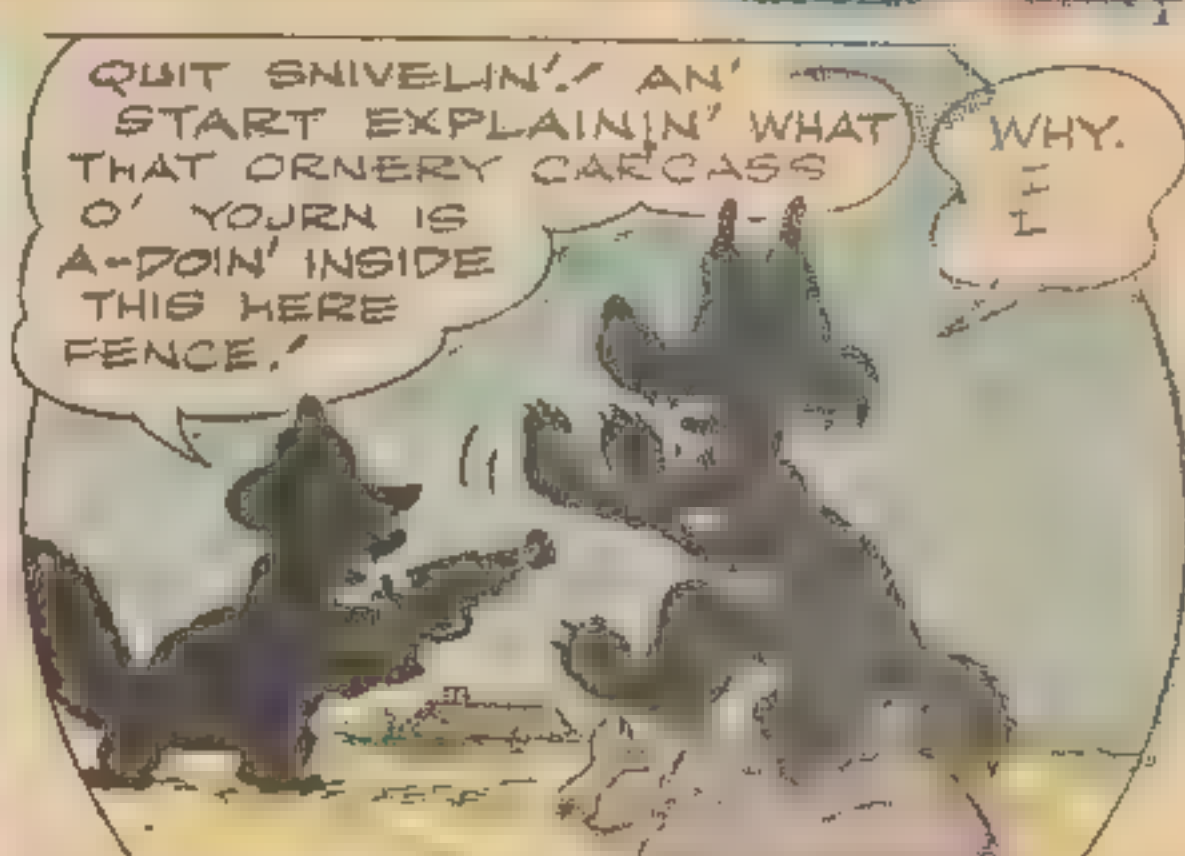
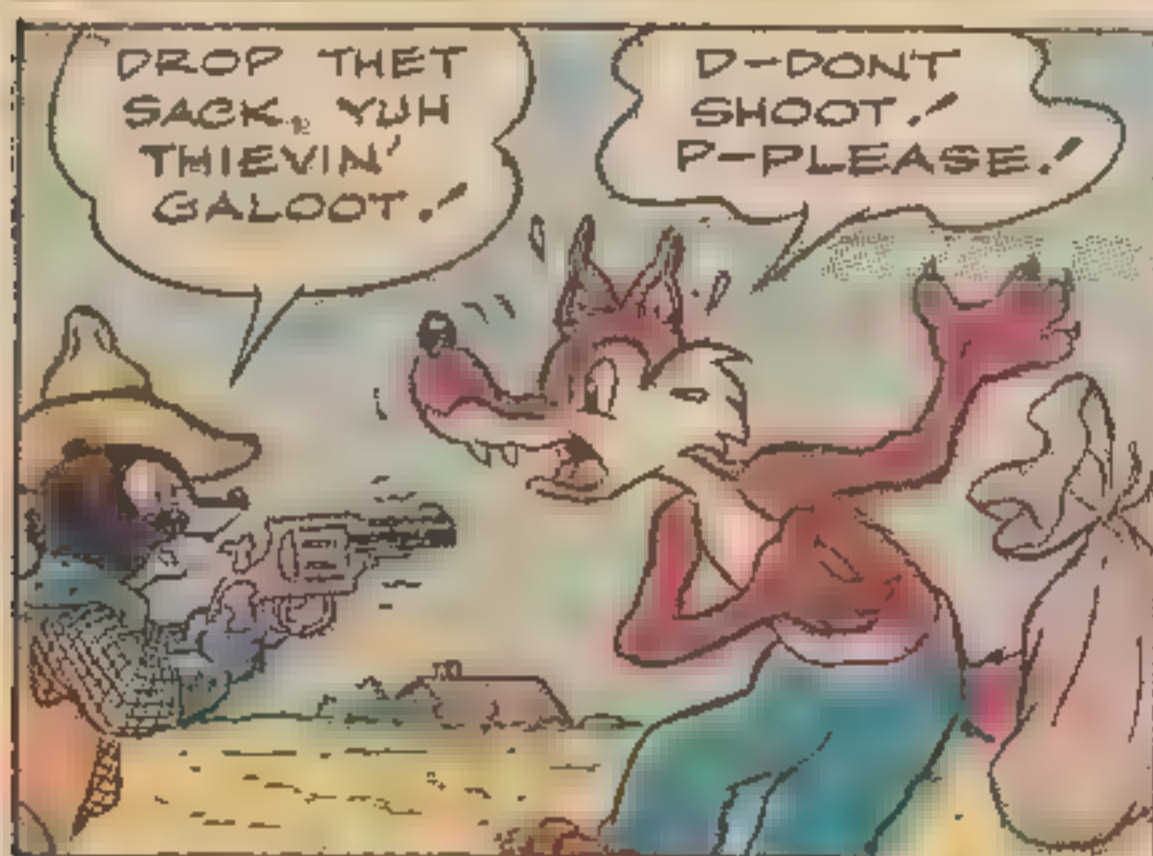
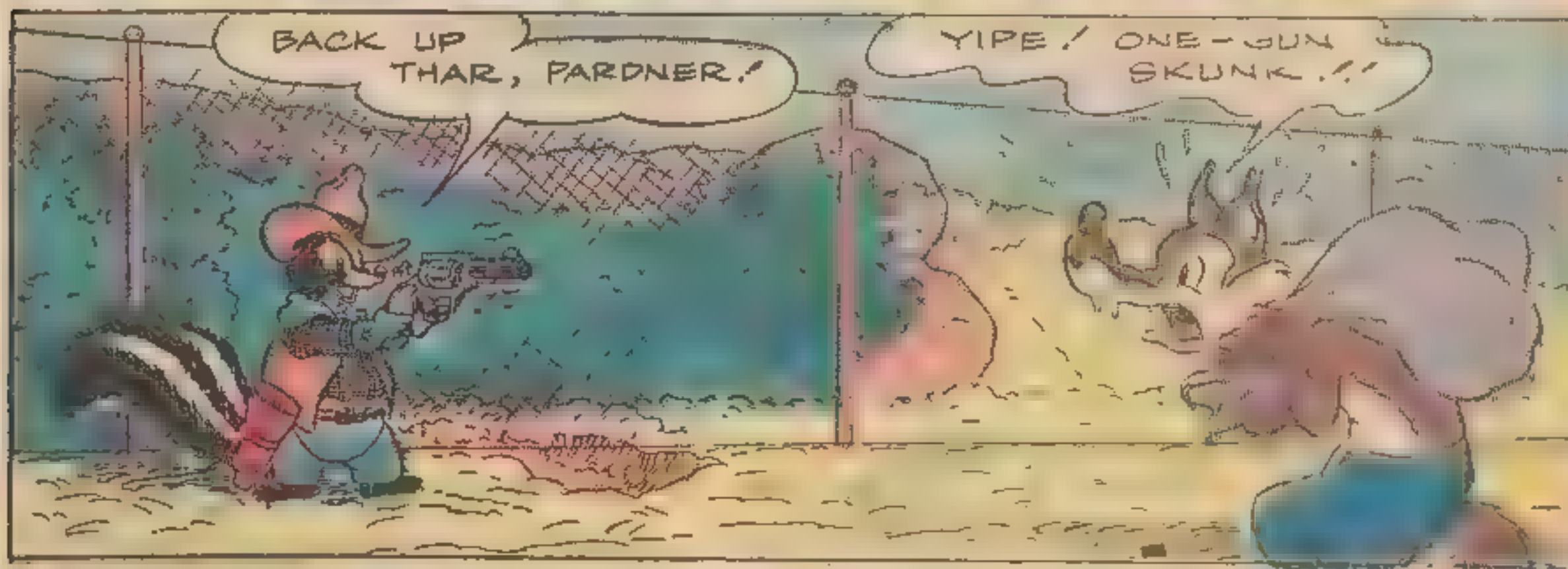




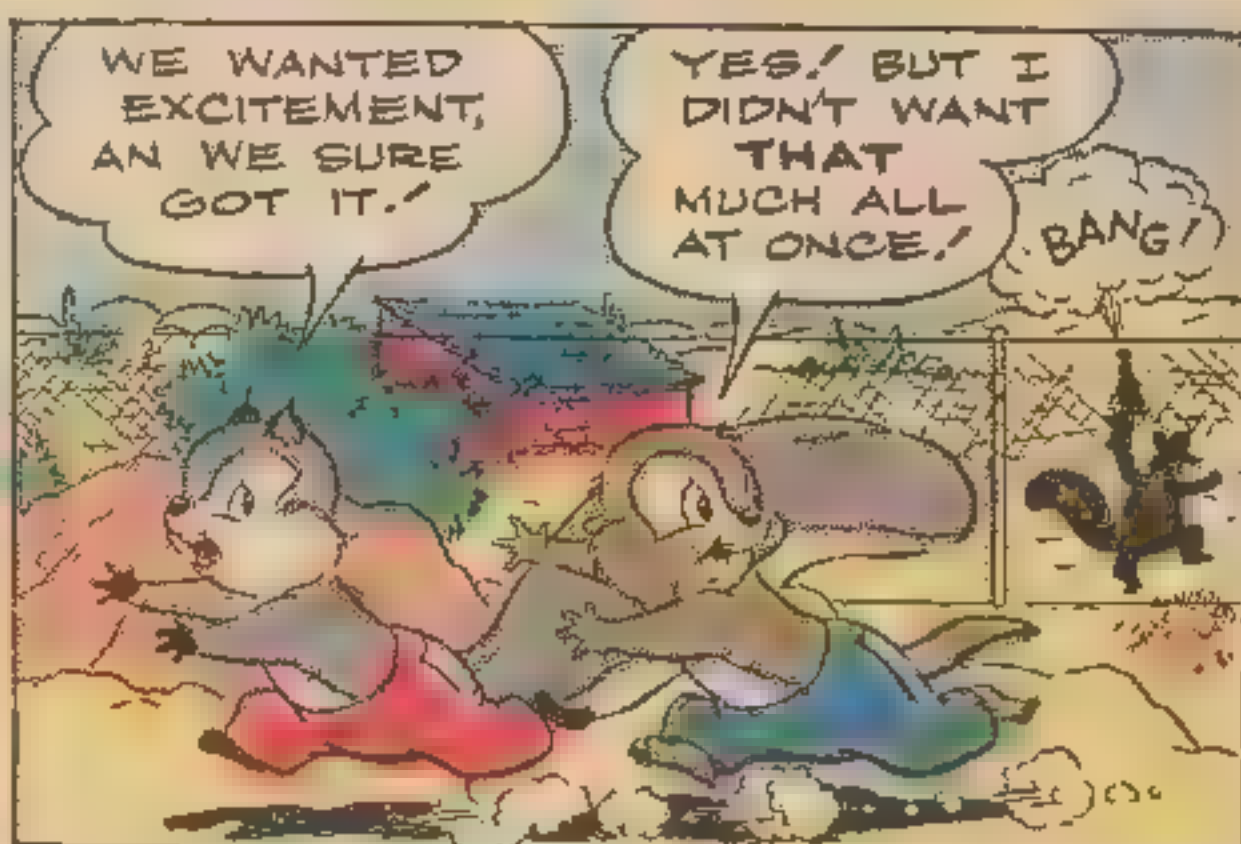
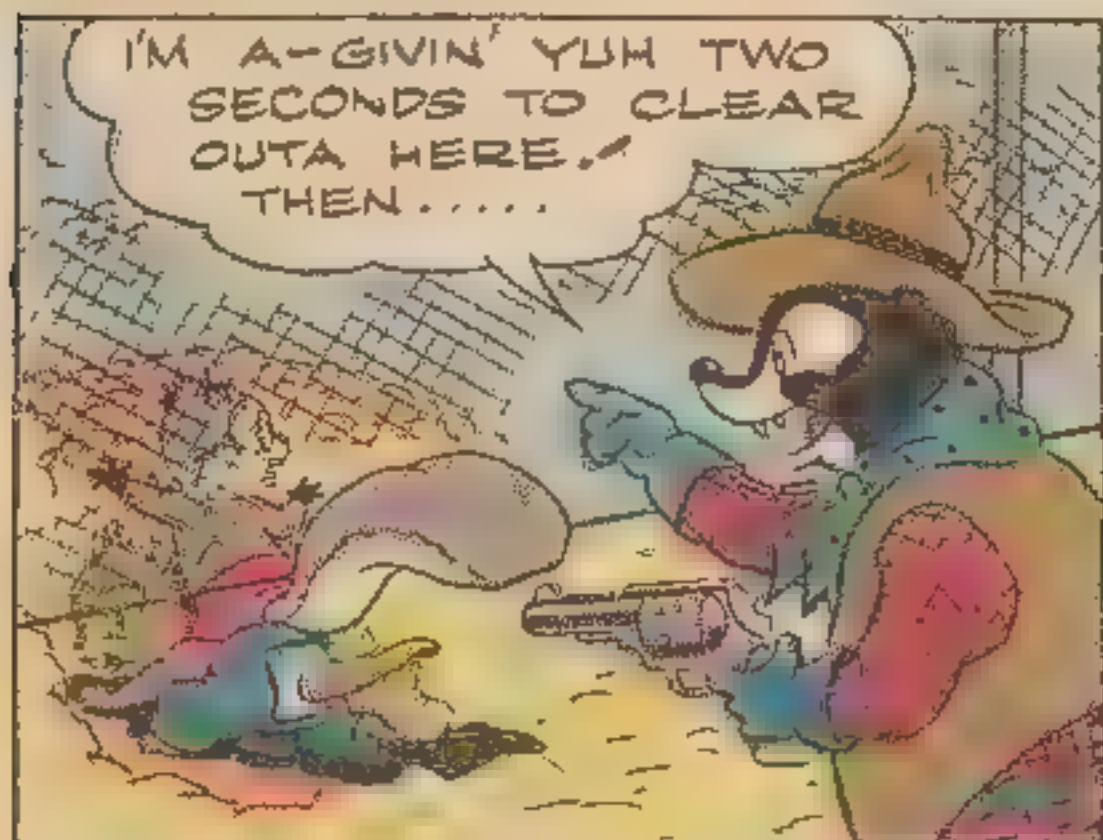
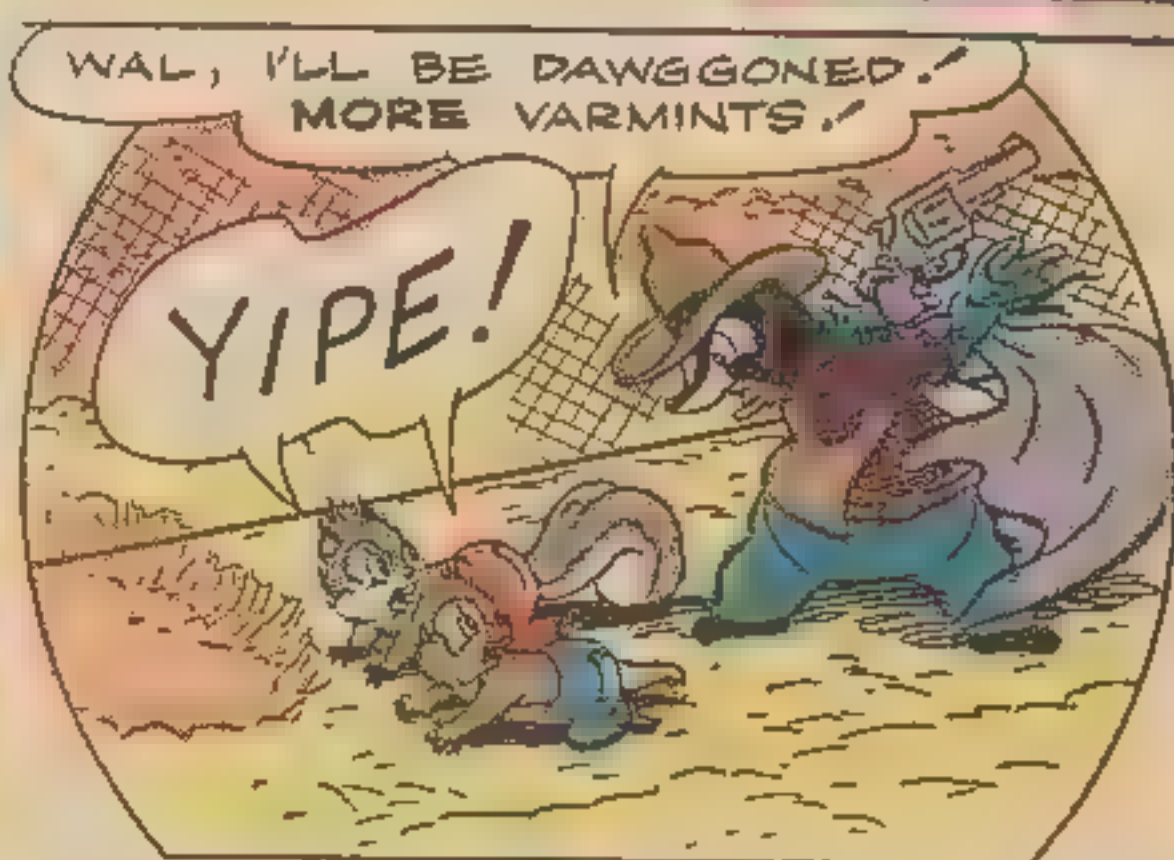
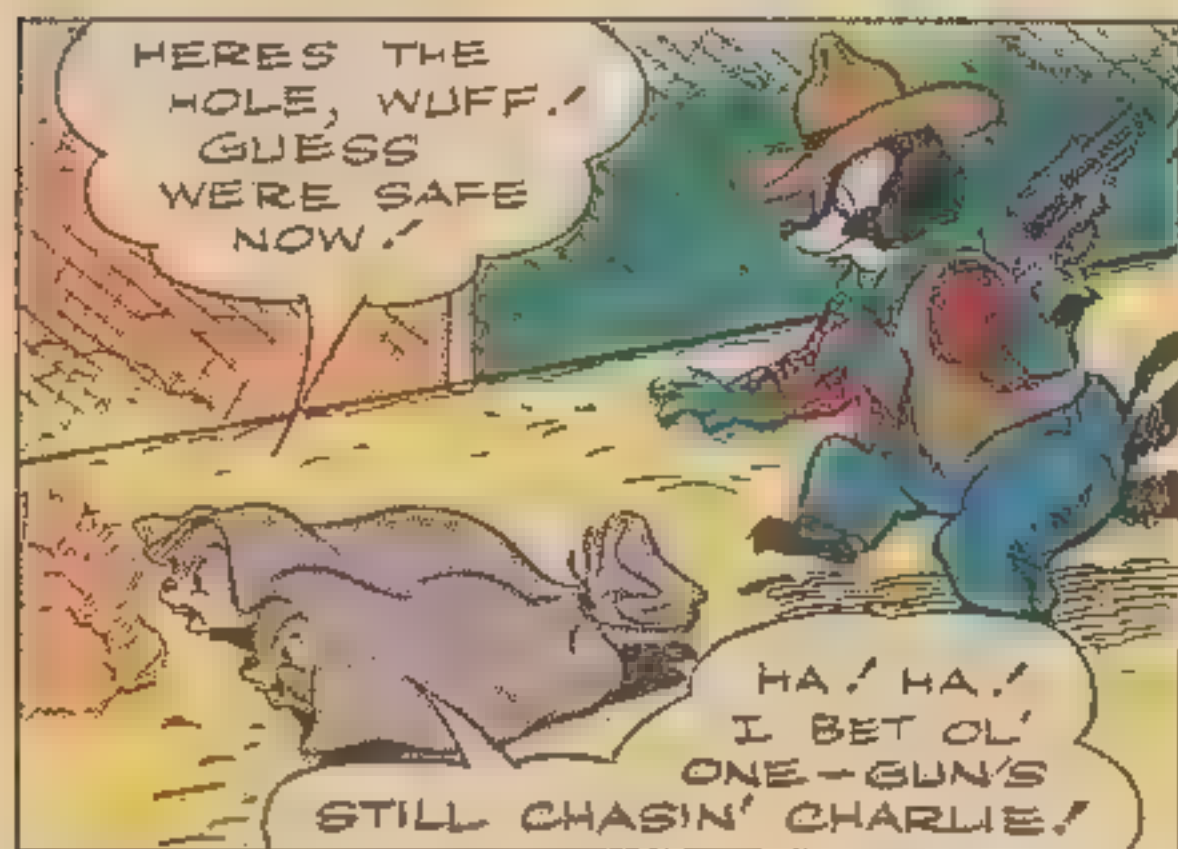
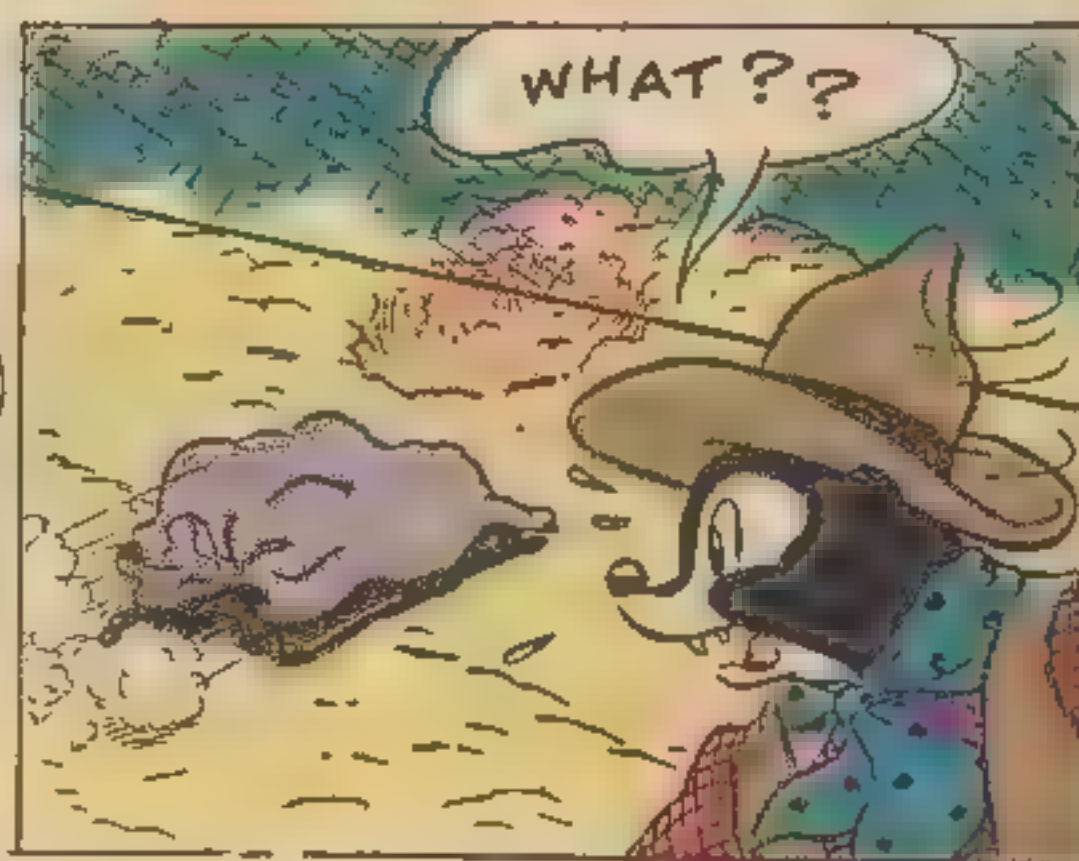
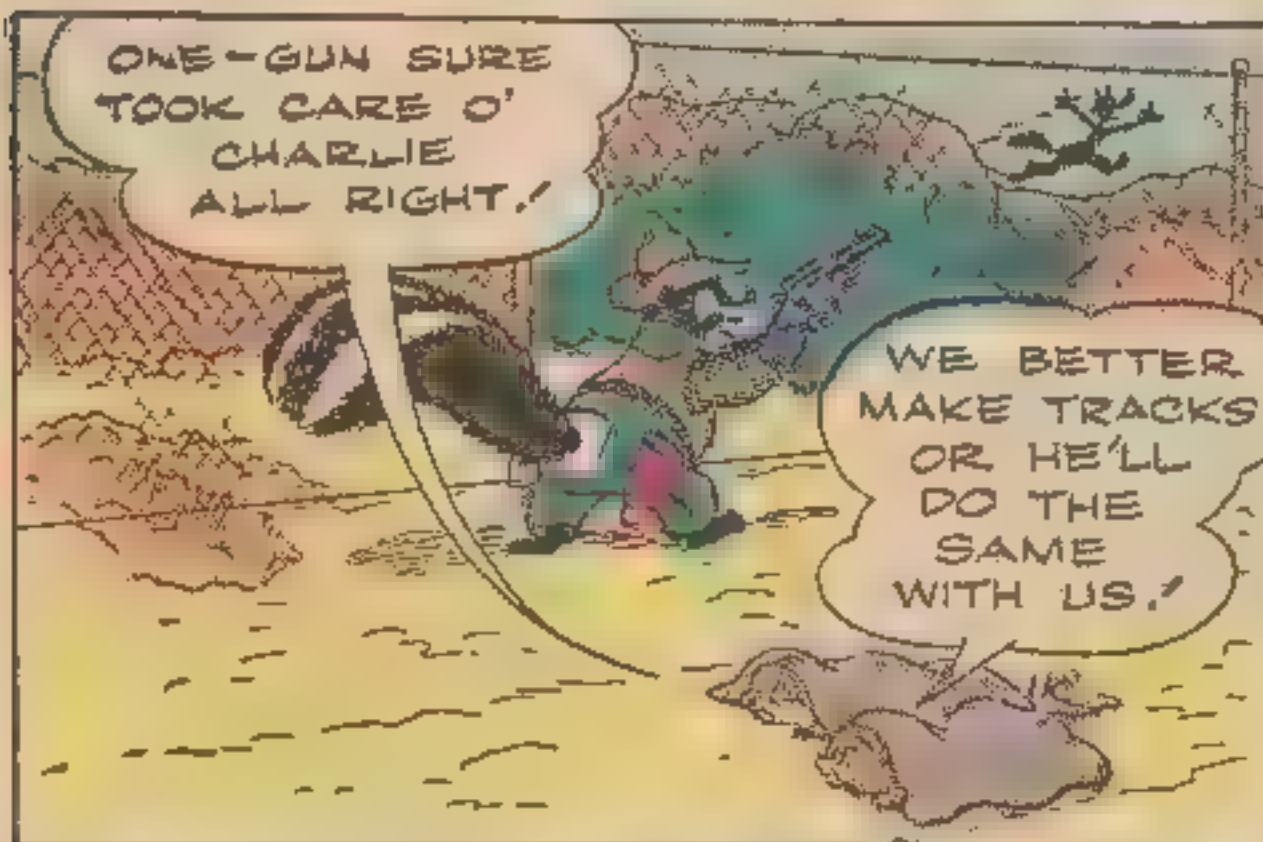
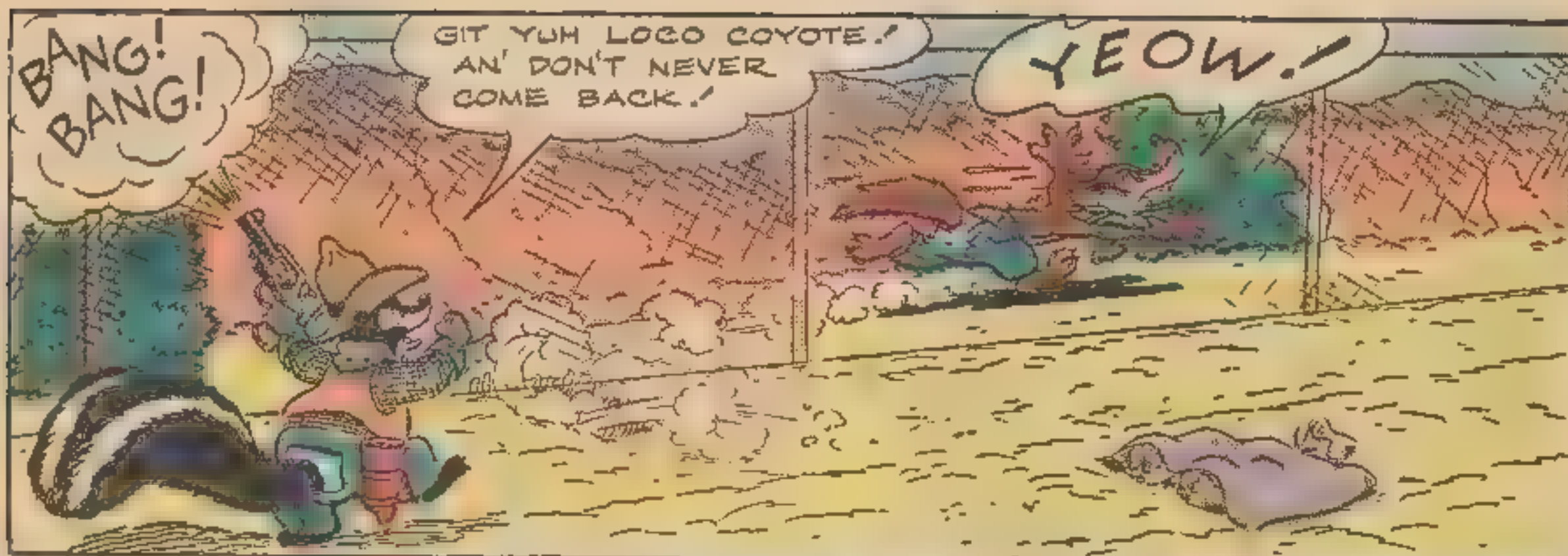








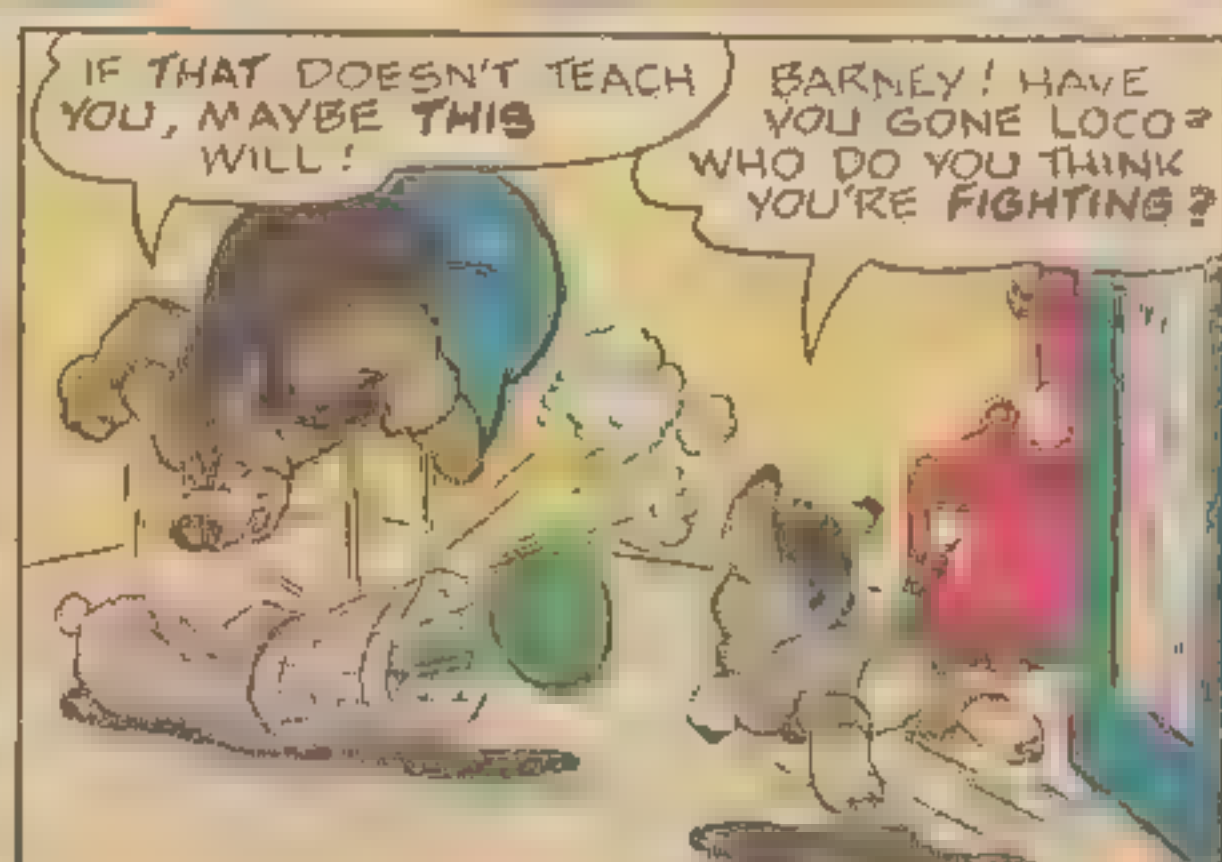
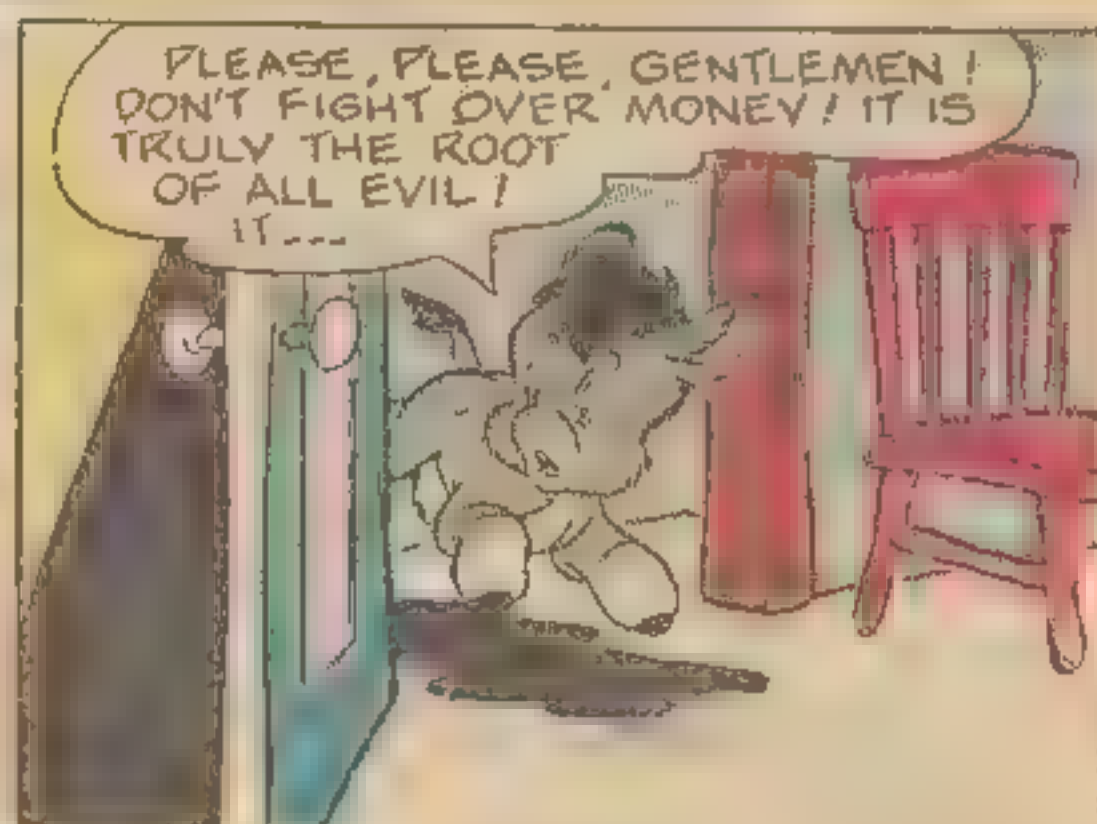
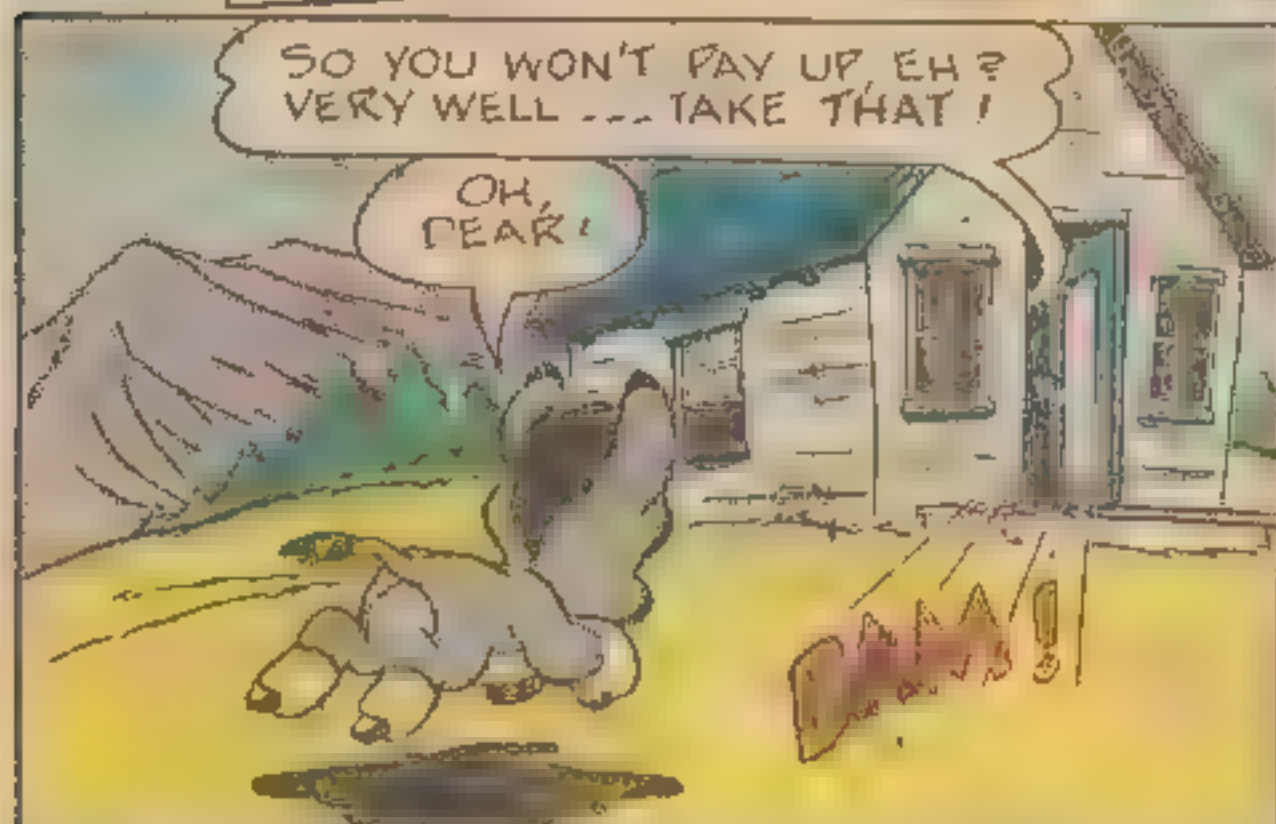




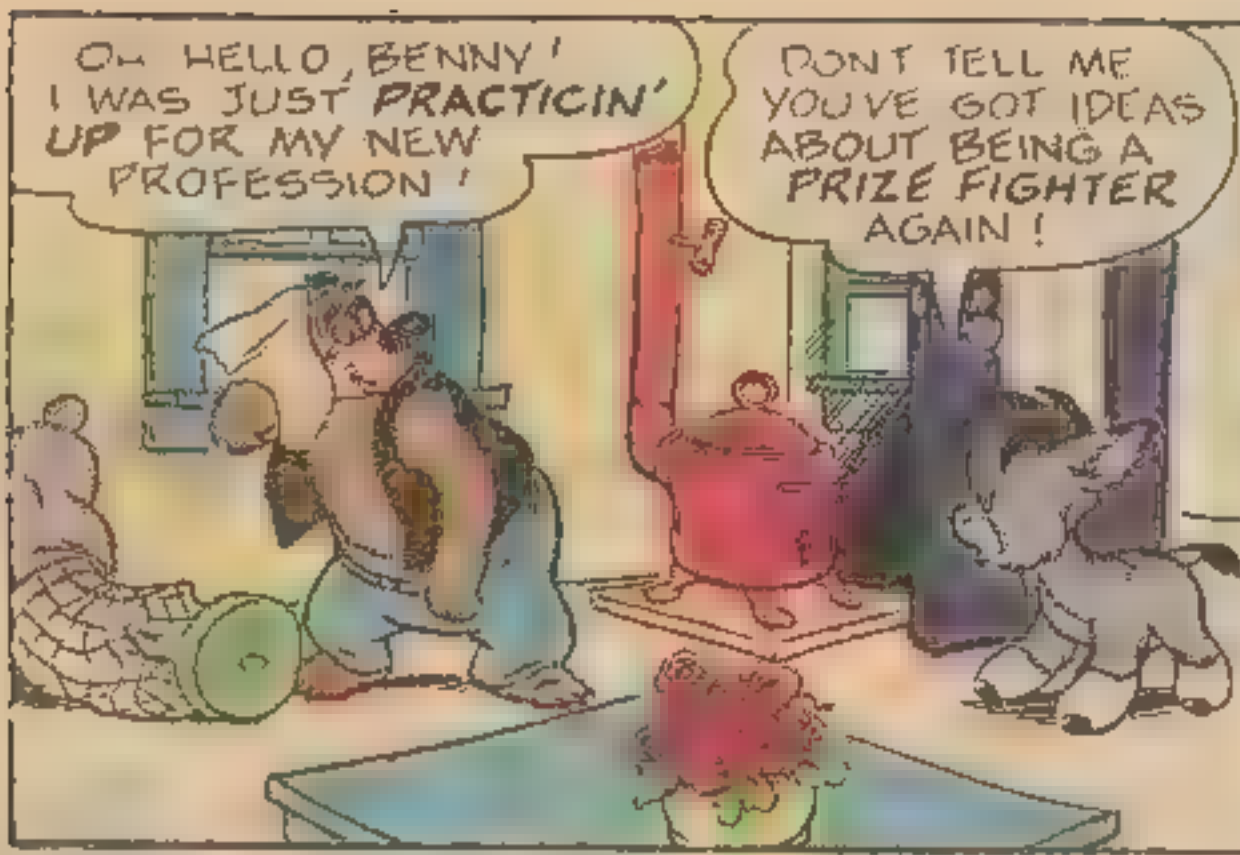


M-G-M CARTOONS *present*

# **BARNEY** **BEAR** *and* **BENNY** **BURRO**

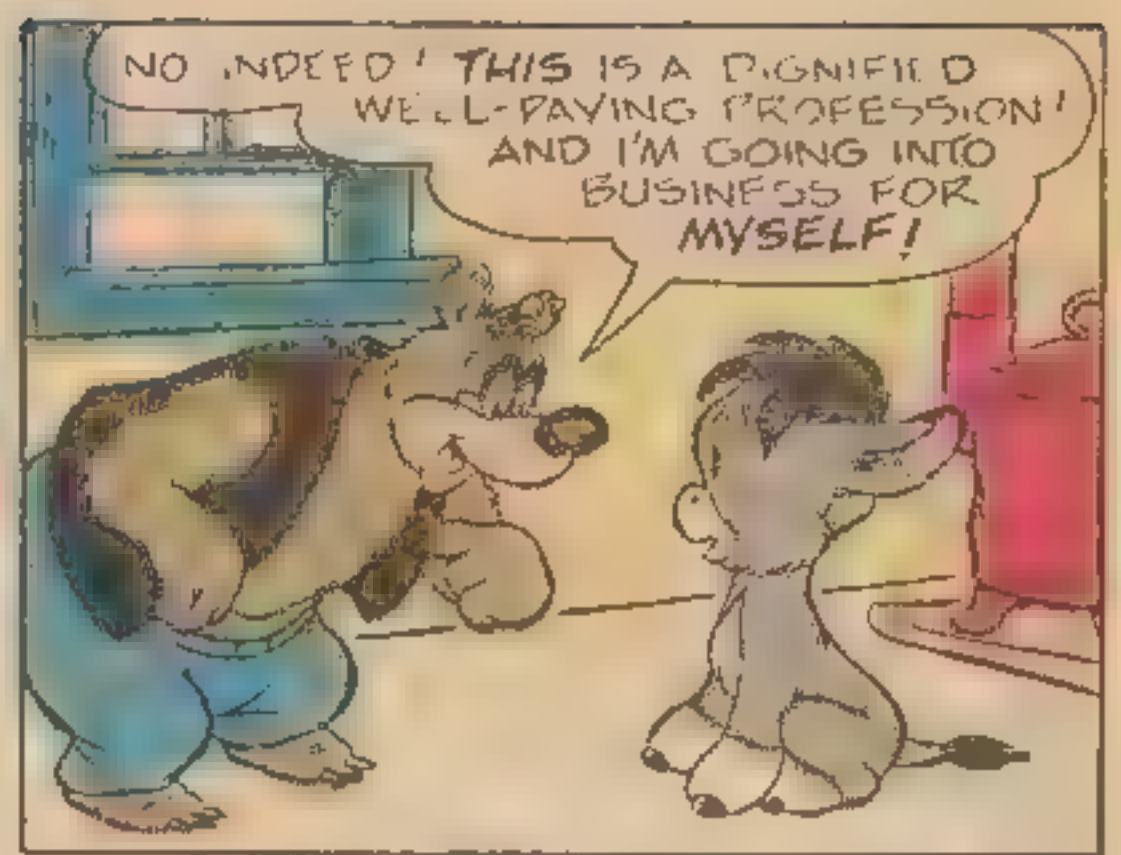




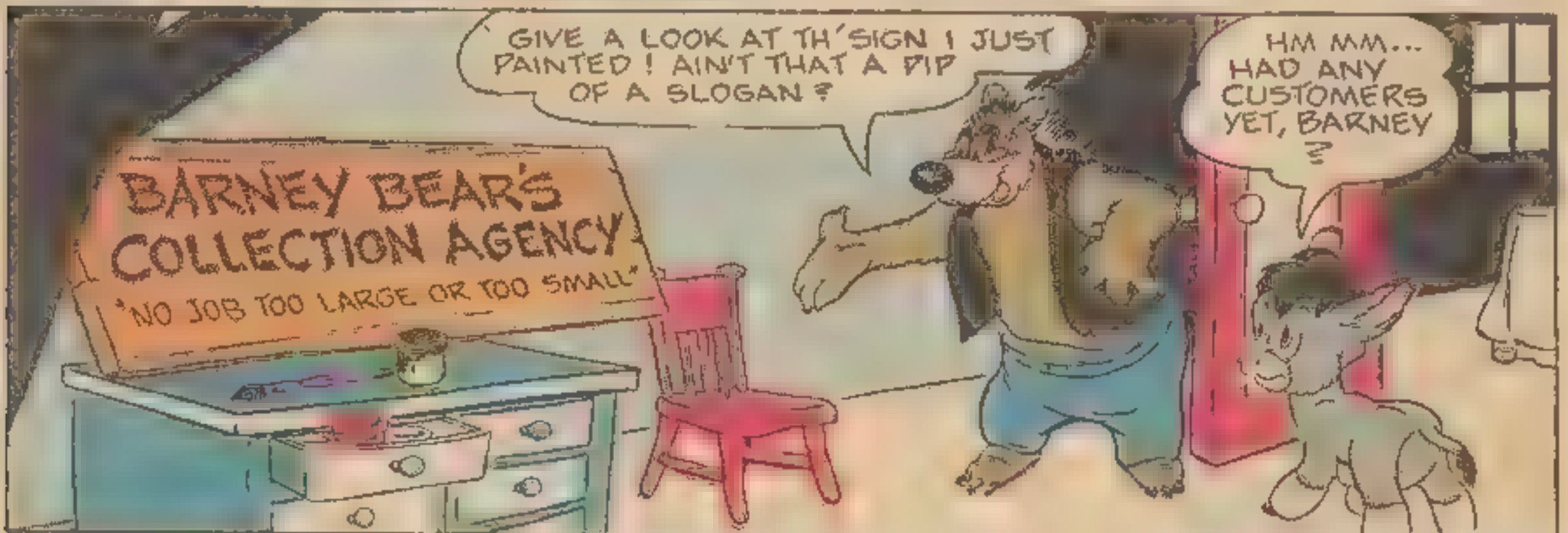


OH HELLO, BENNY!  
I WAS JUST **PRACTICIN'**  
UP FOR MY NEW  
PROFESSION!

DON'T TELL ME  
YOU'VE GOT IDEAS  
ABOUT BEING A  
**PRIZE FIGHTER**  
AGAIN!

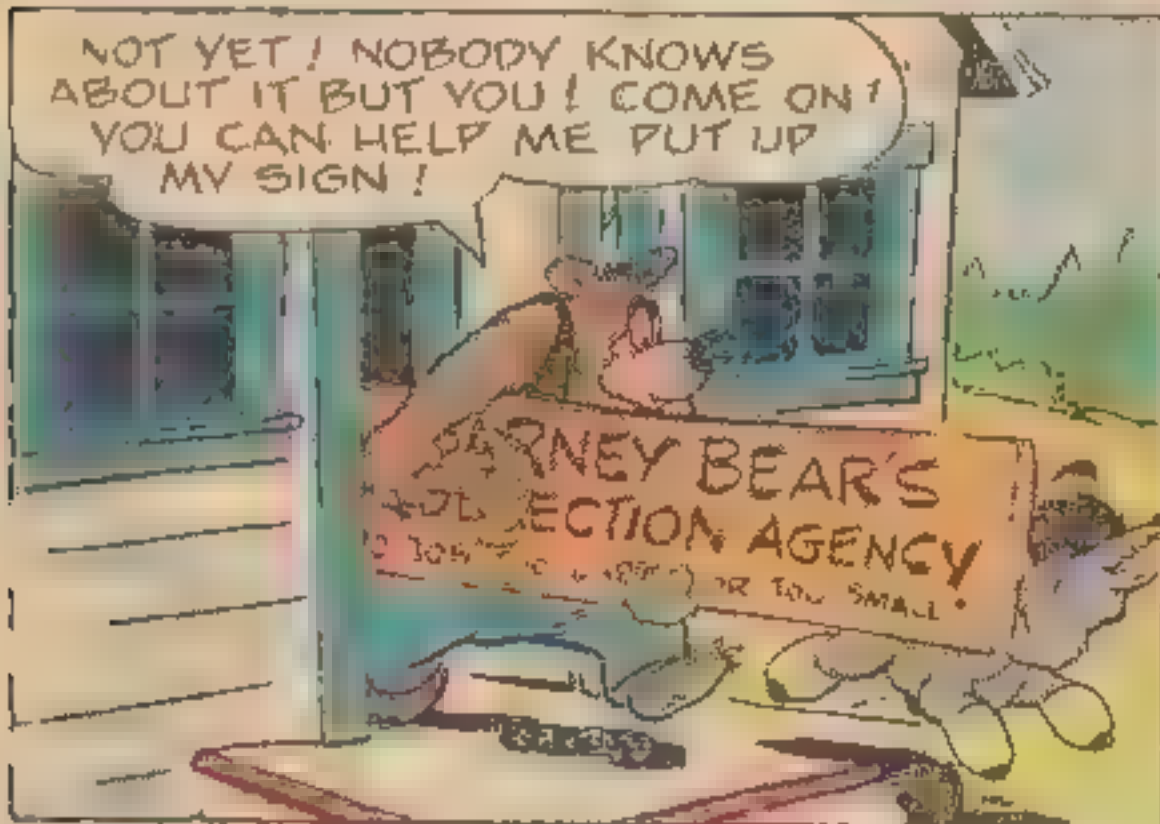


NO, INDEED! **THIS IS A DIGNIFIED**  
**WELL-PAYING PROFESSION!**  
AND I'M GOING INTO  
BUSINESS FOR  
**MYSELF!**



GIVE A LOOK AT TH'SIGN I JUST  
PAINTED! AIN'T THAT A PIP  
OF A SLOGAN?

HM MM...  
HAD ANY  
CUSTOMERS  
YET, BARNEY?



NOT YET! NOBODY KNOWS  
ABOUT IT BUT YOU! COME ON!  
YOU CAN HELP ME PUT UP  
MY SIGN!



AS SOON  
AS PEOPLE FIND  
OUT ABOUT IT,  
I'M SURE I'LL  
HAVE PLENTY  
OF BUSINESS!

HO!  
HO!  
HO!



JUST WHAT IS GO  
BENNY MISTER  
MOTHERF A  
MSELK?

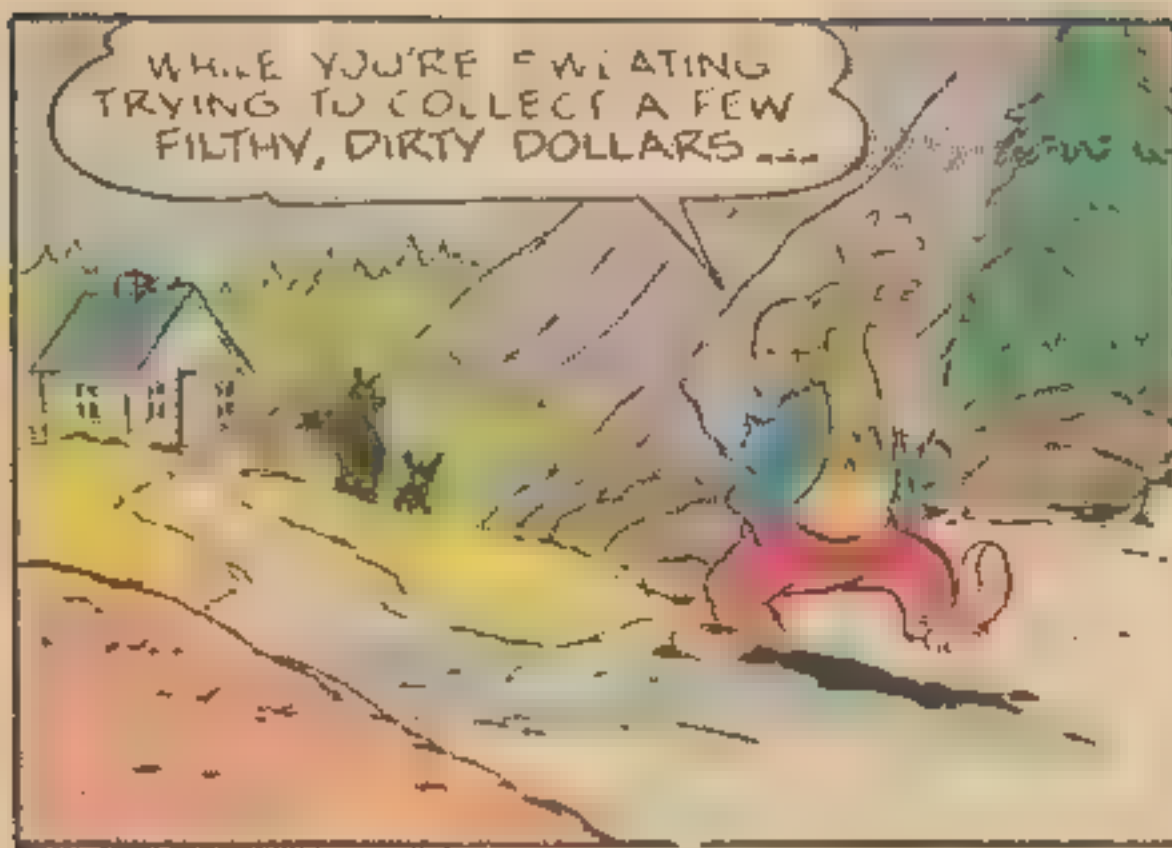
THAT SLOGAN!  
DO YOU! THAT'S  
ABOUT THE **WIRIEST**  
**CORNIEST SLOGAN**  
IN THE WORLD!

HO!  
HO!



WELL, TOODLE-DOO, NEIGHBOR!  
I JUST DROPPED OVER  
TO SAY GOOD-BYE! I'M  
LEAVING SOON  
FOR **"IDLE-WOOD"**



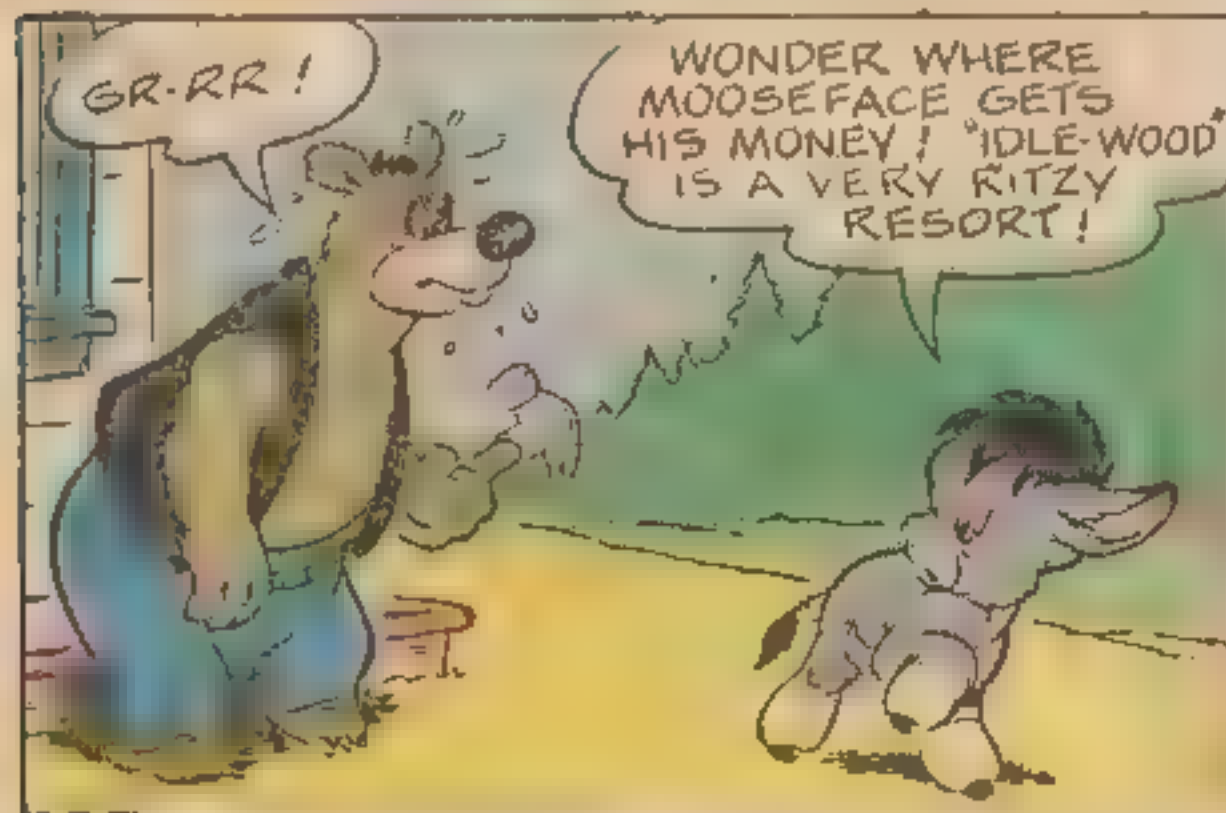


WHILE YOU'RE SWEATING  
TRYING TO COLLECT A FEW  
FILTHY, DIRTY DOLLARS...



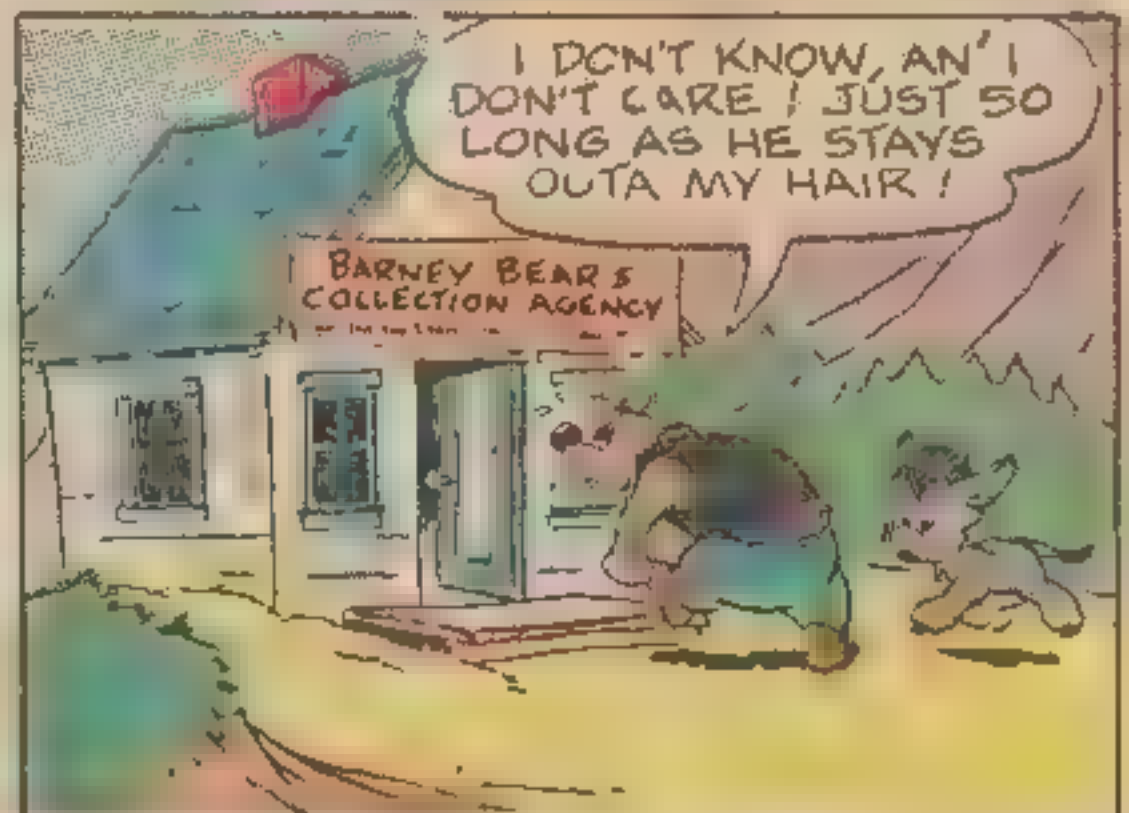
I'LL BE EASIN' BY A  
COOL REFRESHIN' POOL...  
HOBNOBBIN' WITH TH'  
MILLYUMAIRES!

HO!  
HO!

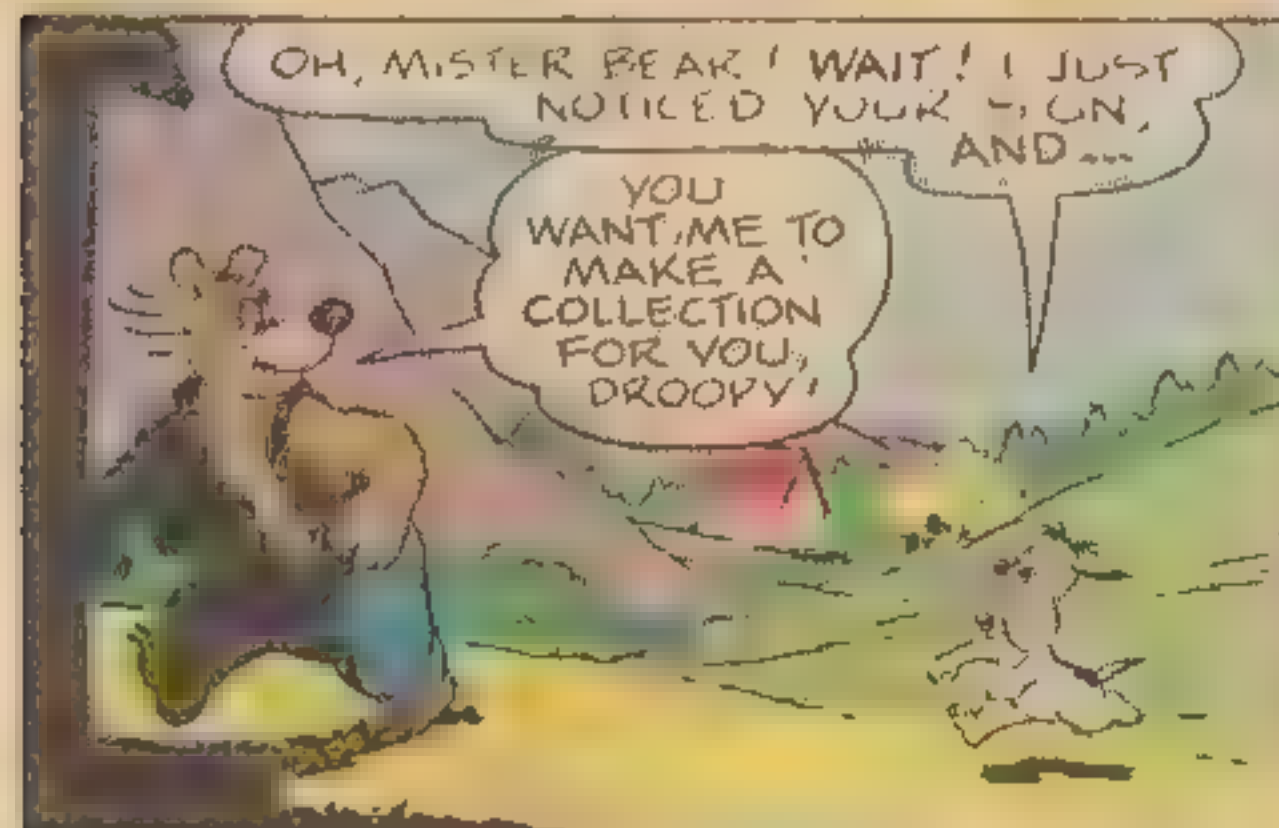


GR-RR!

WONDER WHERE  
MOOSEFACE GETS  
HIS MONEY! 'IDLE-WOOD'  
IS A VERY RITZY  
RESORT!

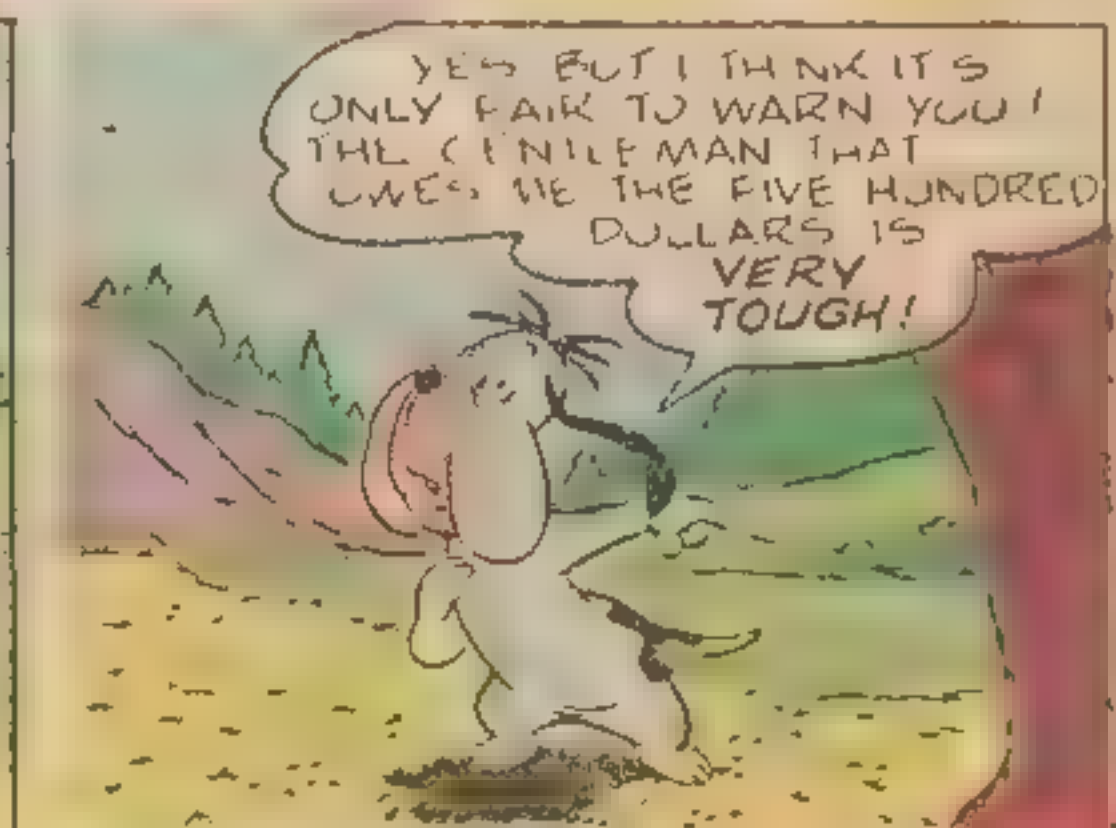


I DON'T KNOW, AN' I  
DON'T CARE! JUST SO  
LONG AS HE STAYS  
OUTA MY HAIR!

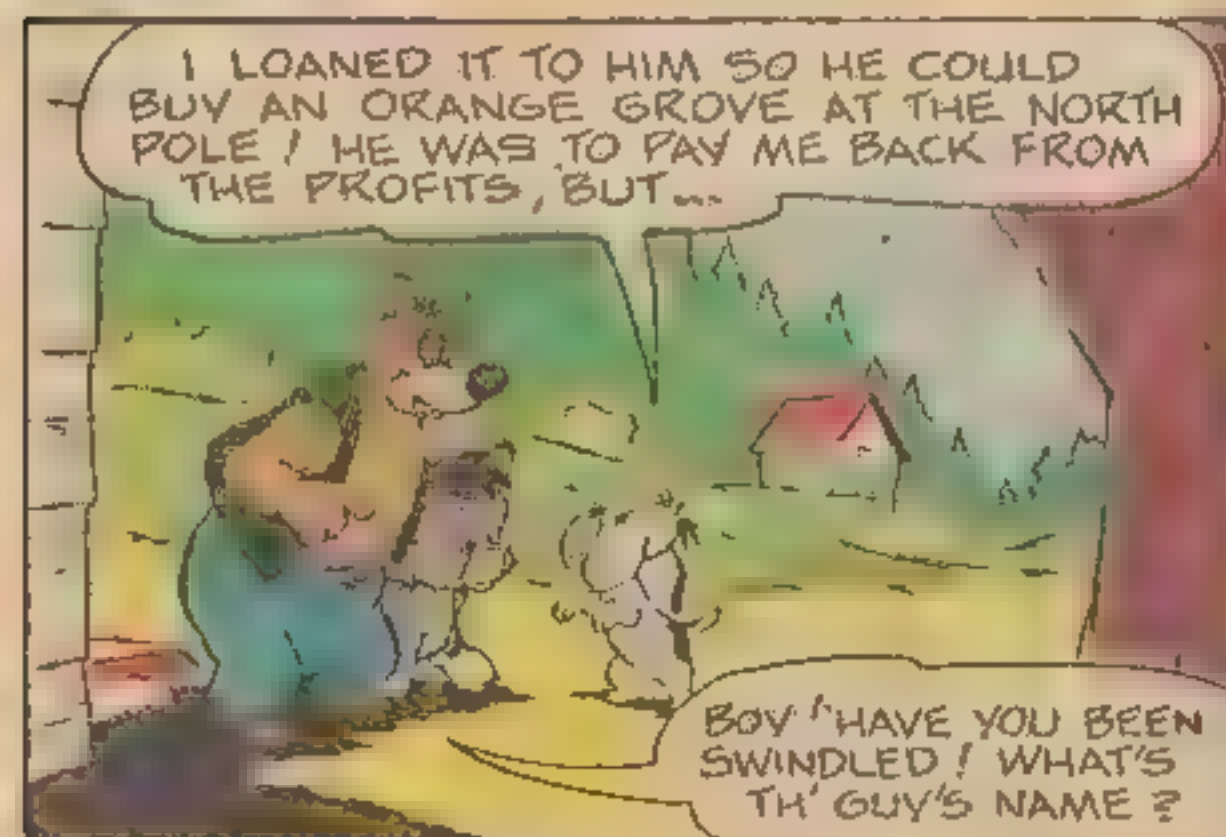


OH, MISTER BEAR! WAIT! I JUST  
NOTICED YOUR SIGN, AND...

YOU  
WANT ME TO  
MAKE A  
COLLECTION  
FOR YOU,  
DROOPY!

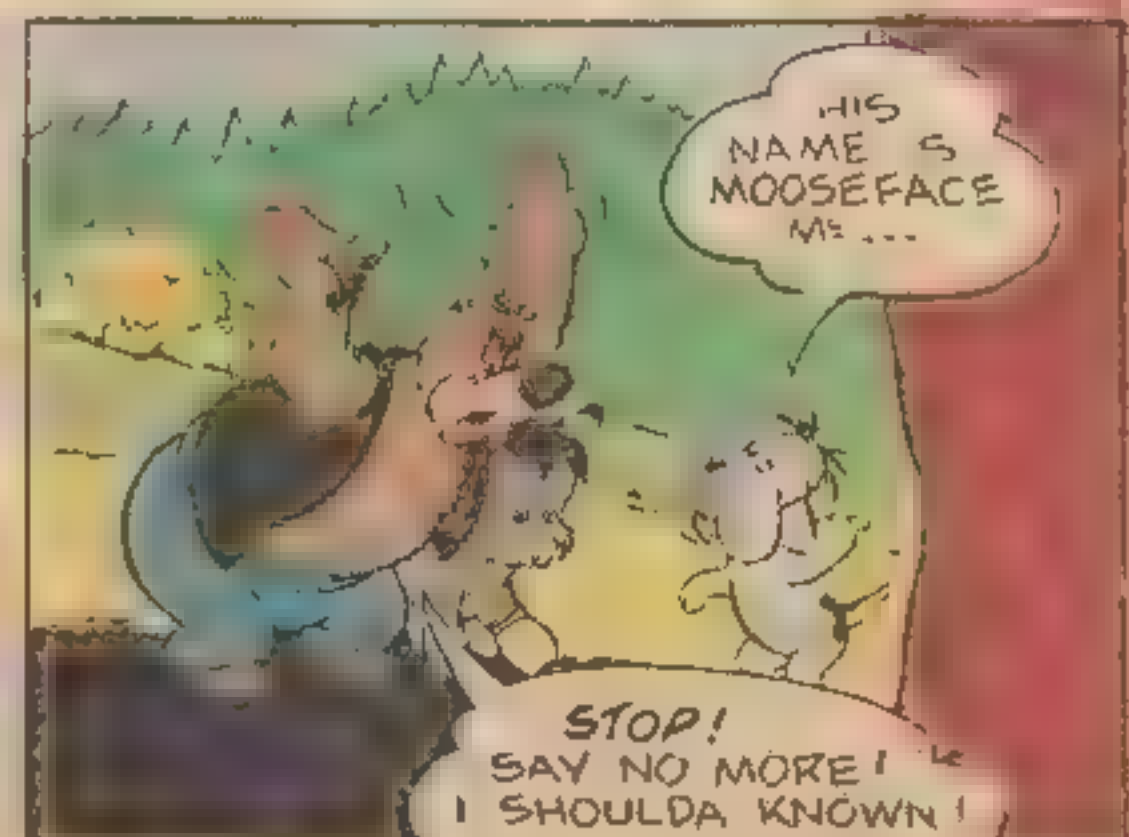


YES BUT I THINK IT'S  
ONLY FAIR TO WARN YOU!  
THE CENILE MAN THAT  
OWES ME THE FIVE HUNDRED  
DOLLARS IS  
VERY  
TOUGH!



I LOANED IT TO HIM SO HE COULD  
BUY AN ORANGE GROVE AT THE NORTH  
POLE! HE WAS TO PAY ME BACK FROM  
THE PROFITS, BUT...

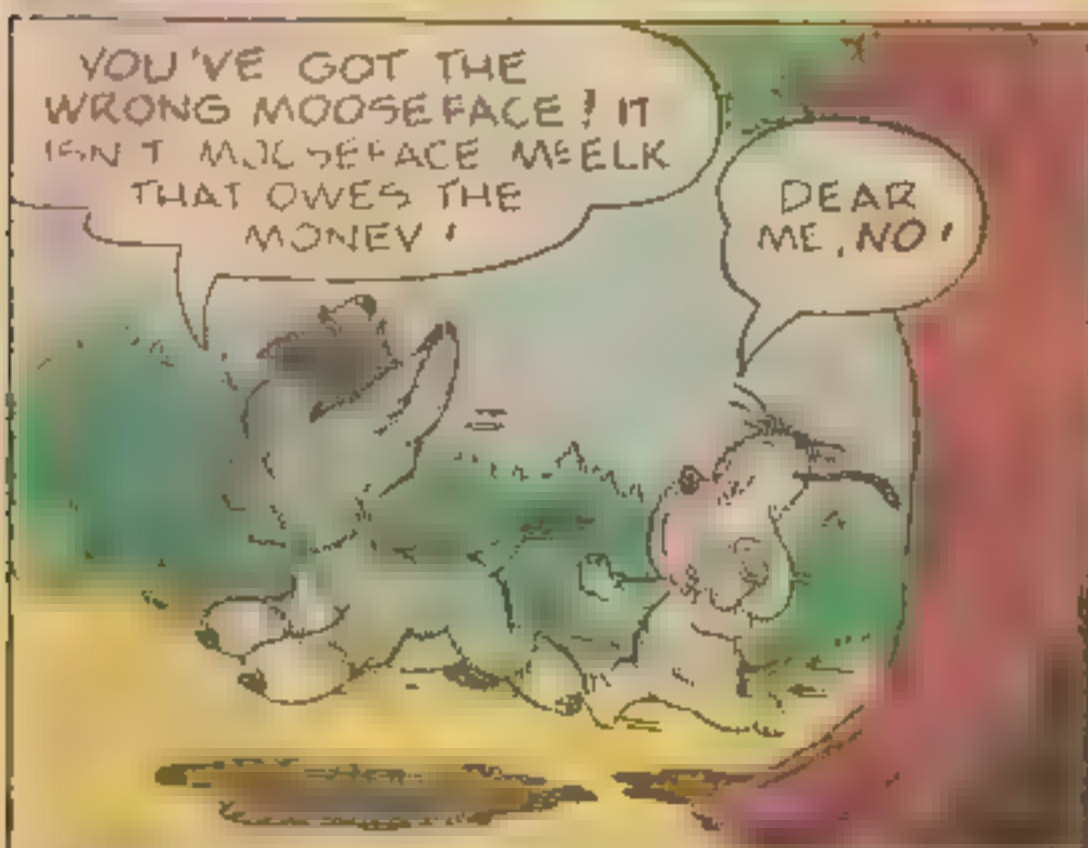
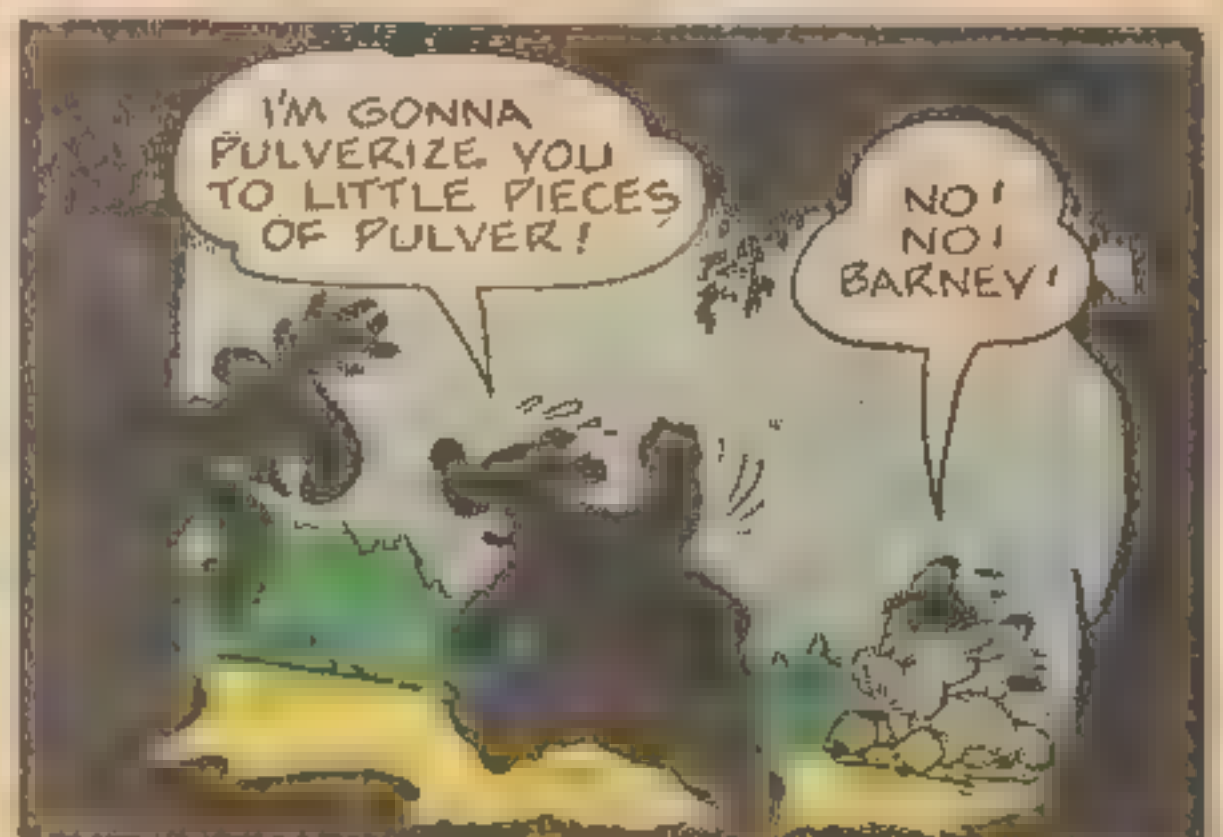
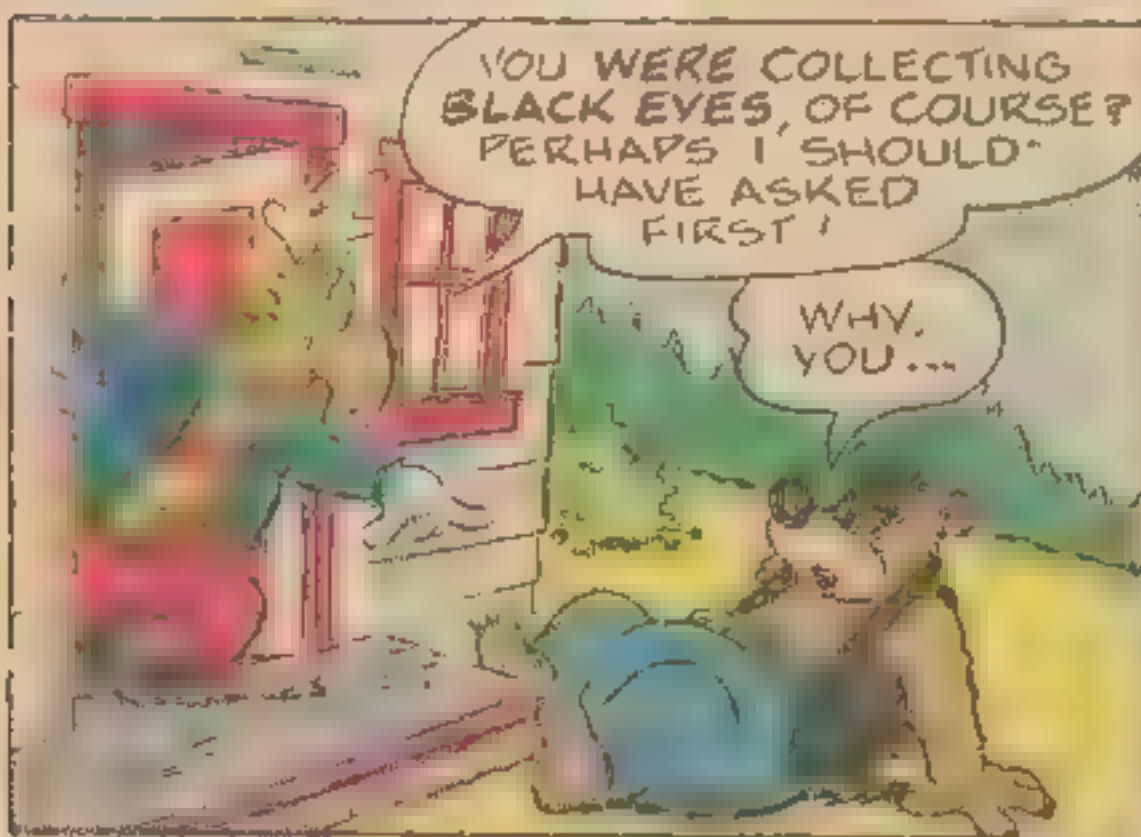
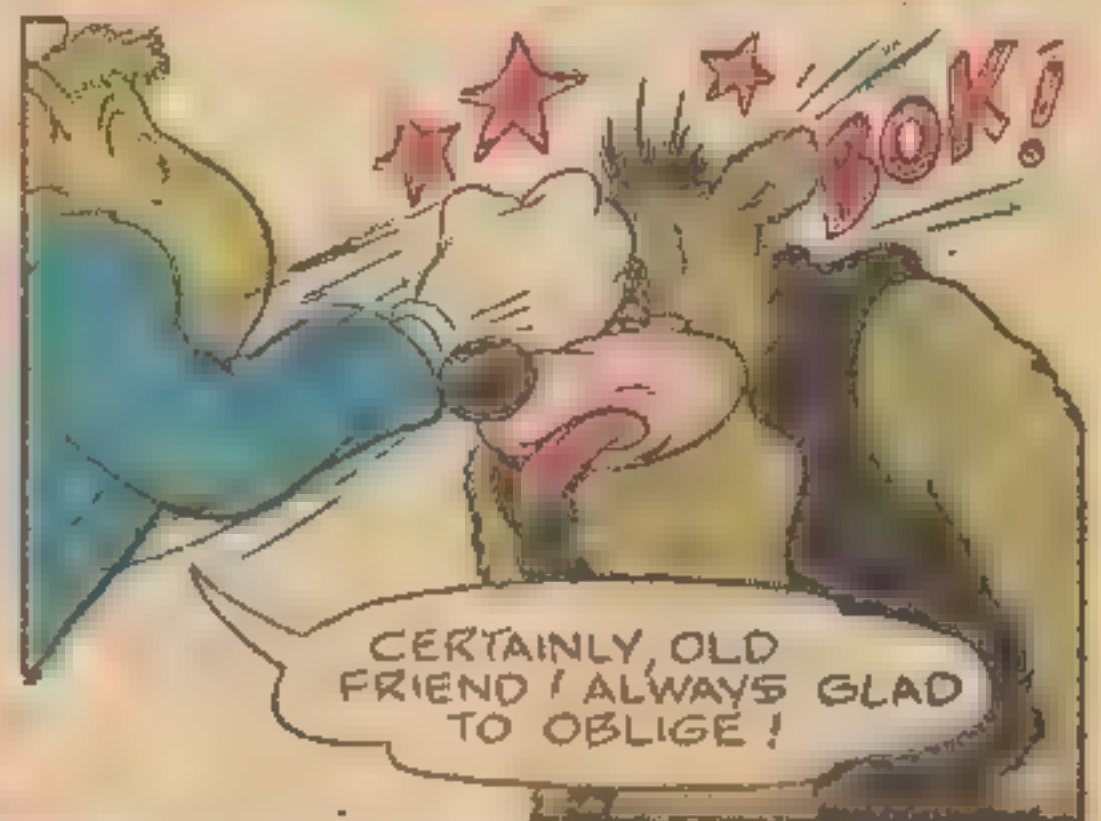
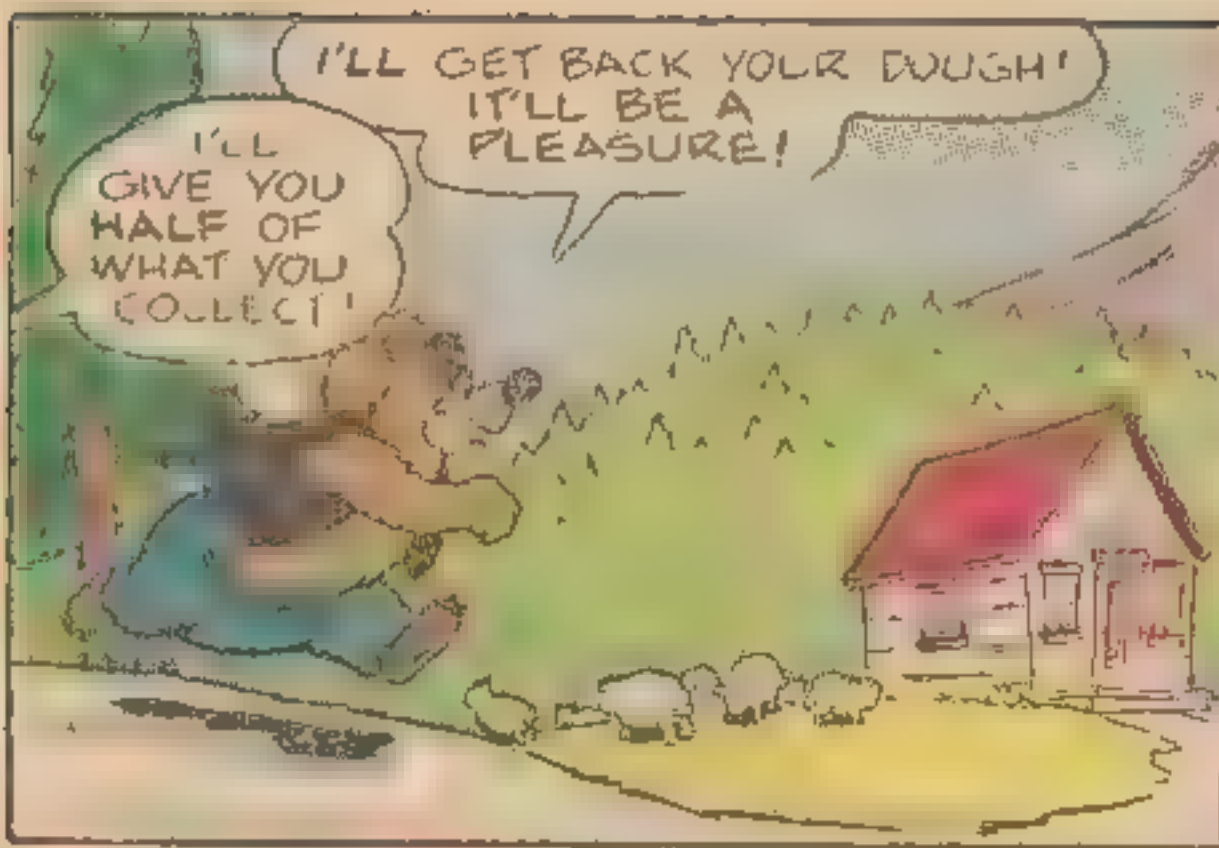
BOY! HAVE YOU BEEN  
SWINDLED! WHAT'S  
TH' GUY'S NAME?



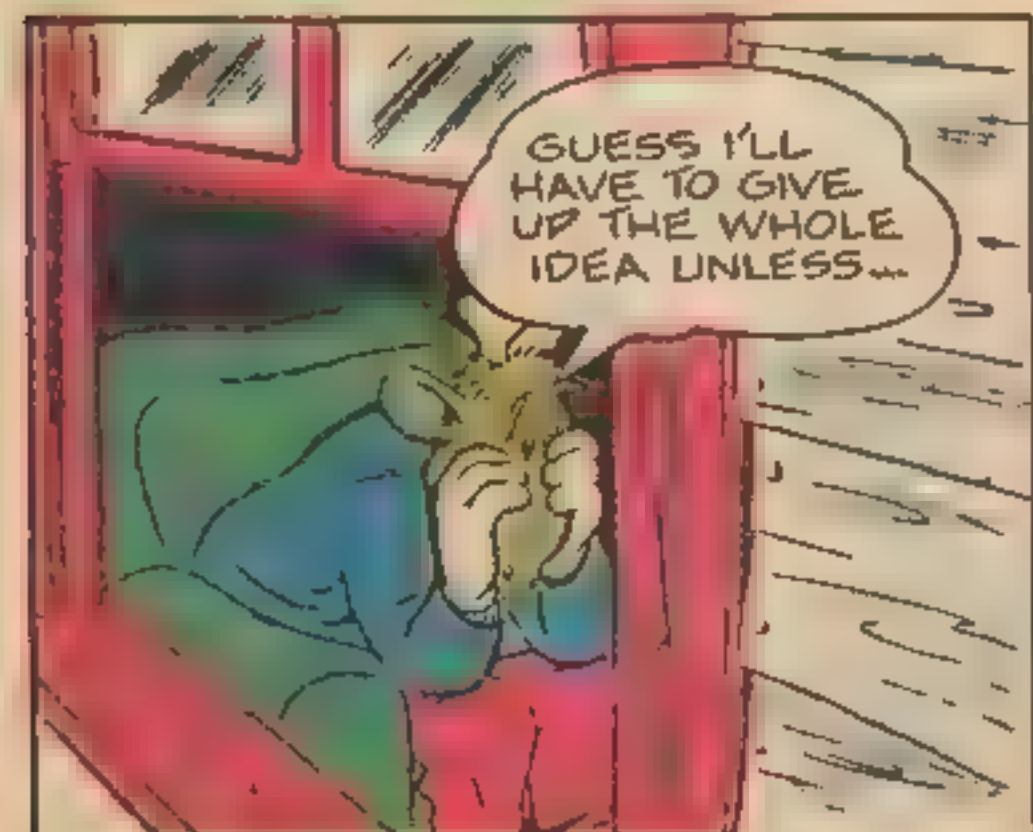
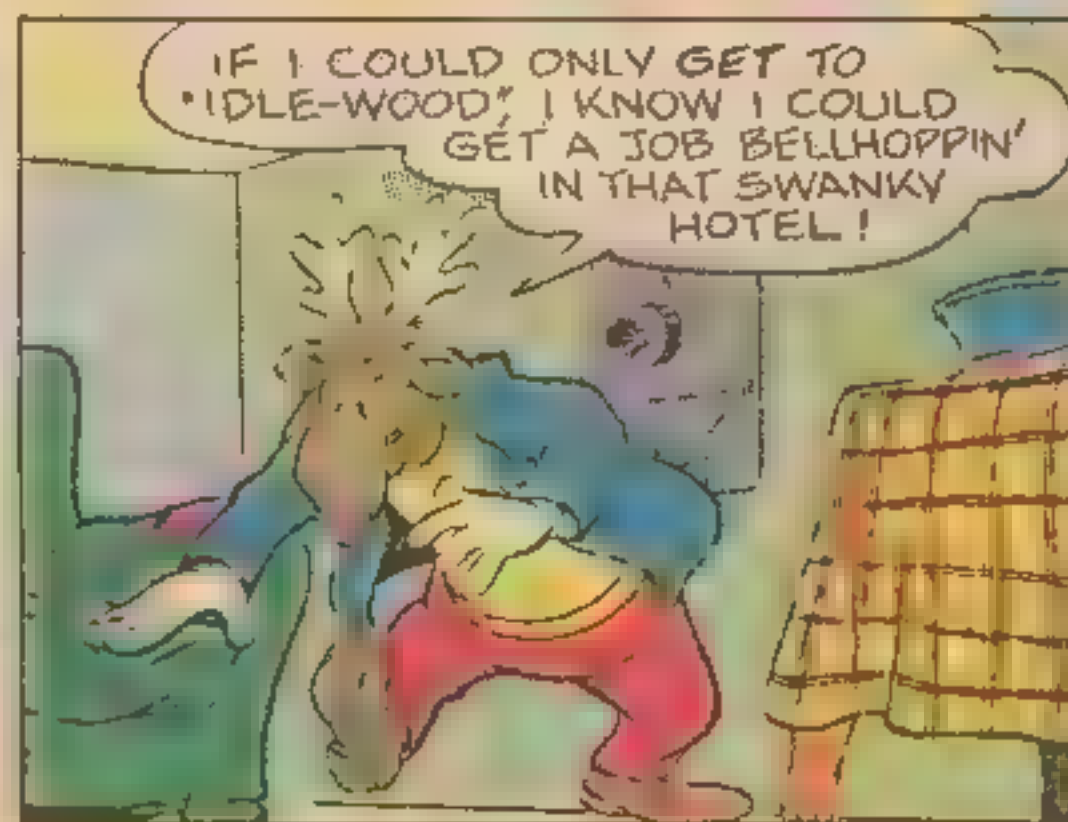
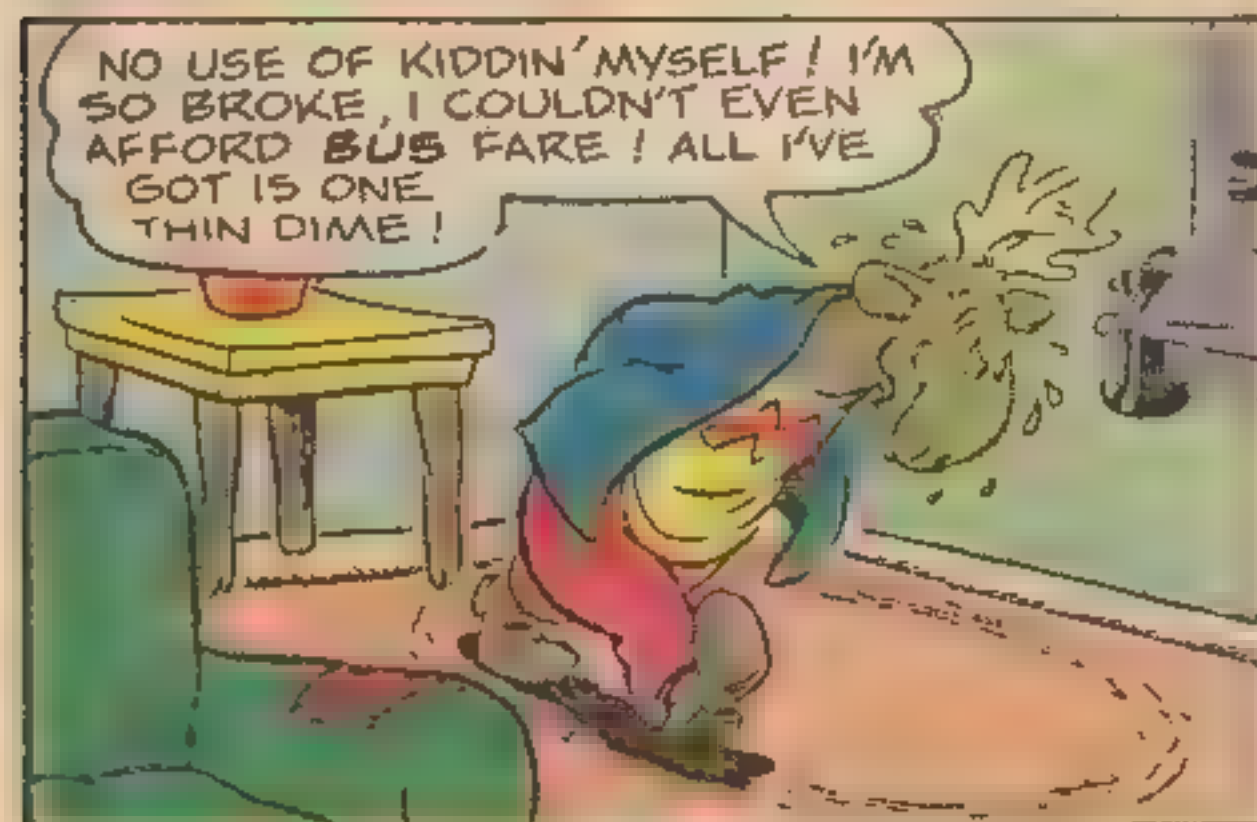
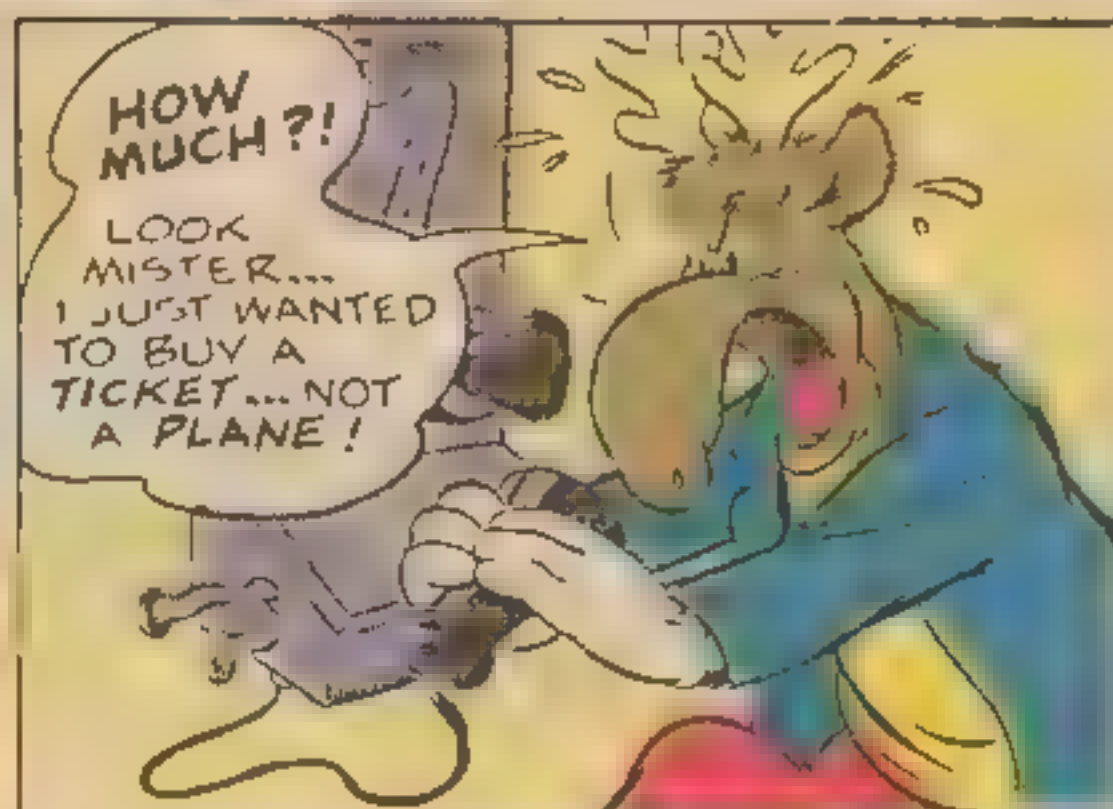
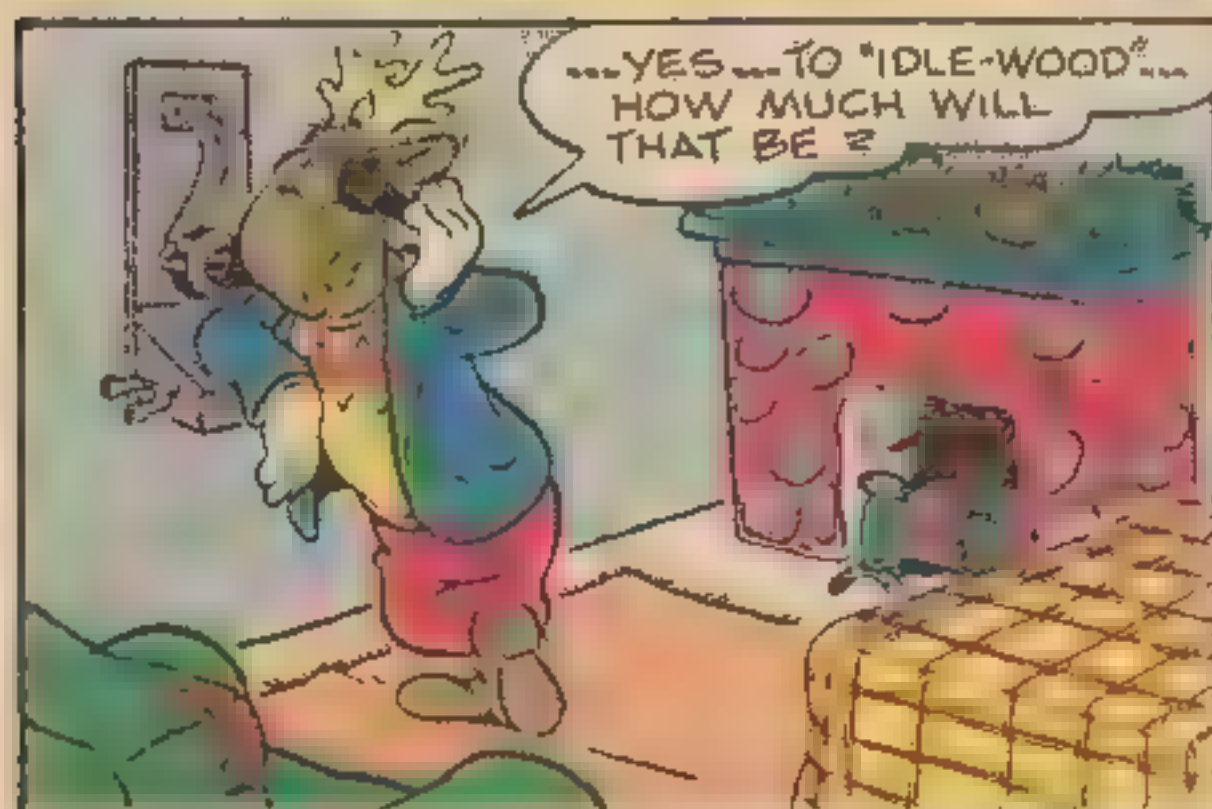
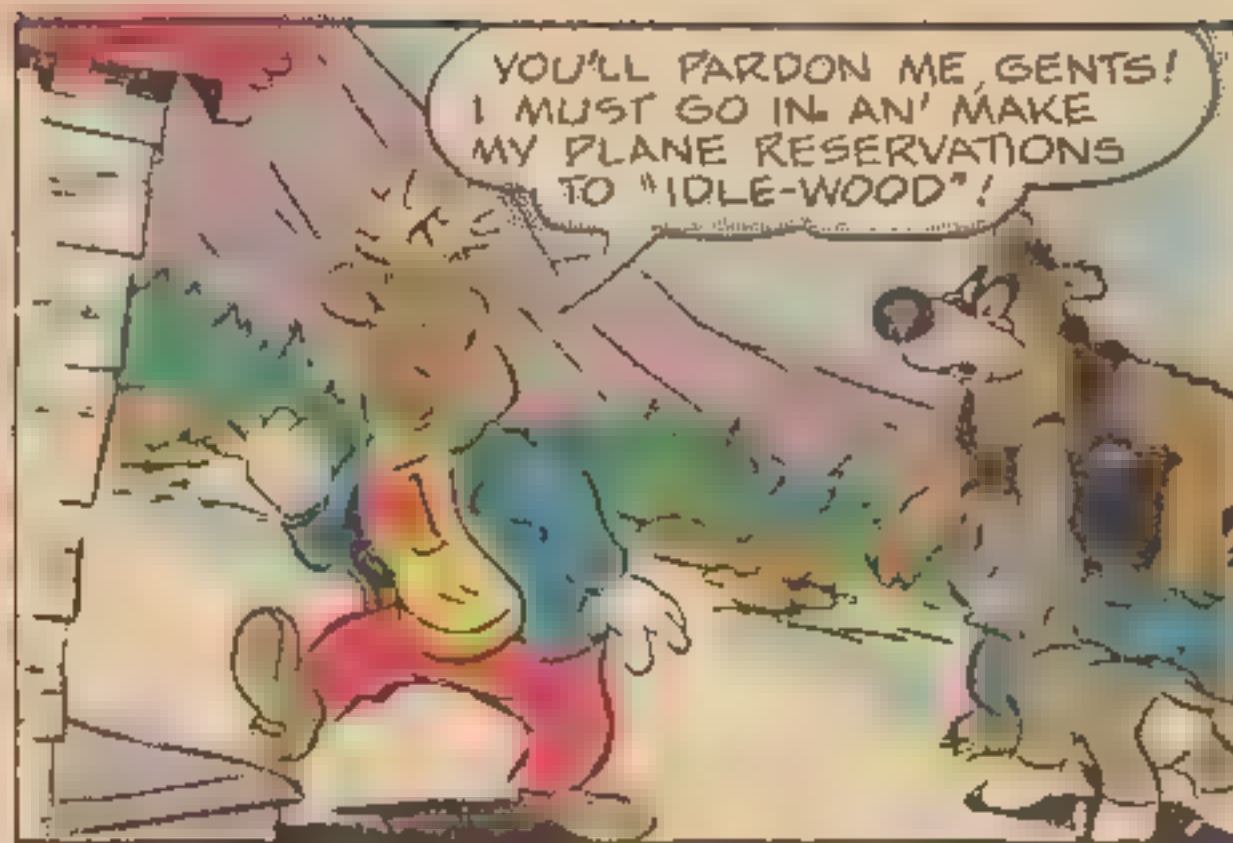
HIS  
NAME'S  
MOOSEFACE  
MR...

STOP!  
SAY NO MORE!  
I SHOULD'VE KNOWN!

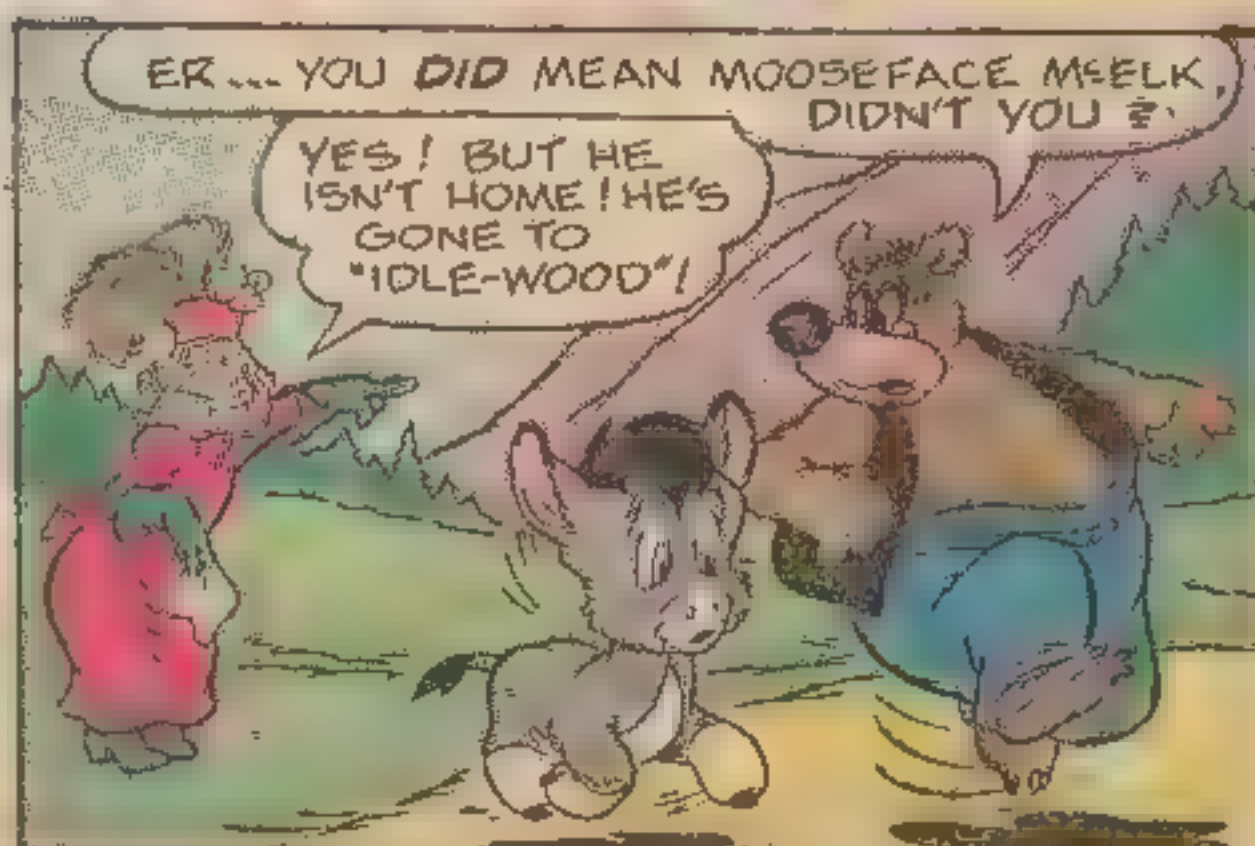
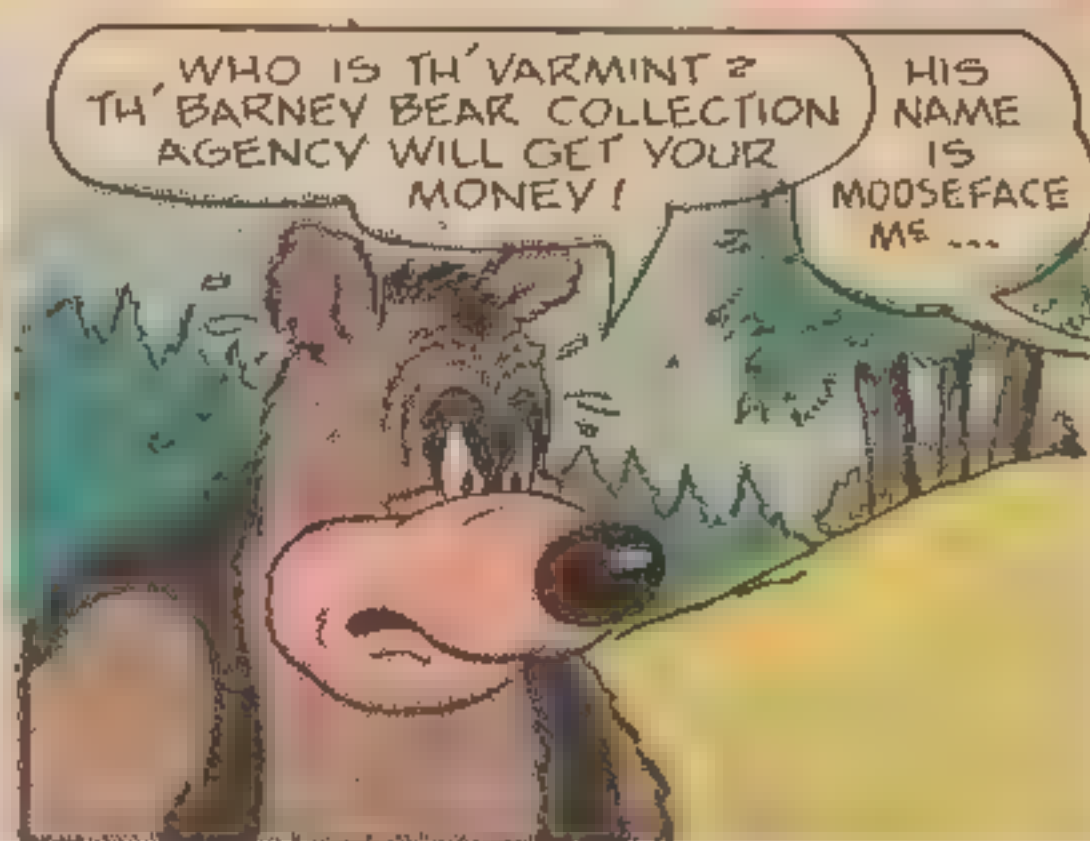
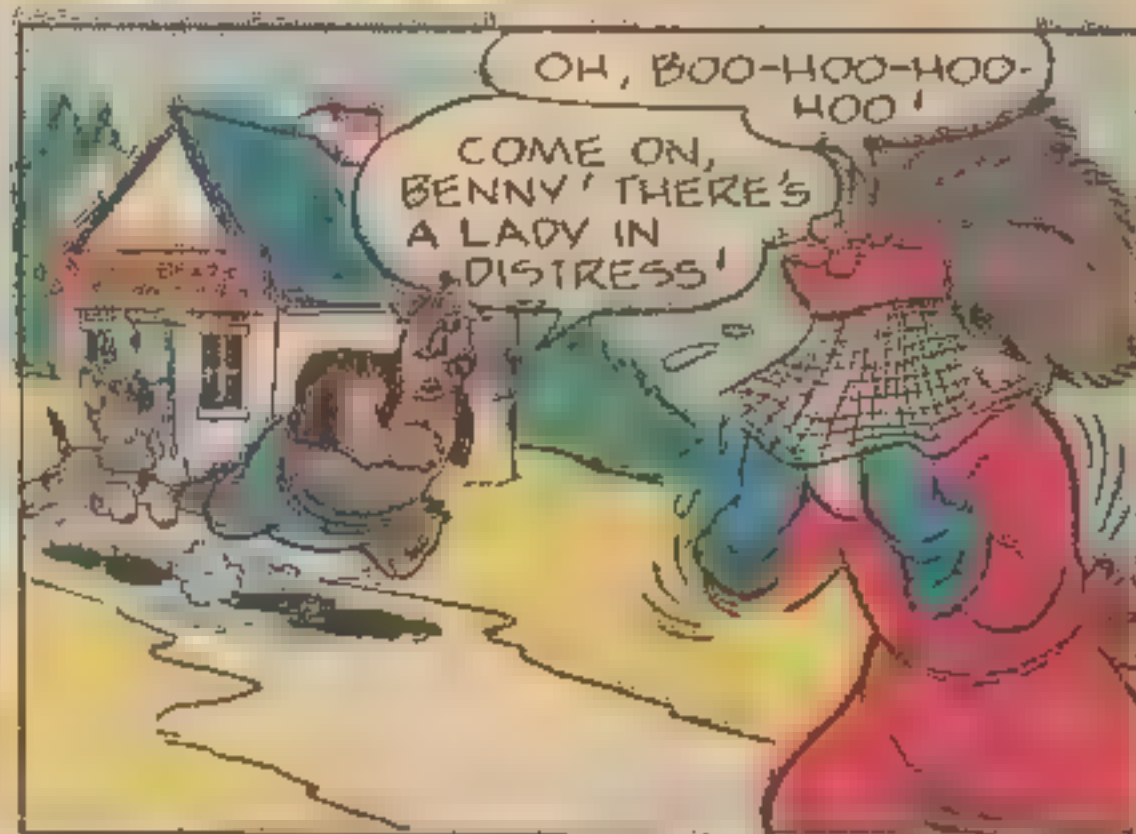
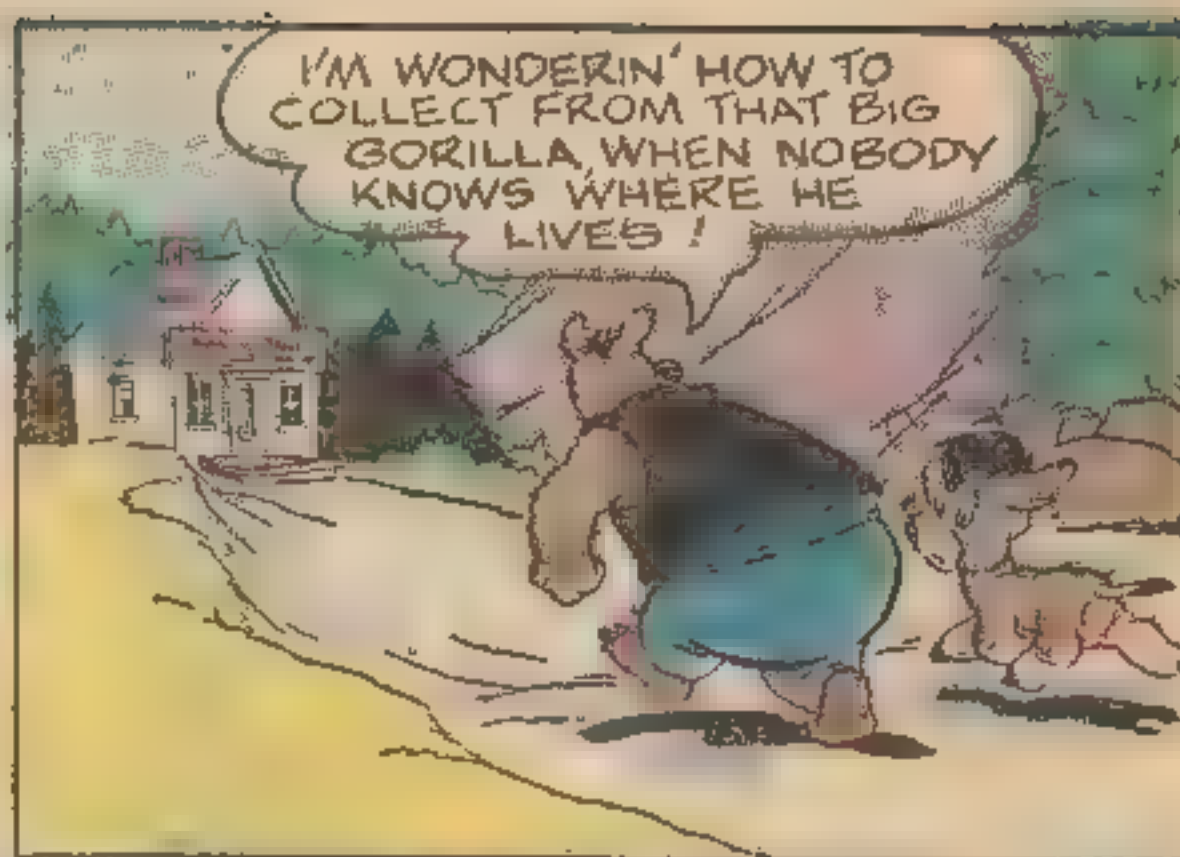
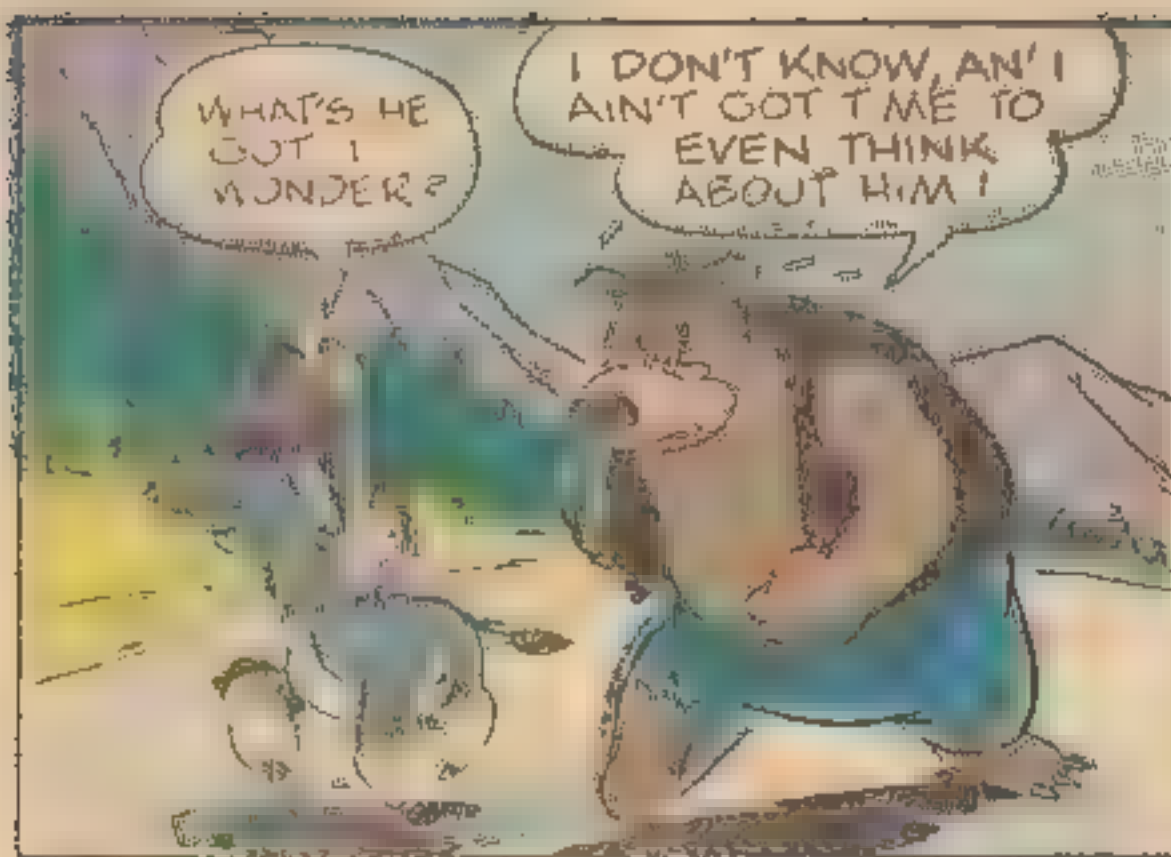




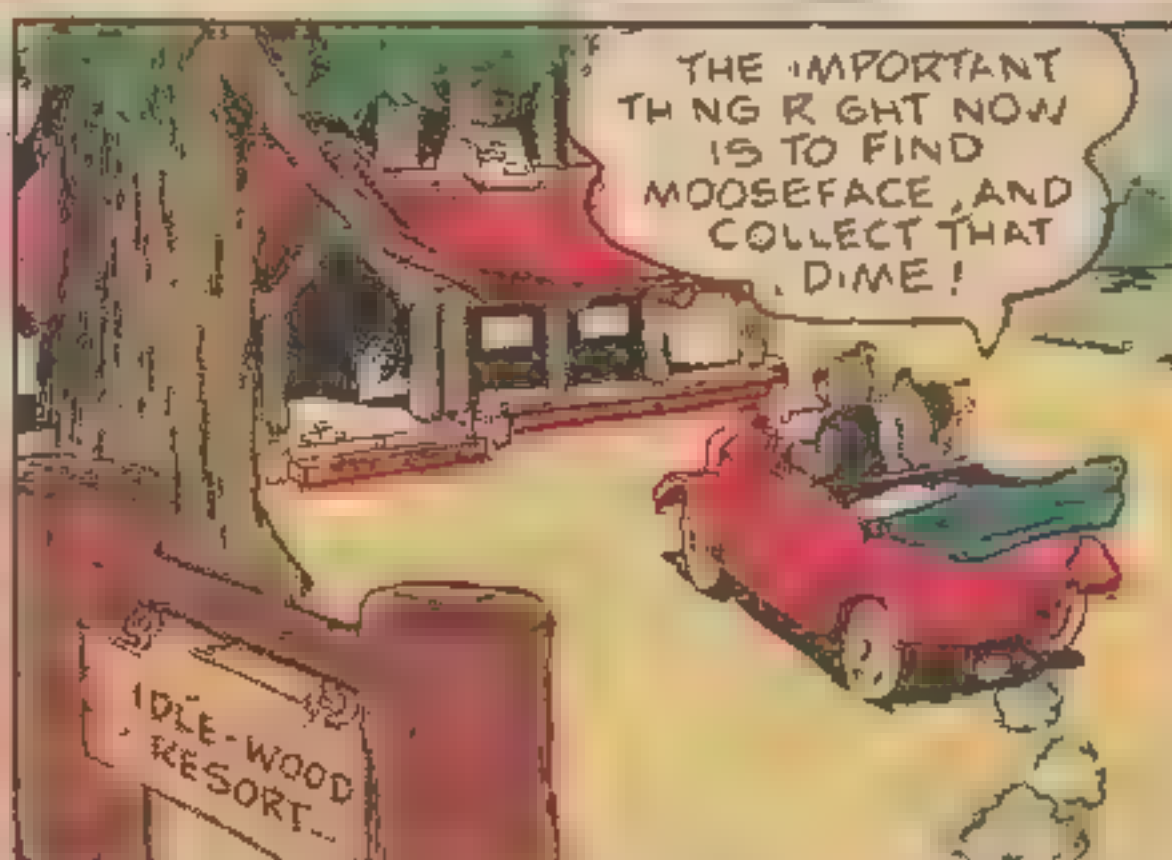
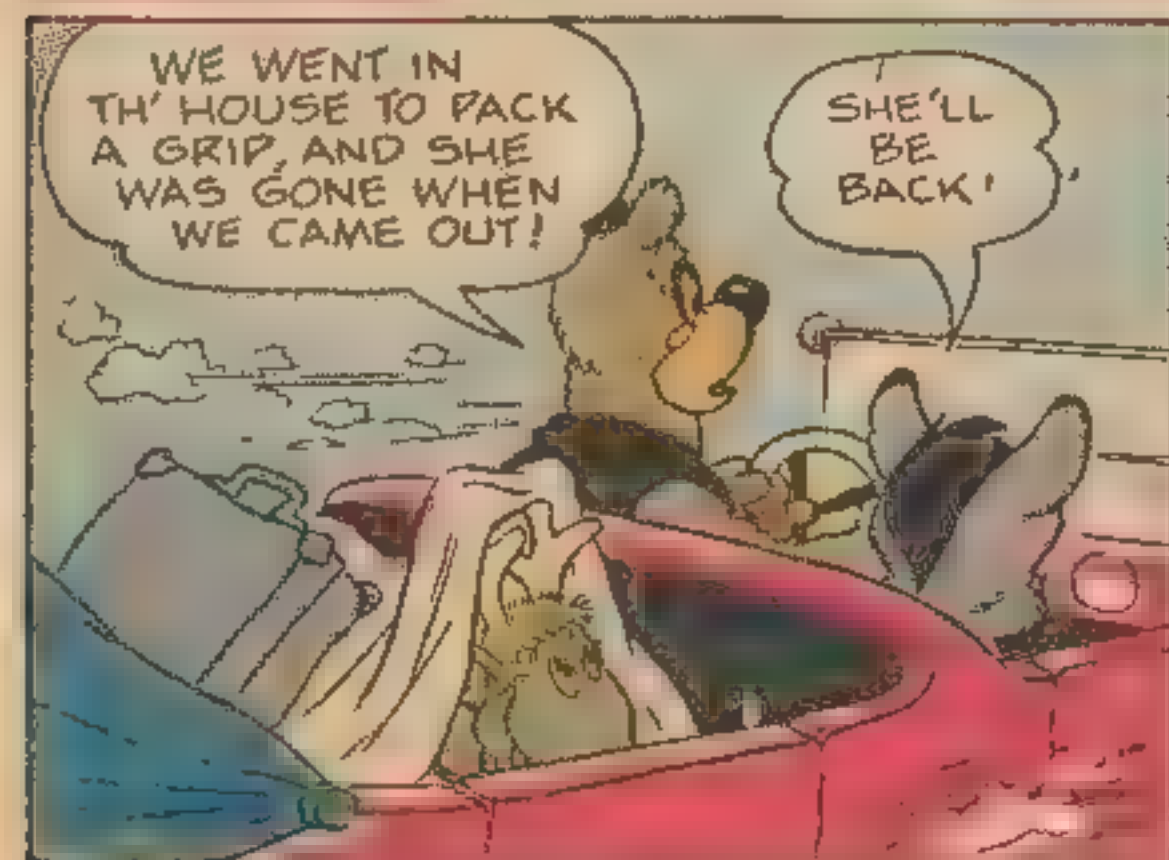
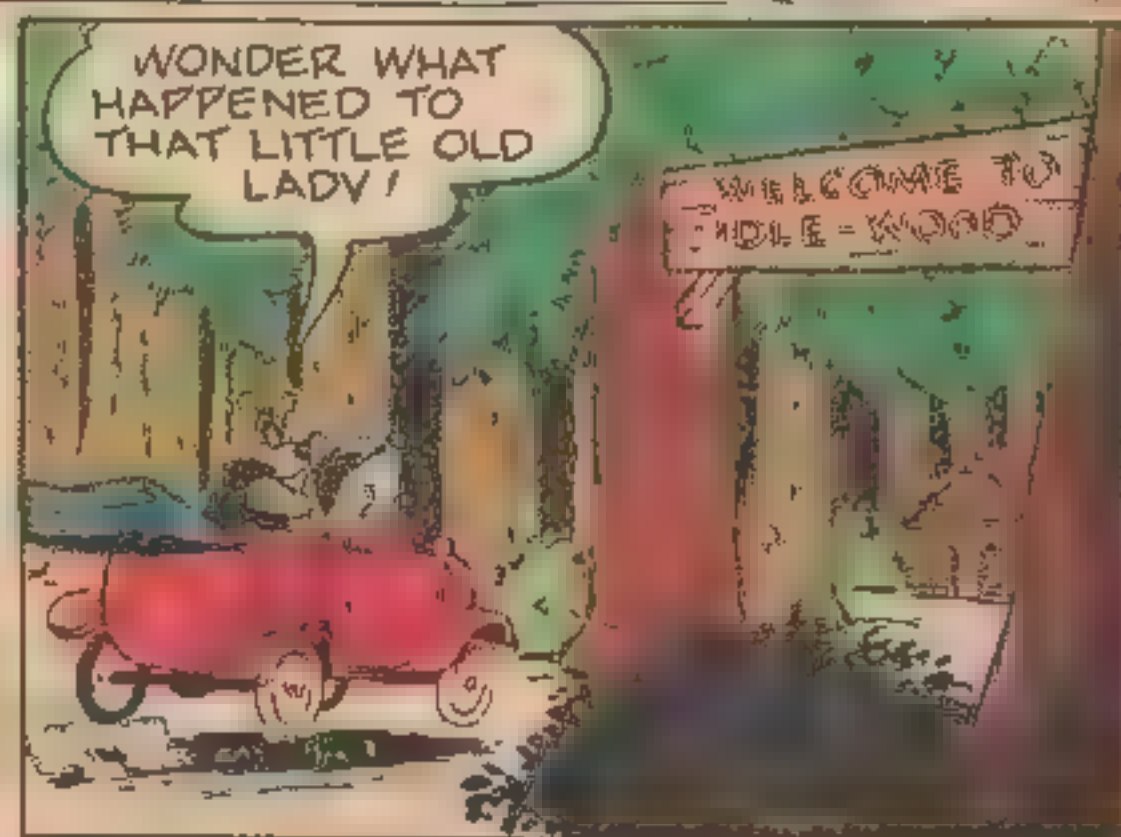
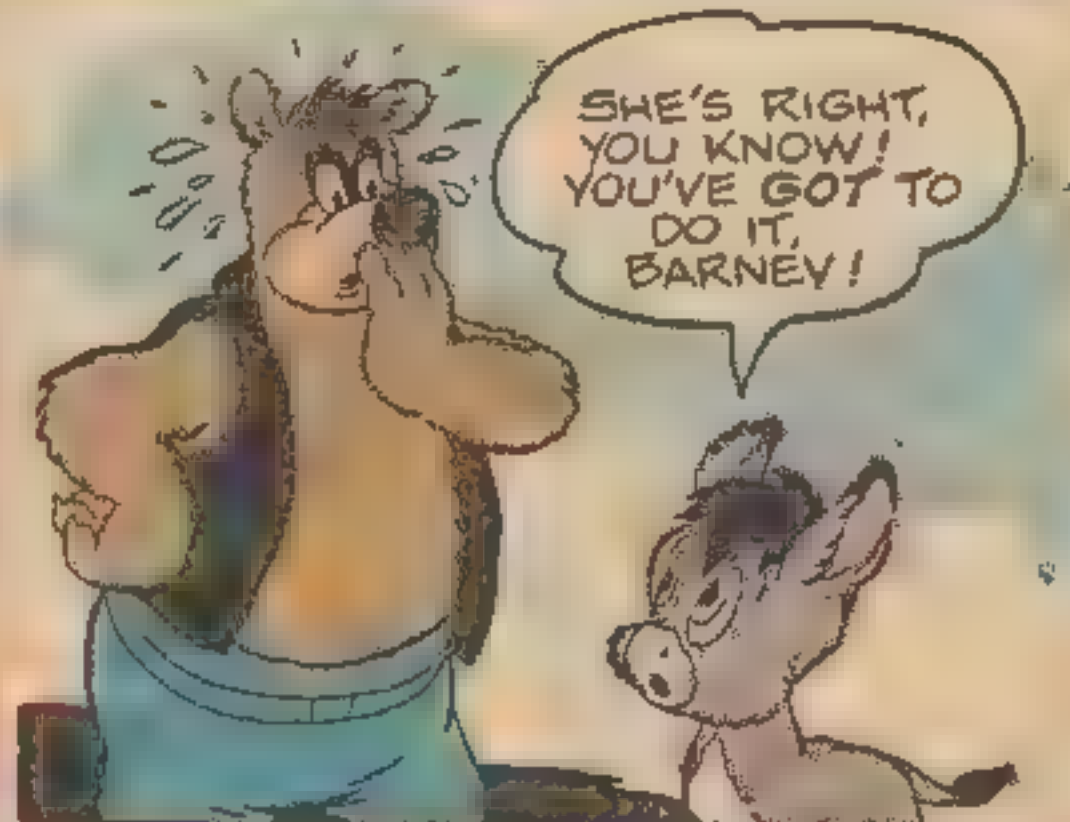
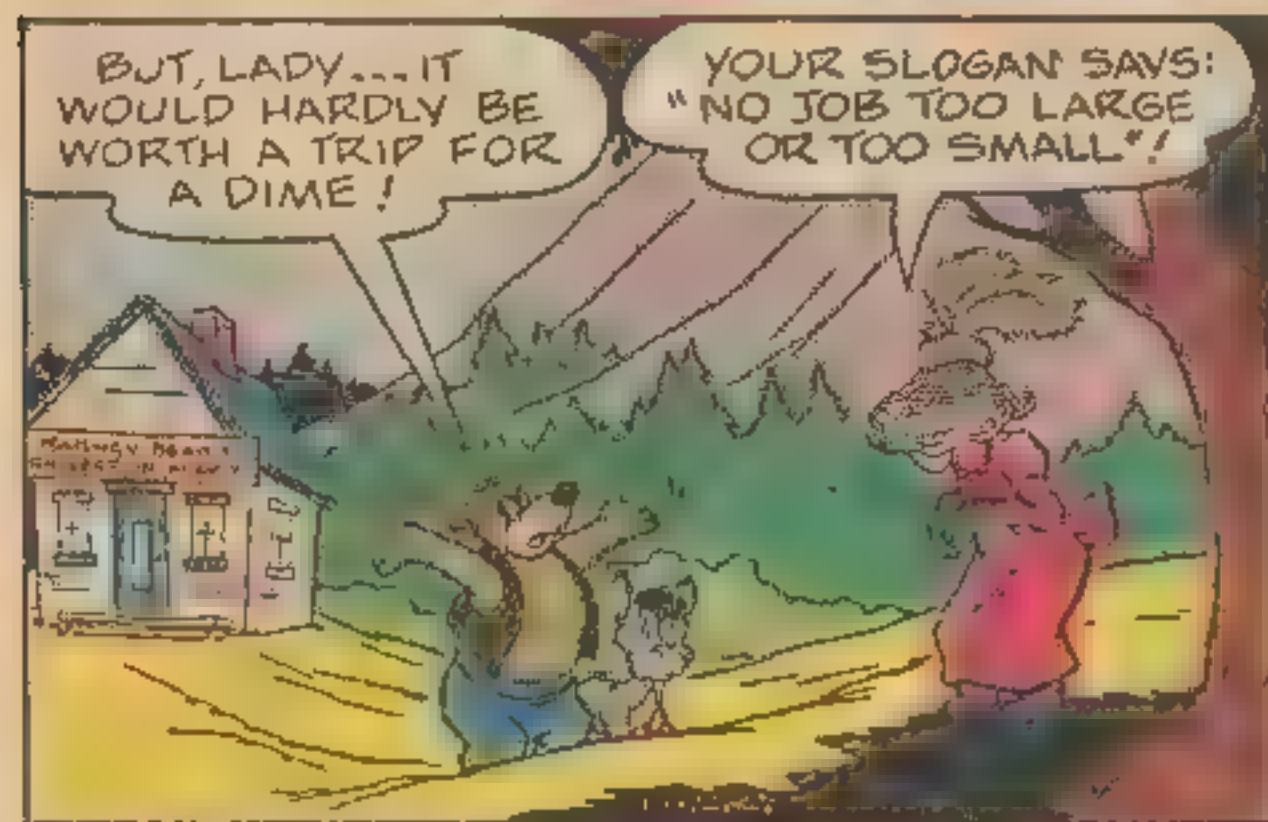
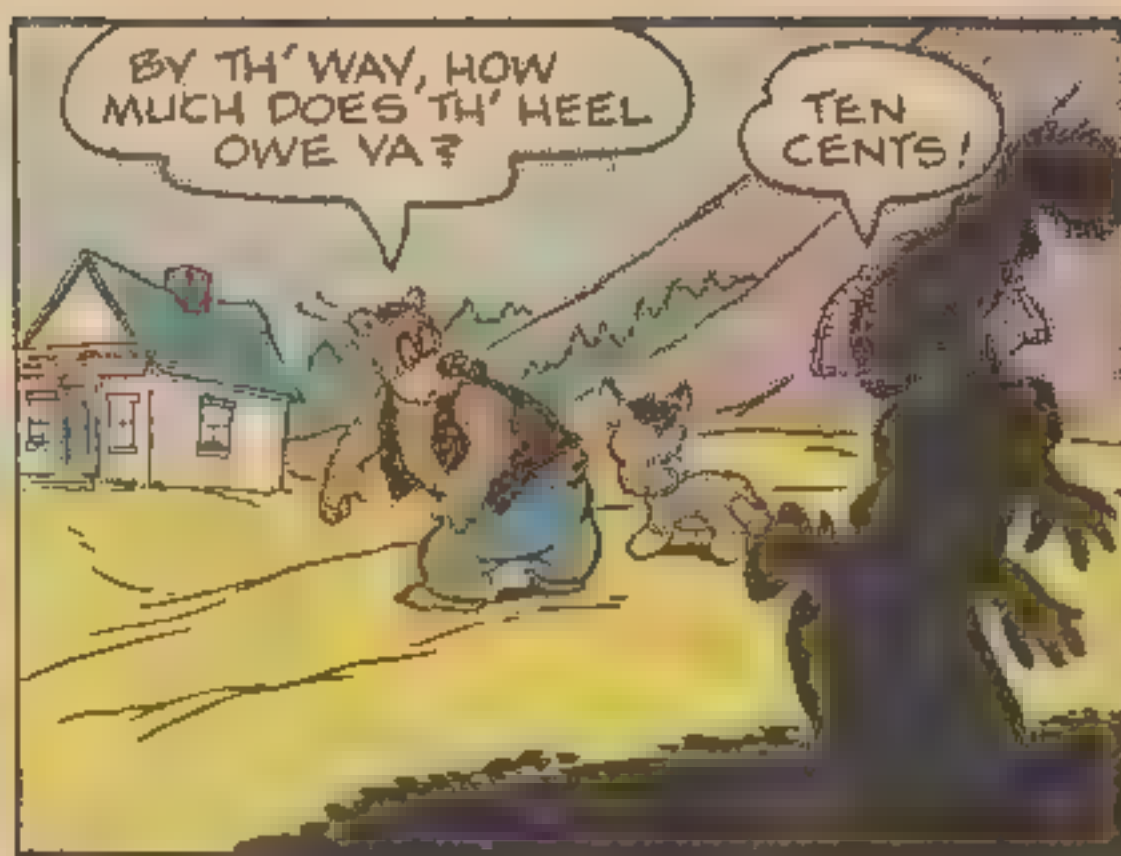
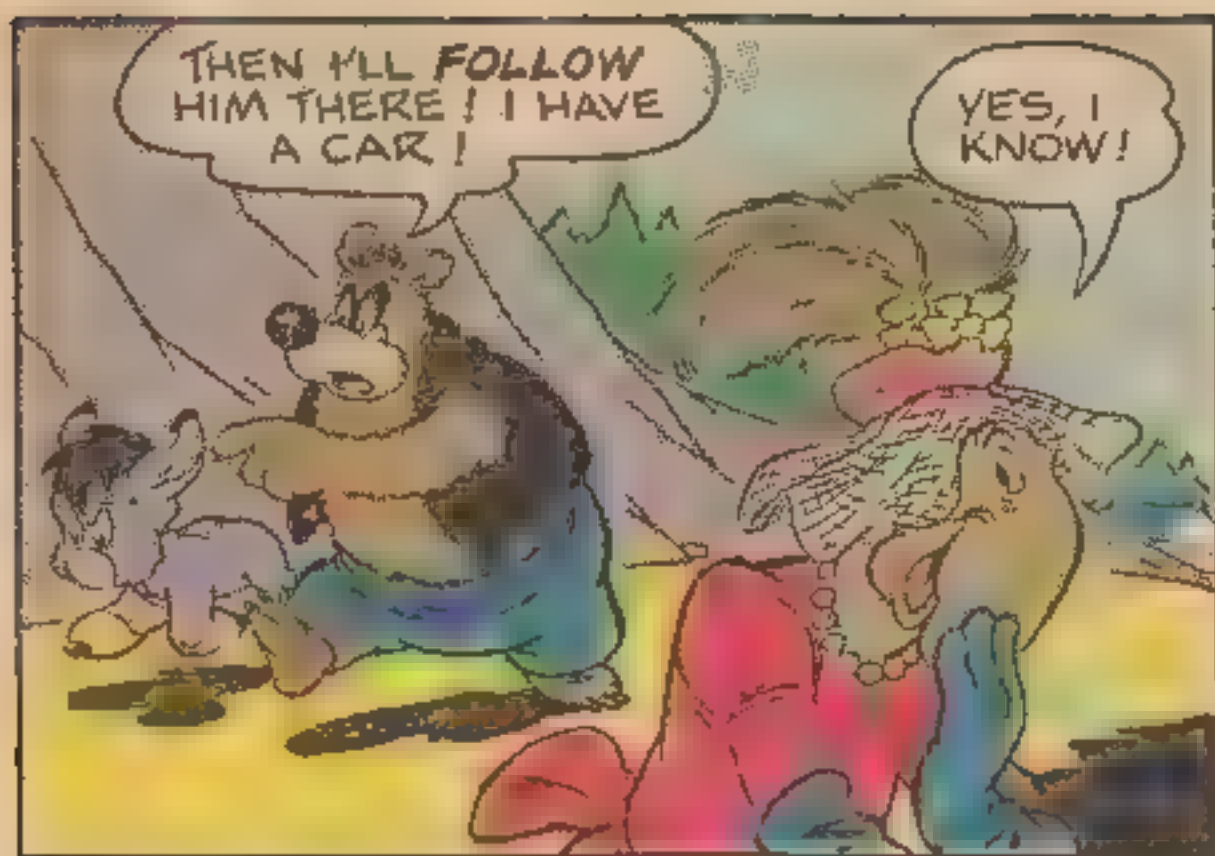




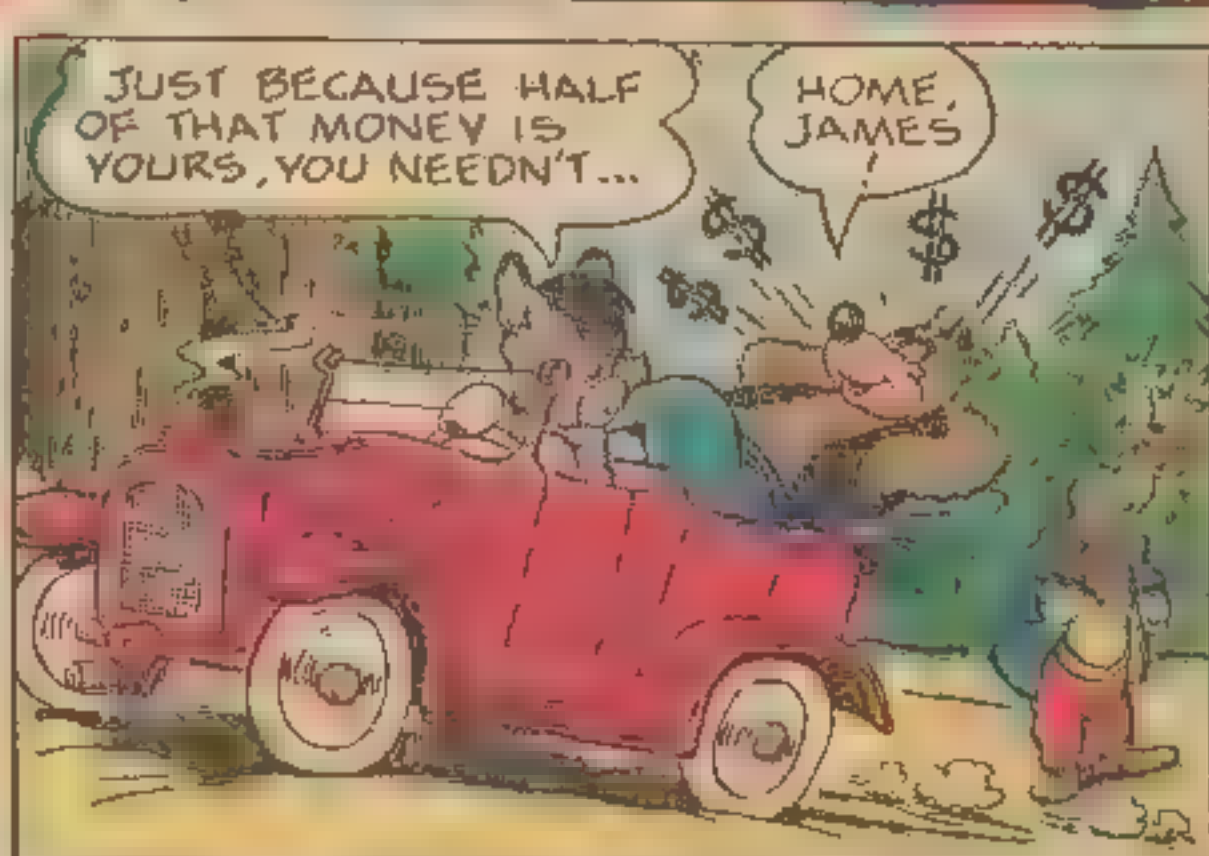
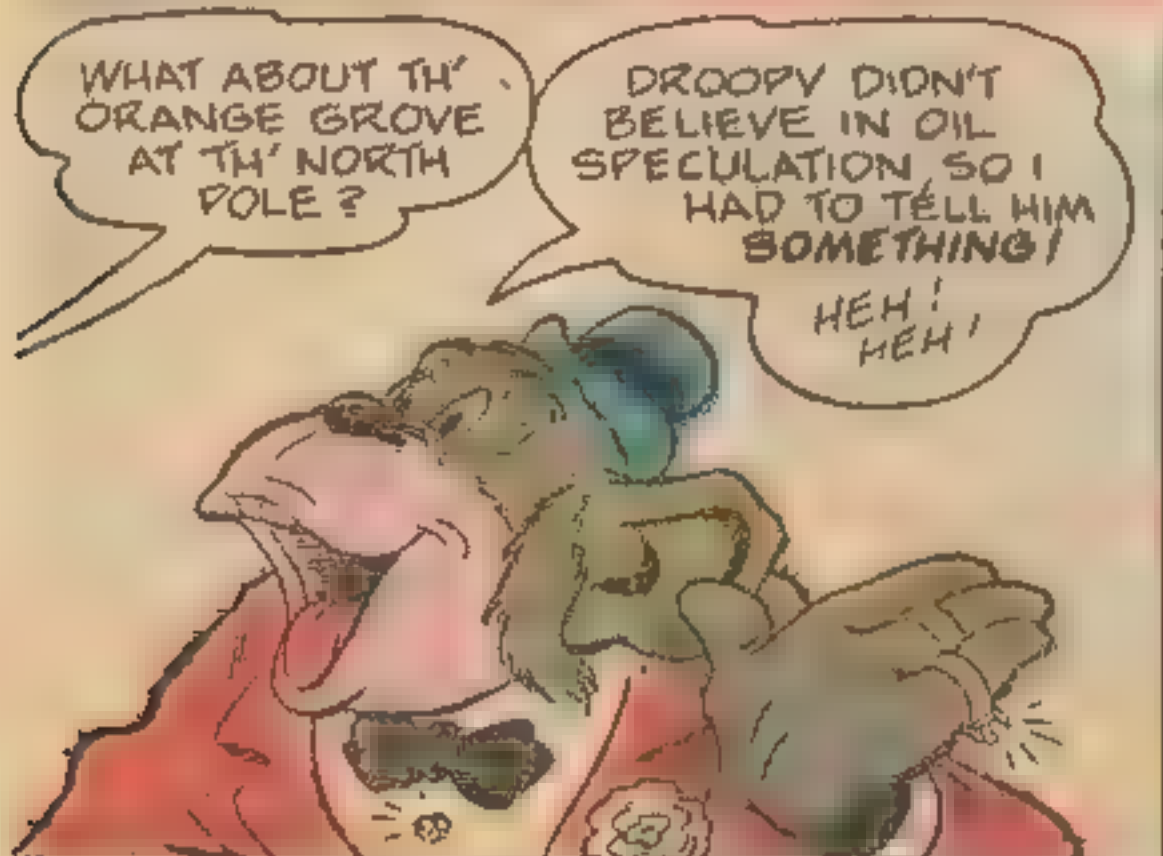
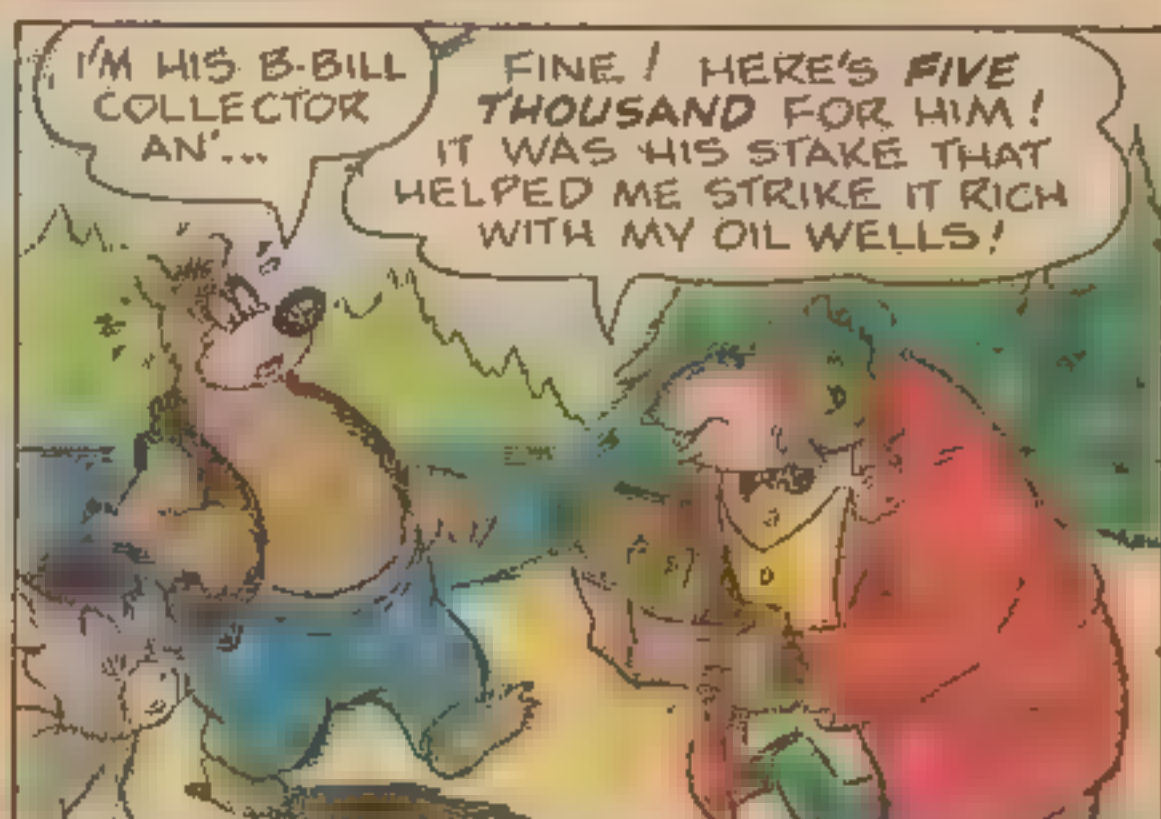
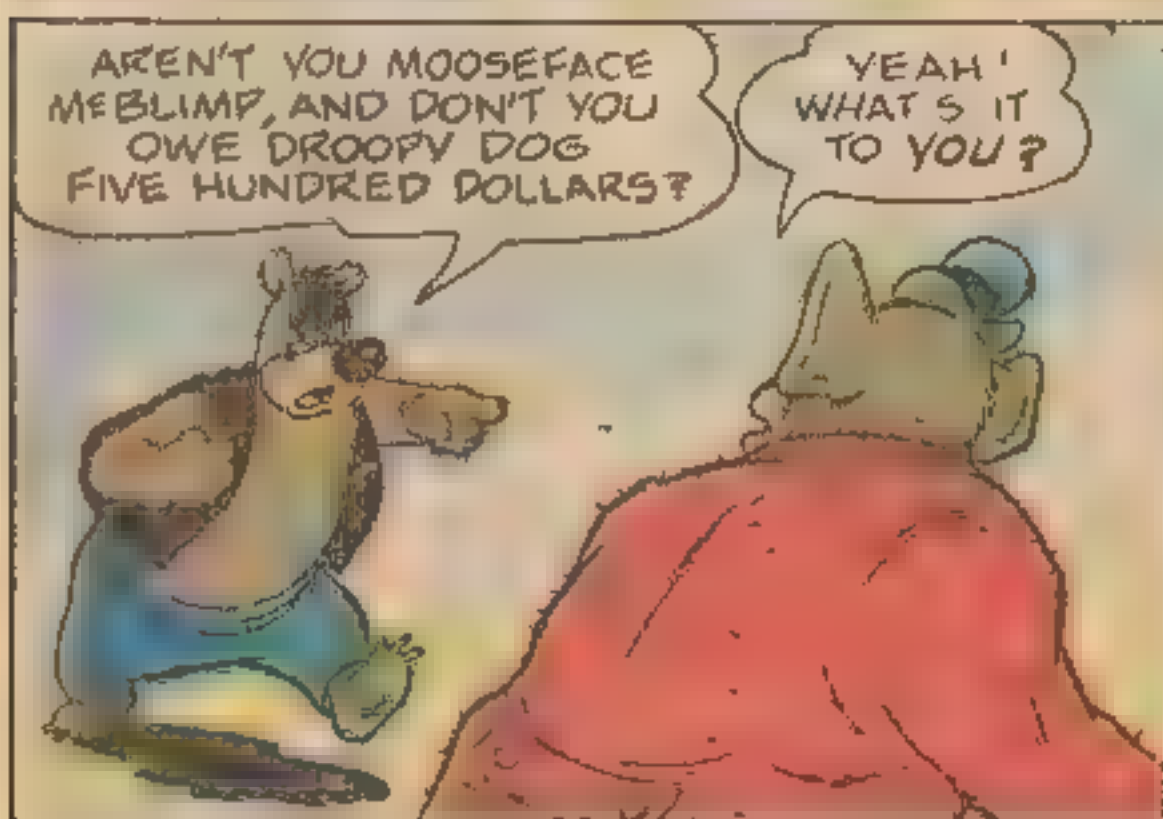
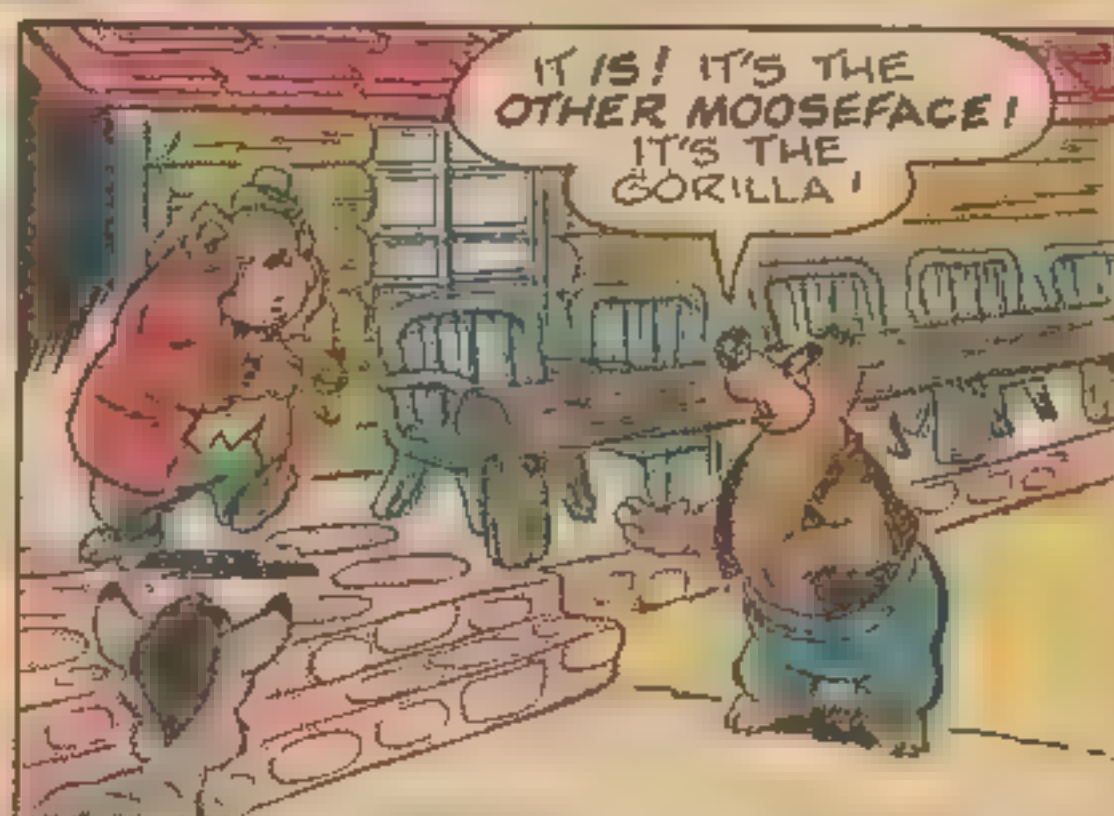
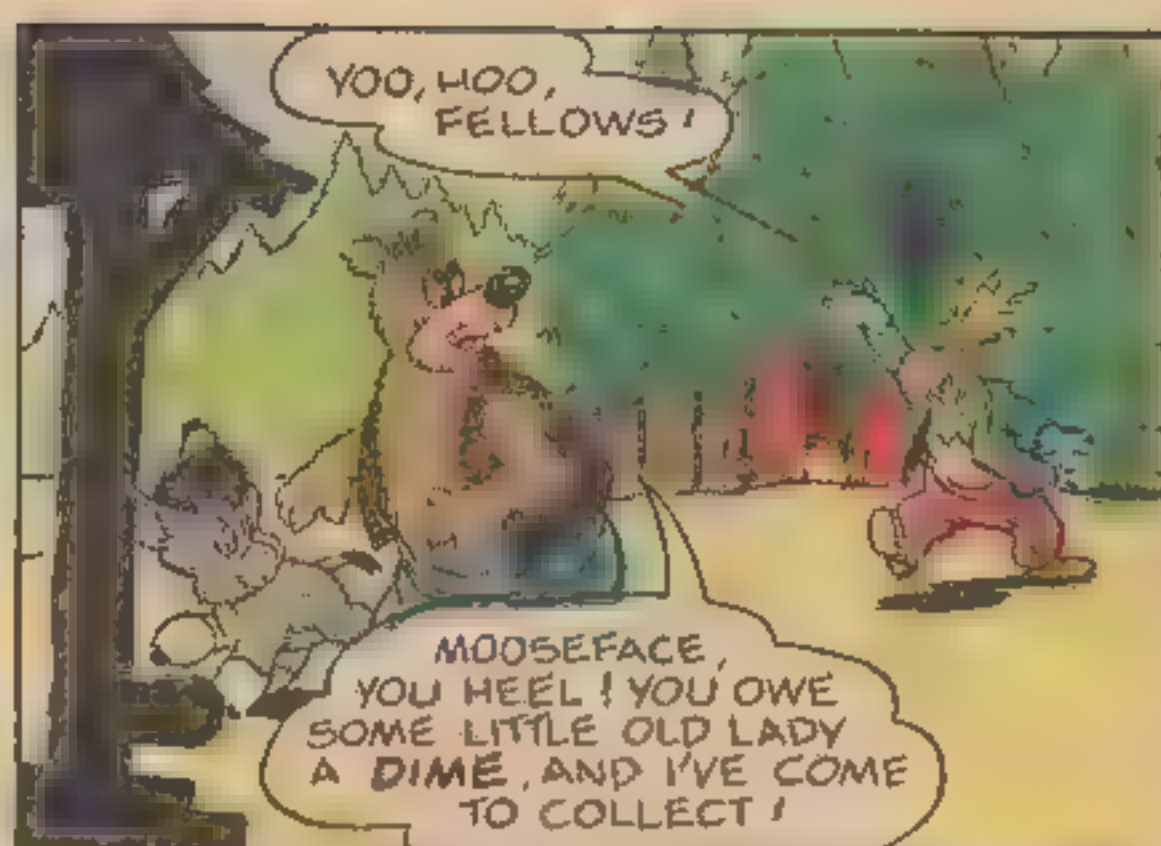
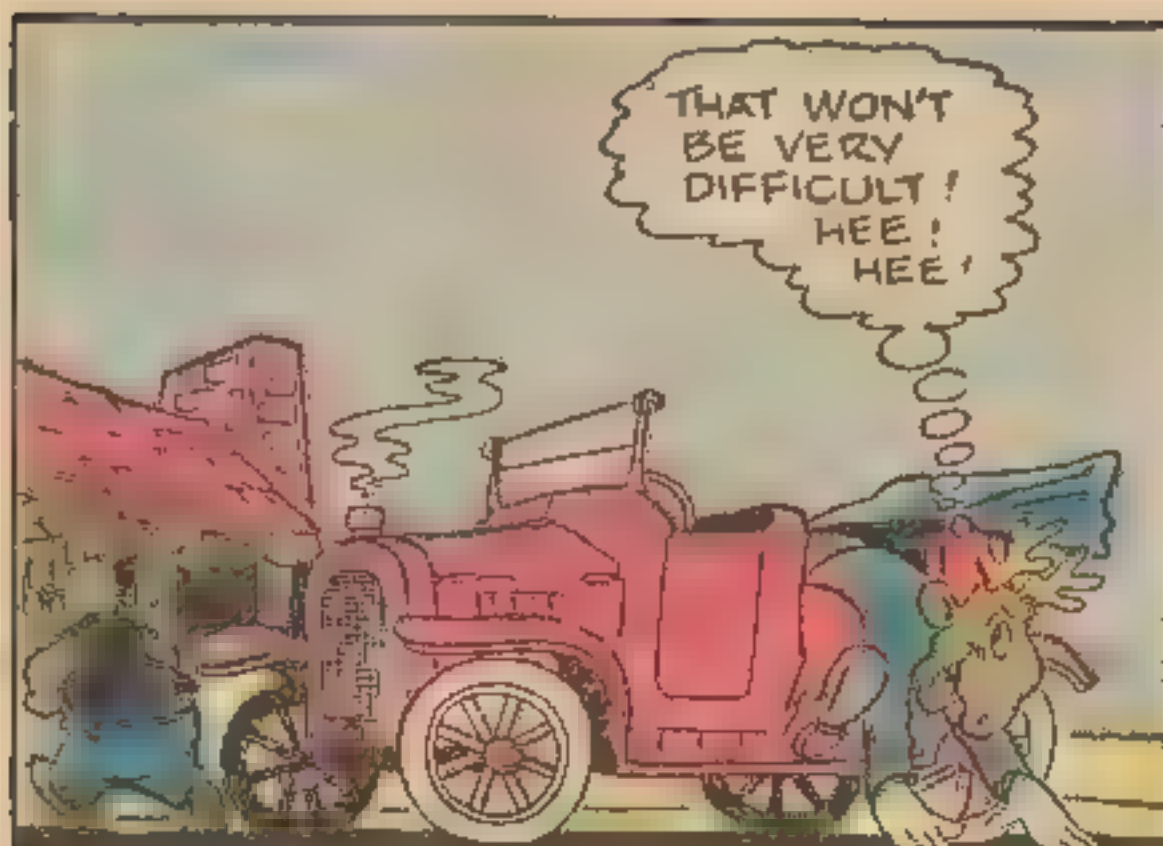








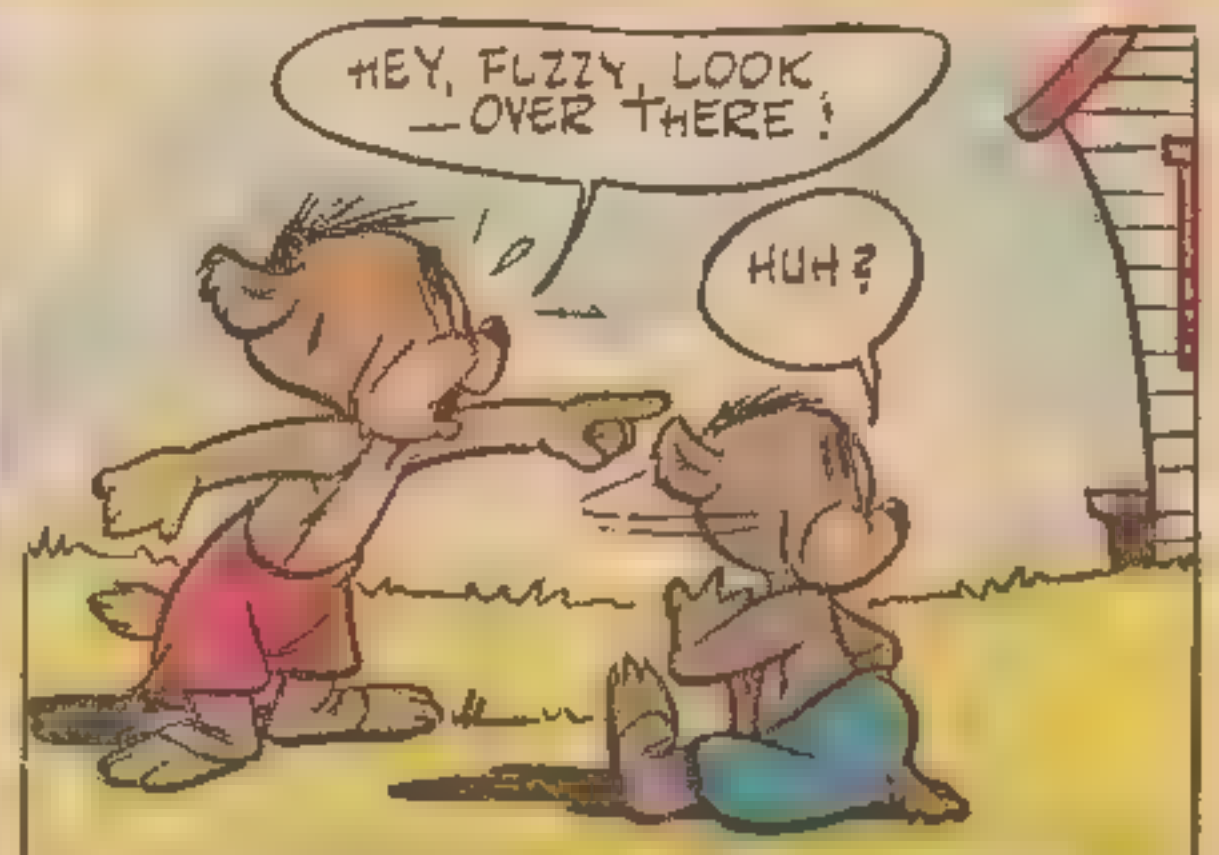
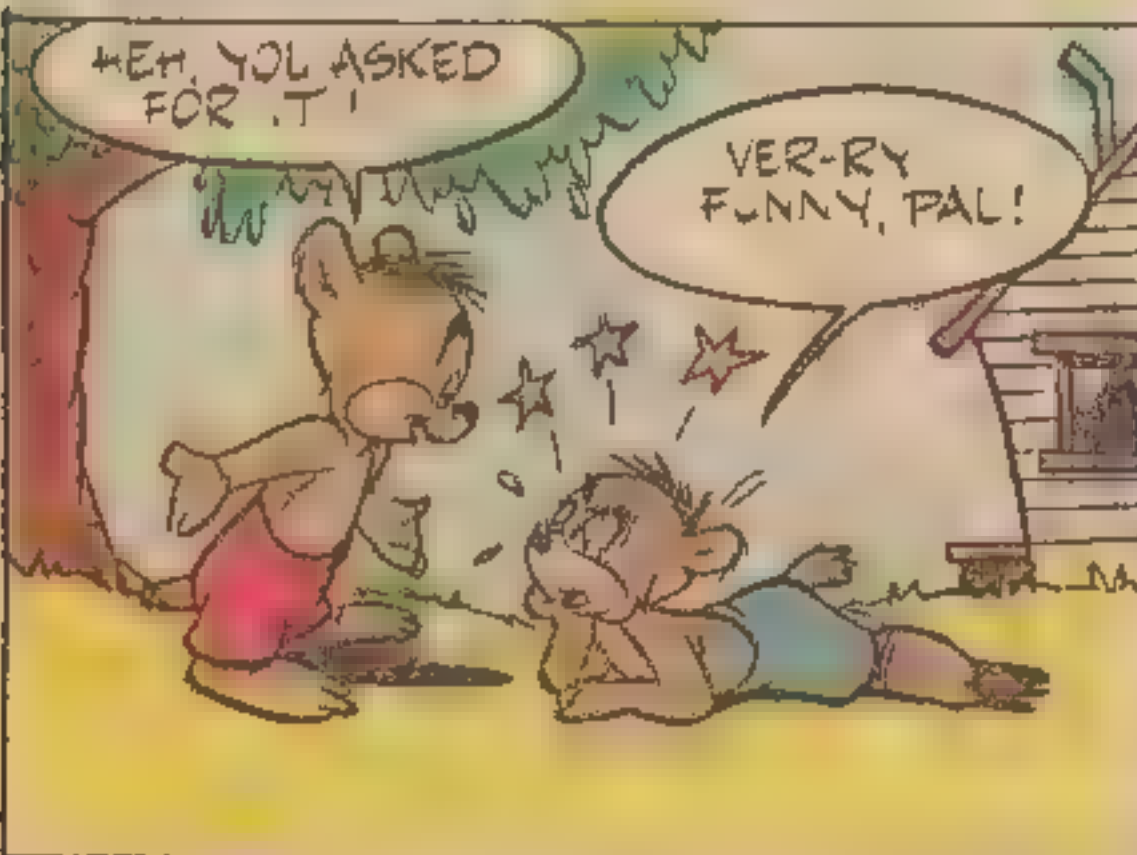
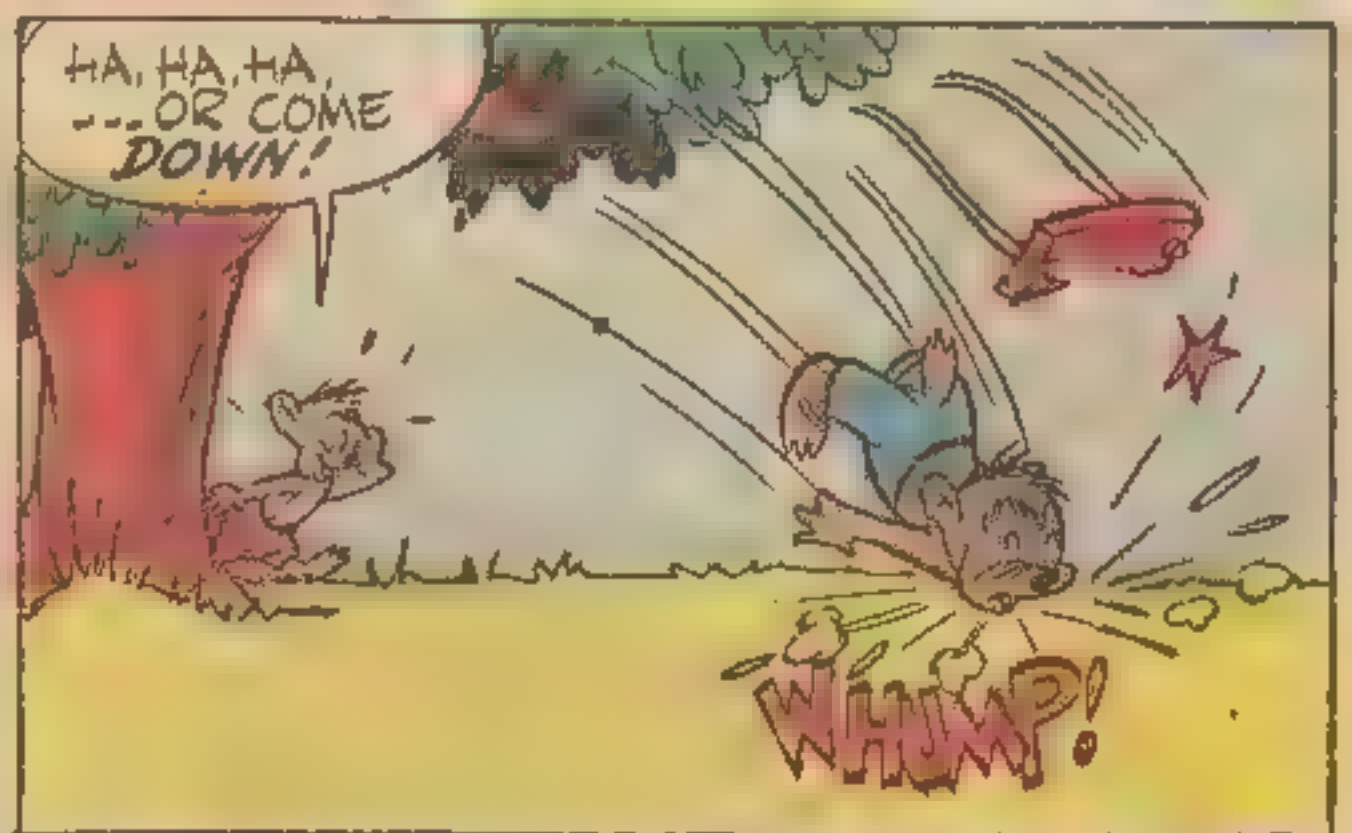
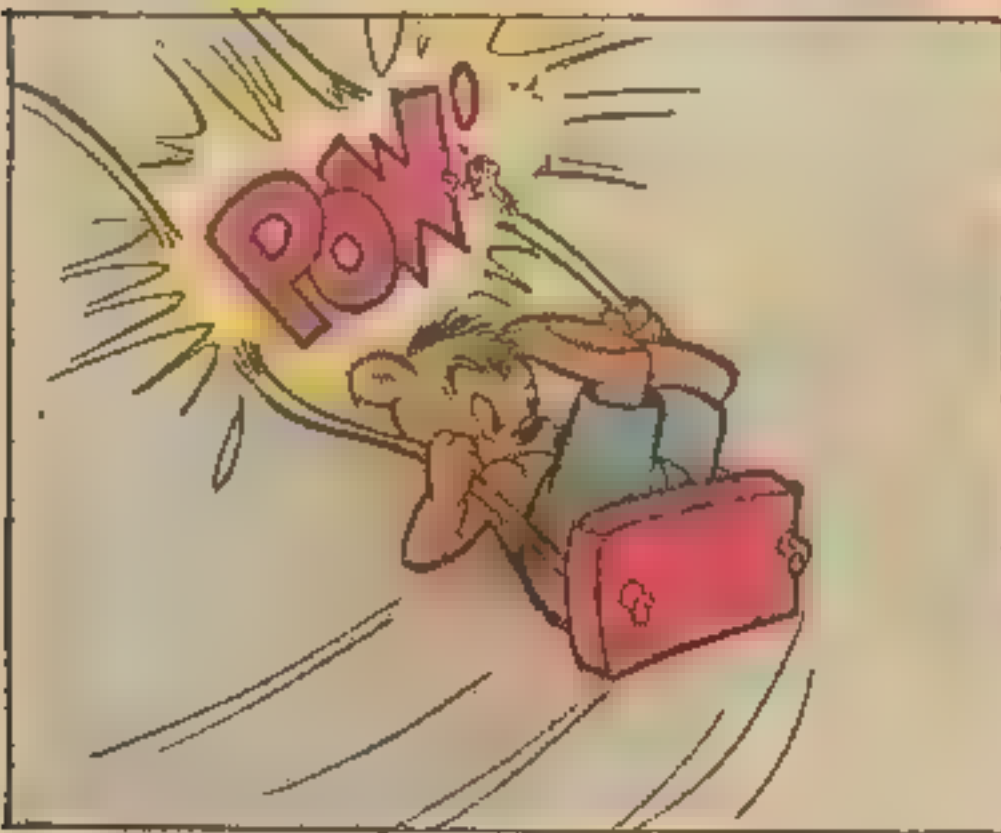
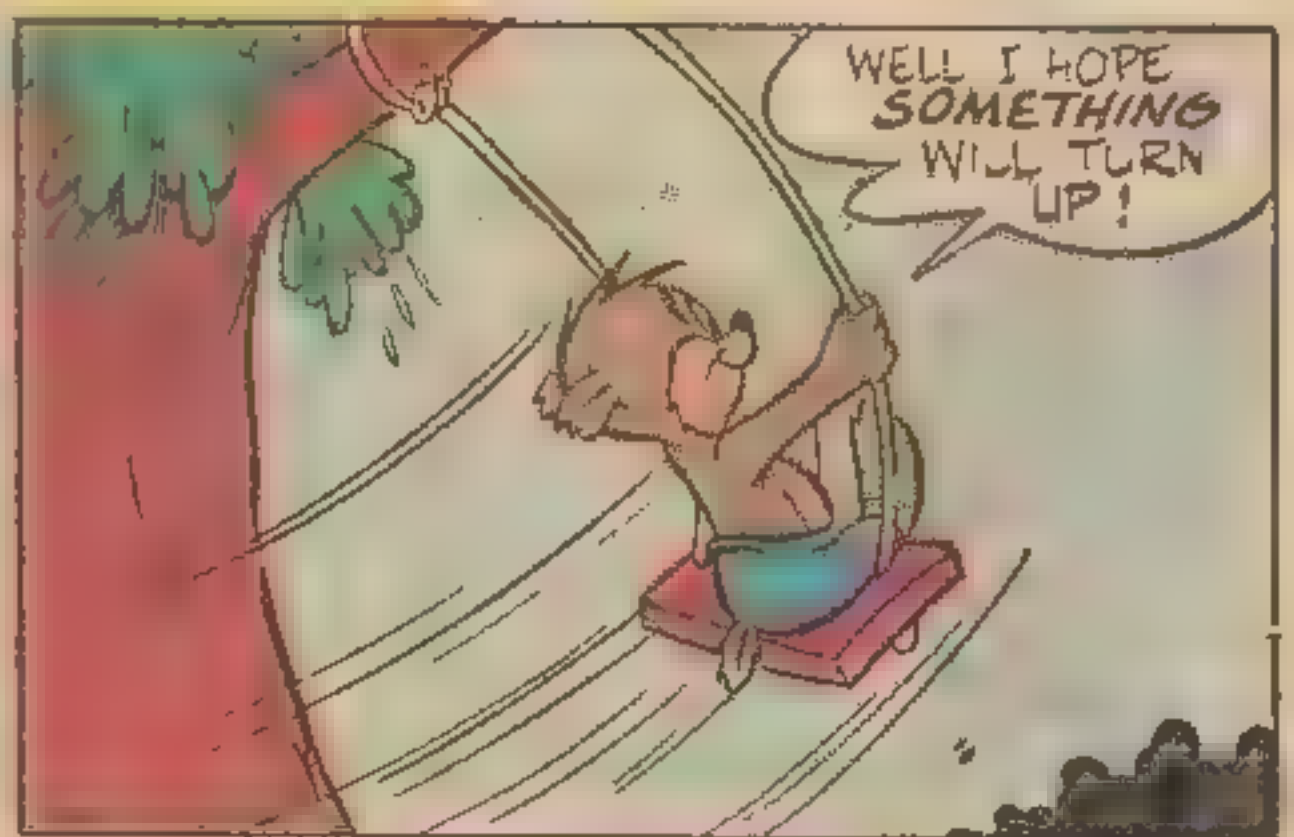
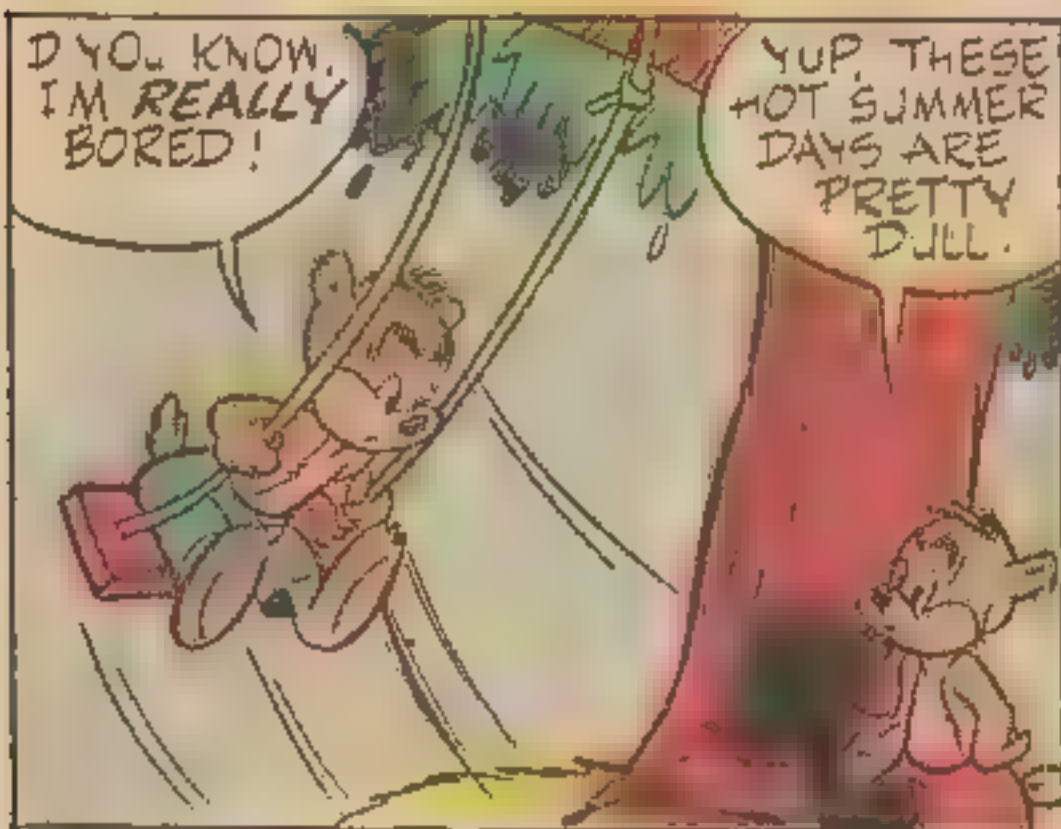




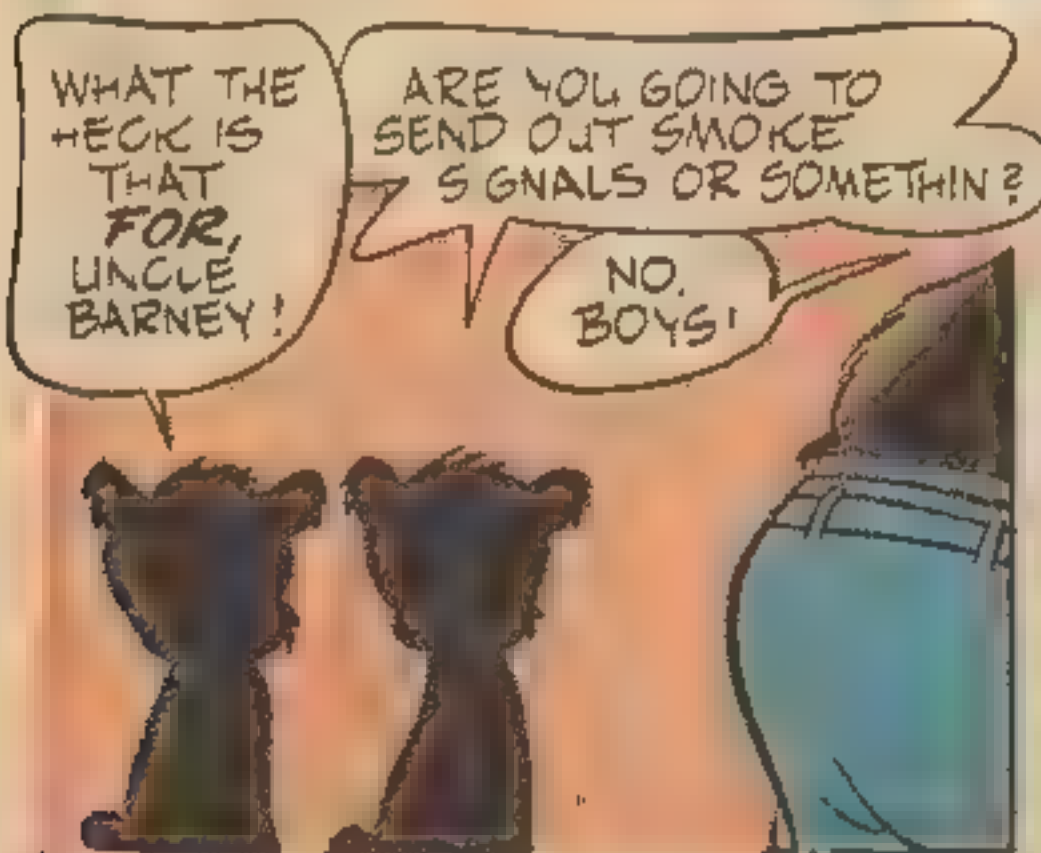
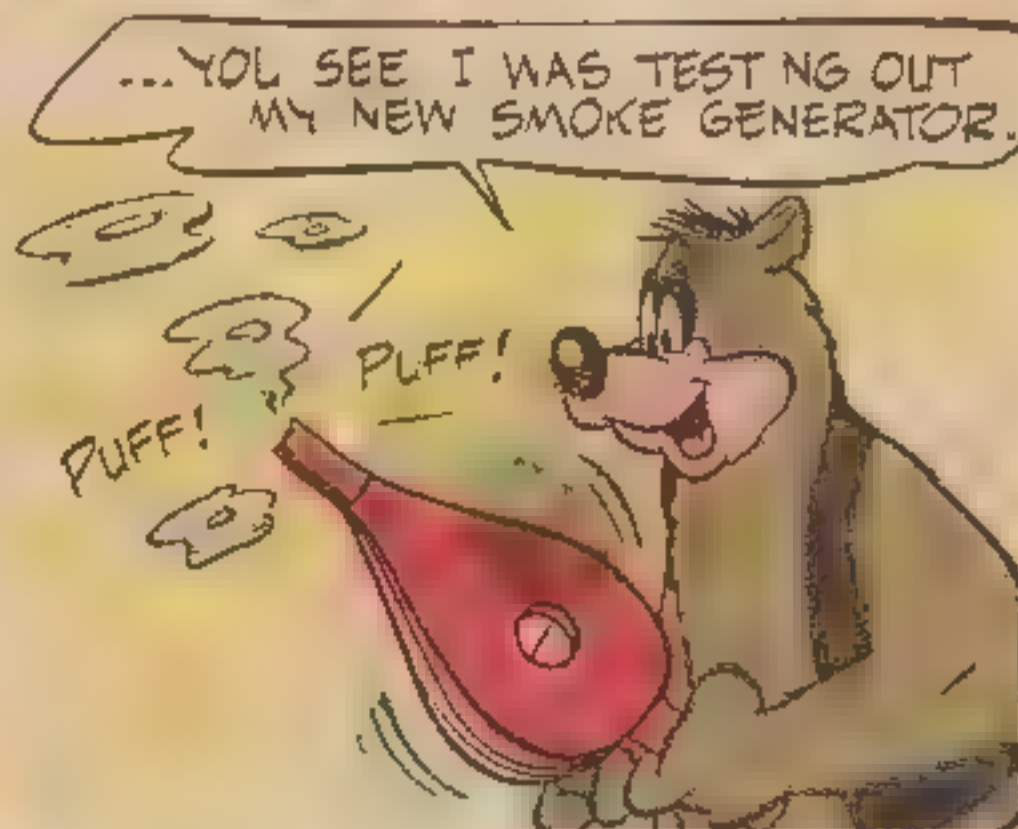
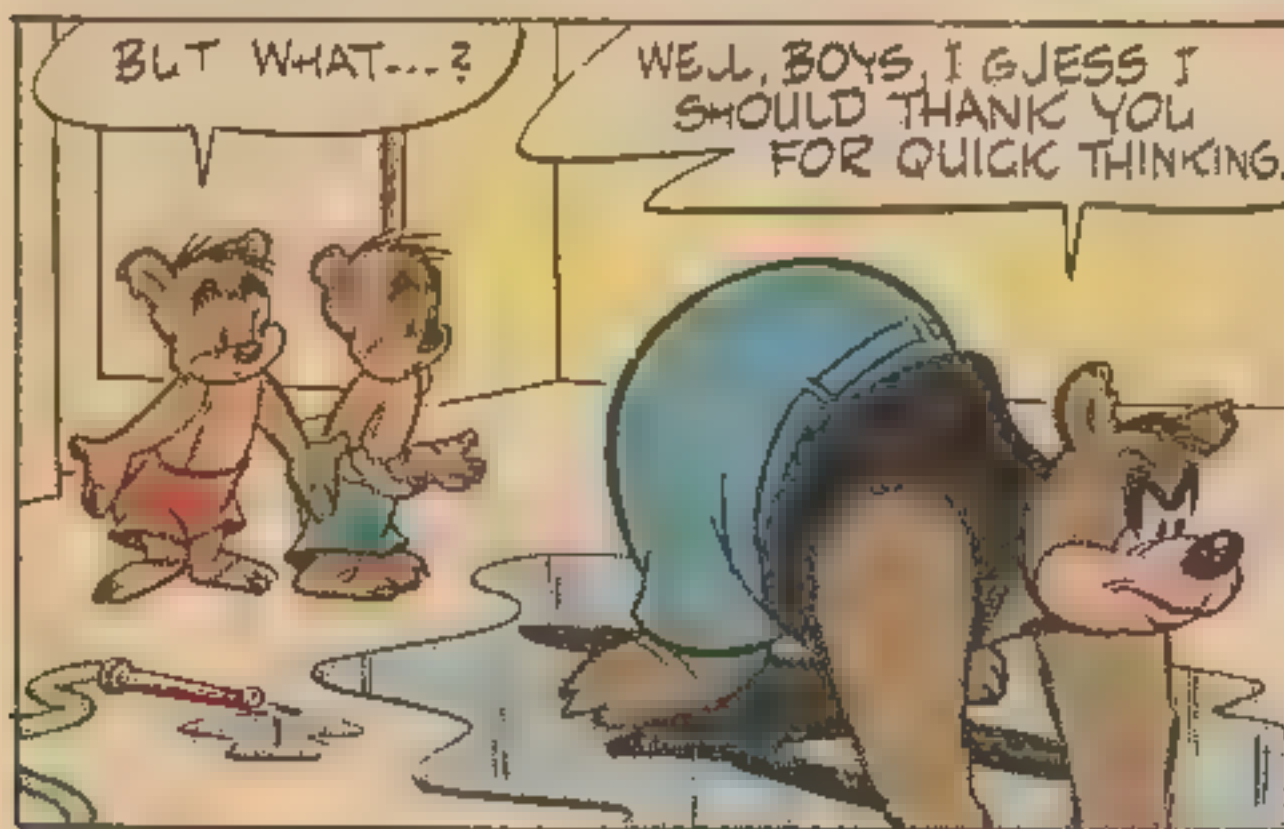
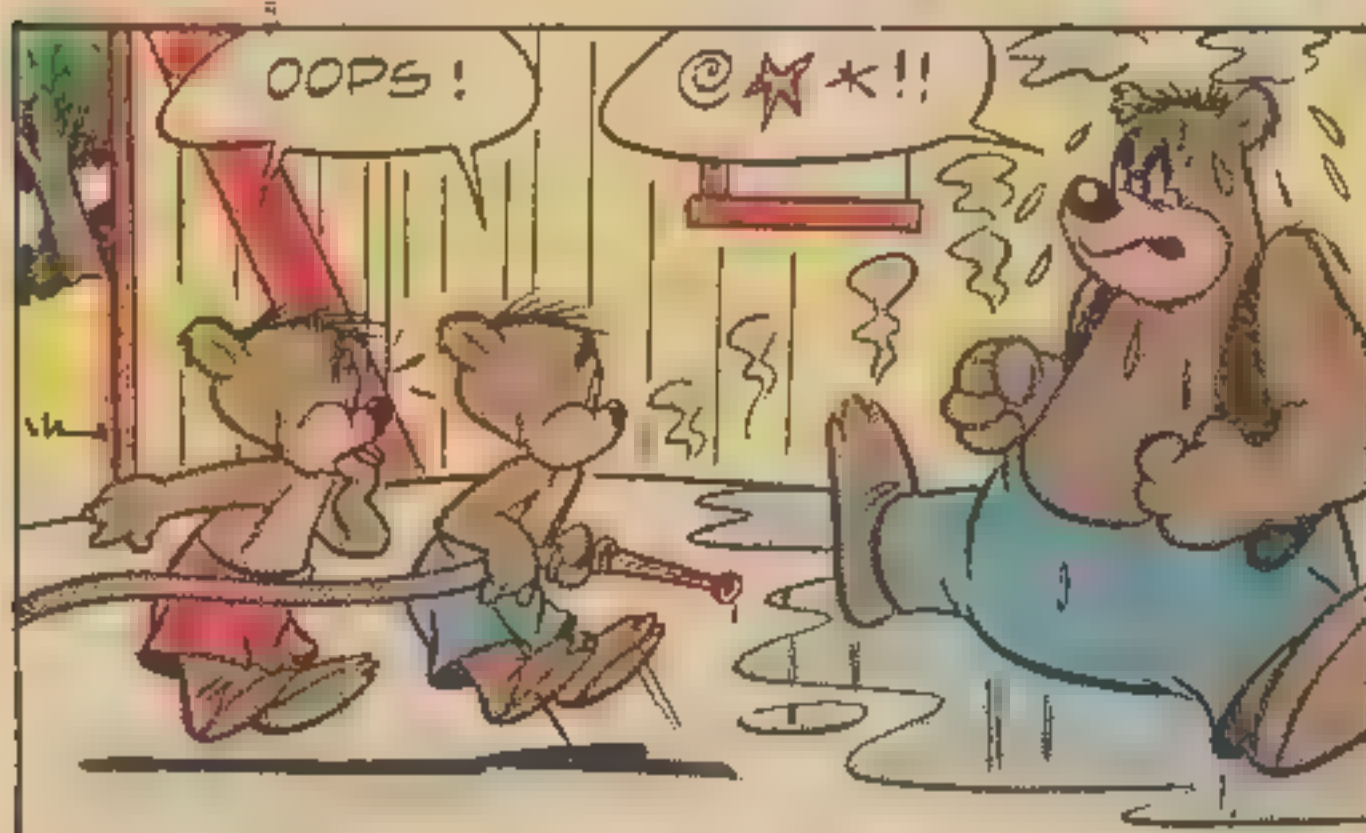
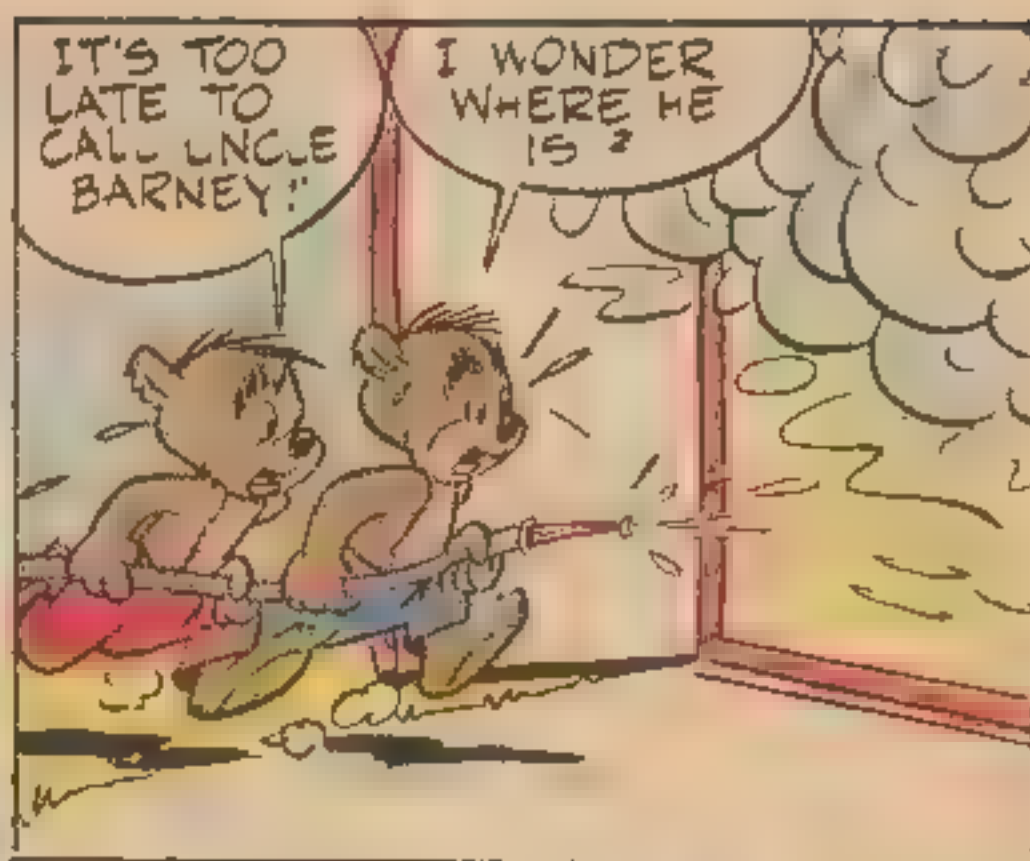
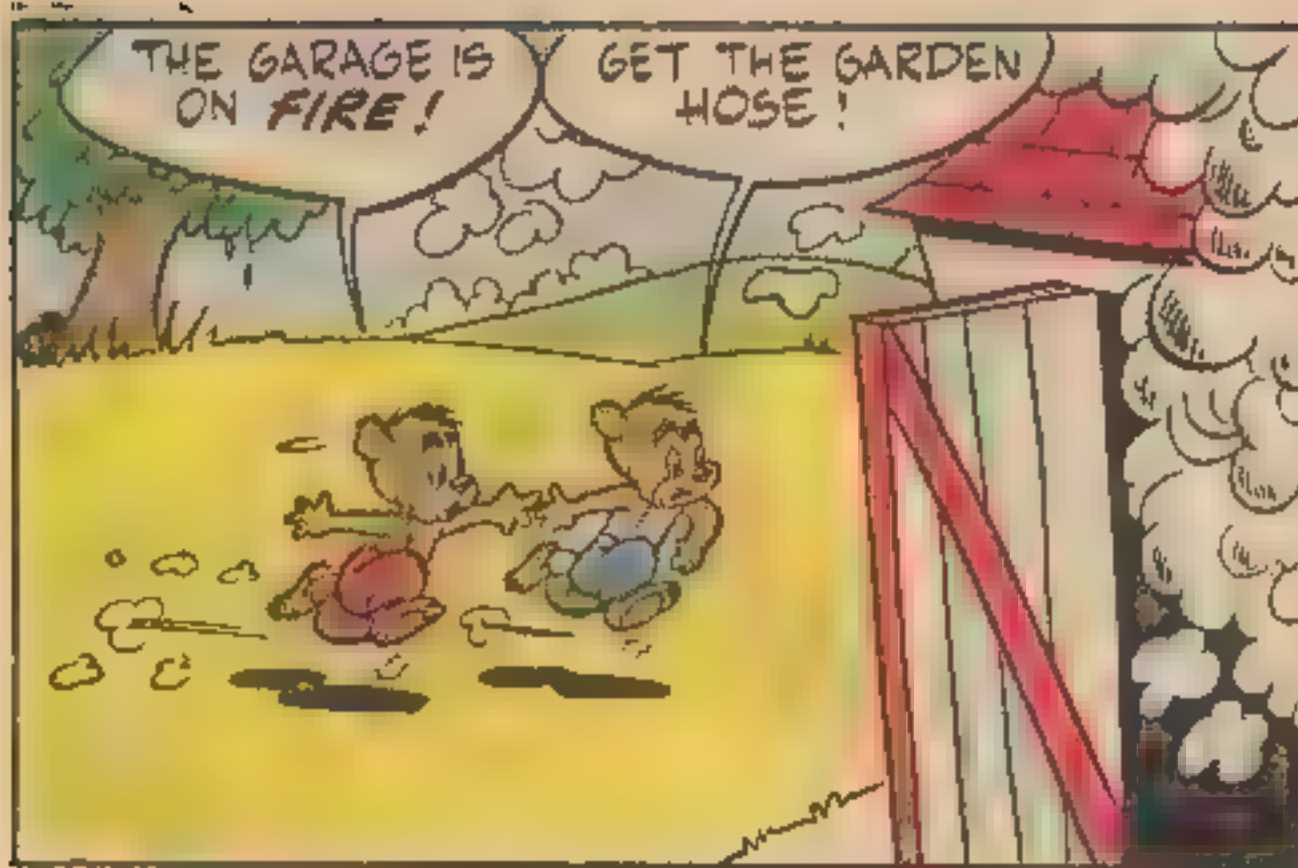
BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures



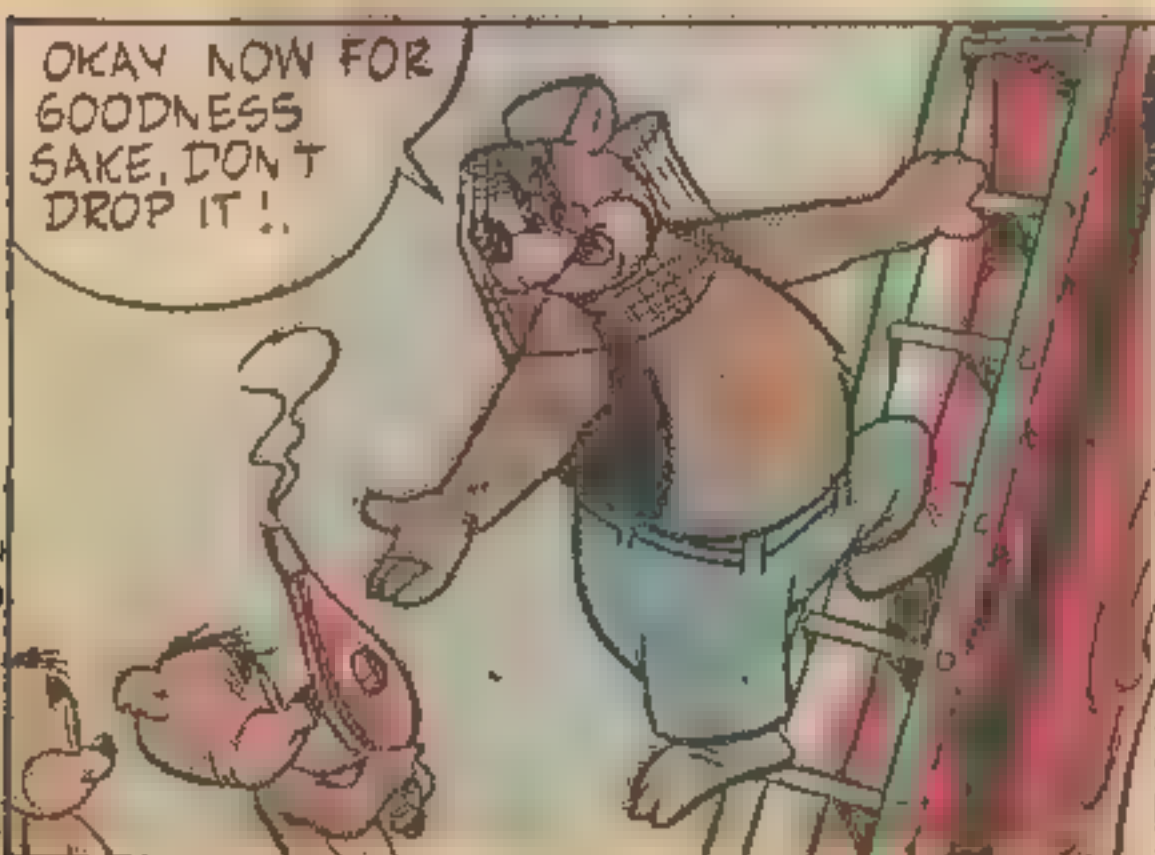
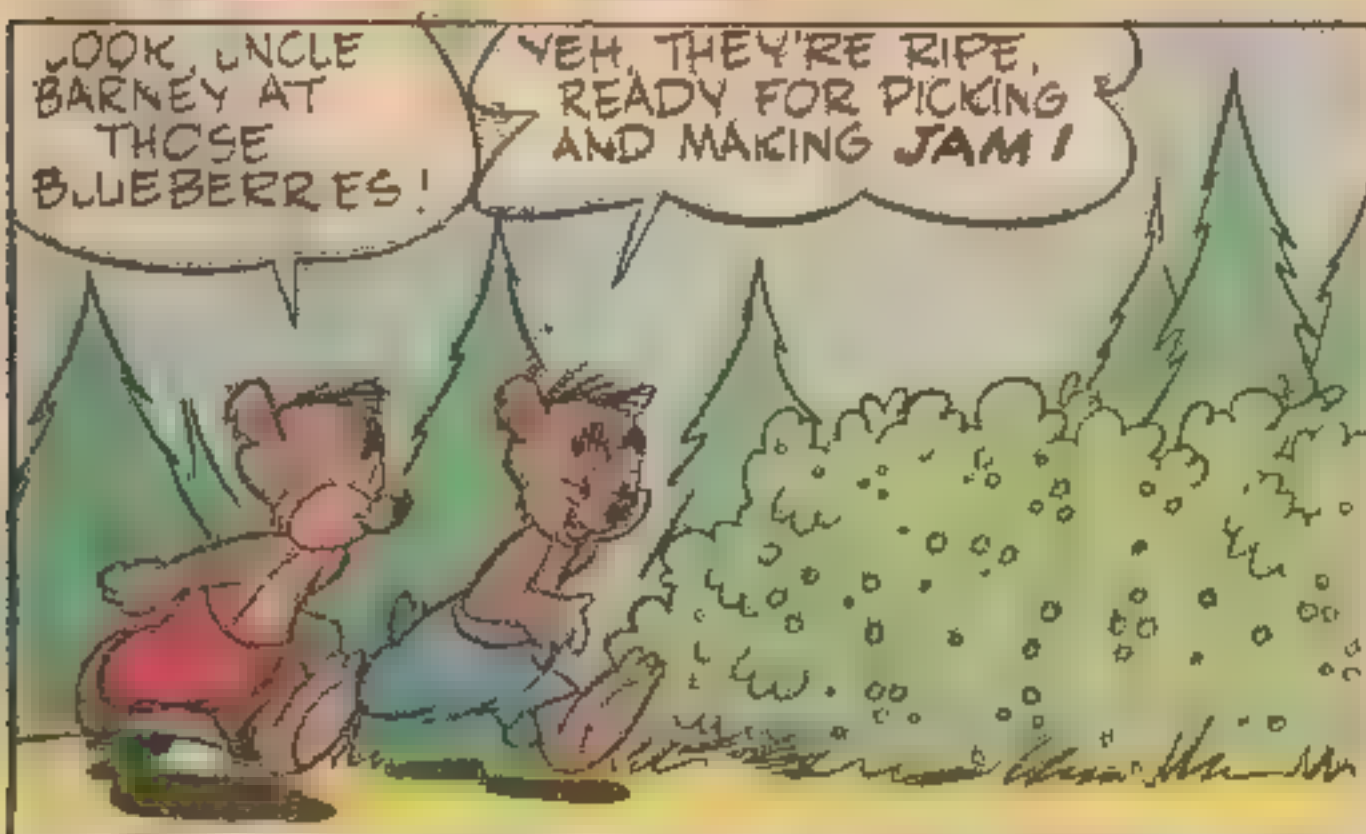
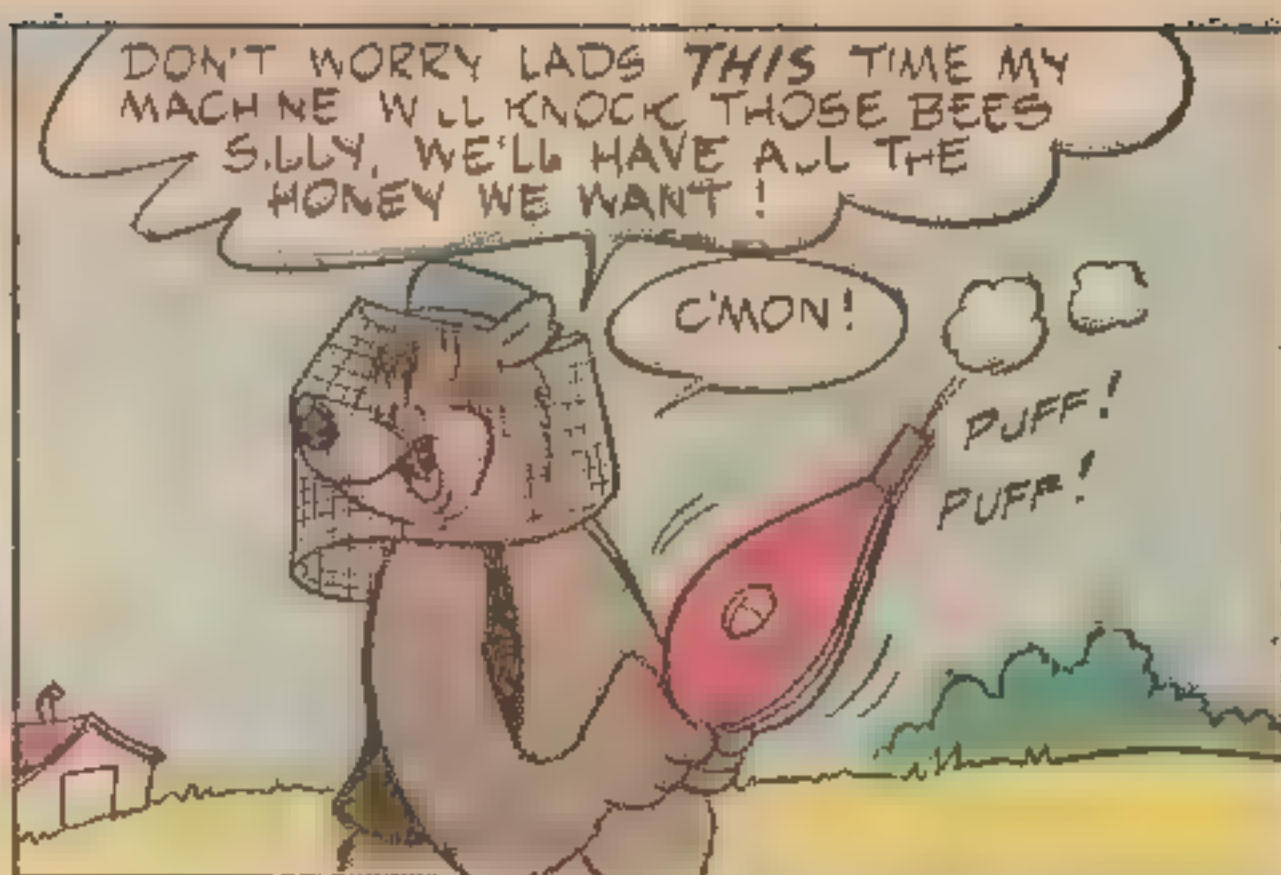
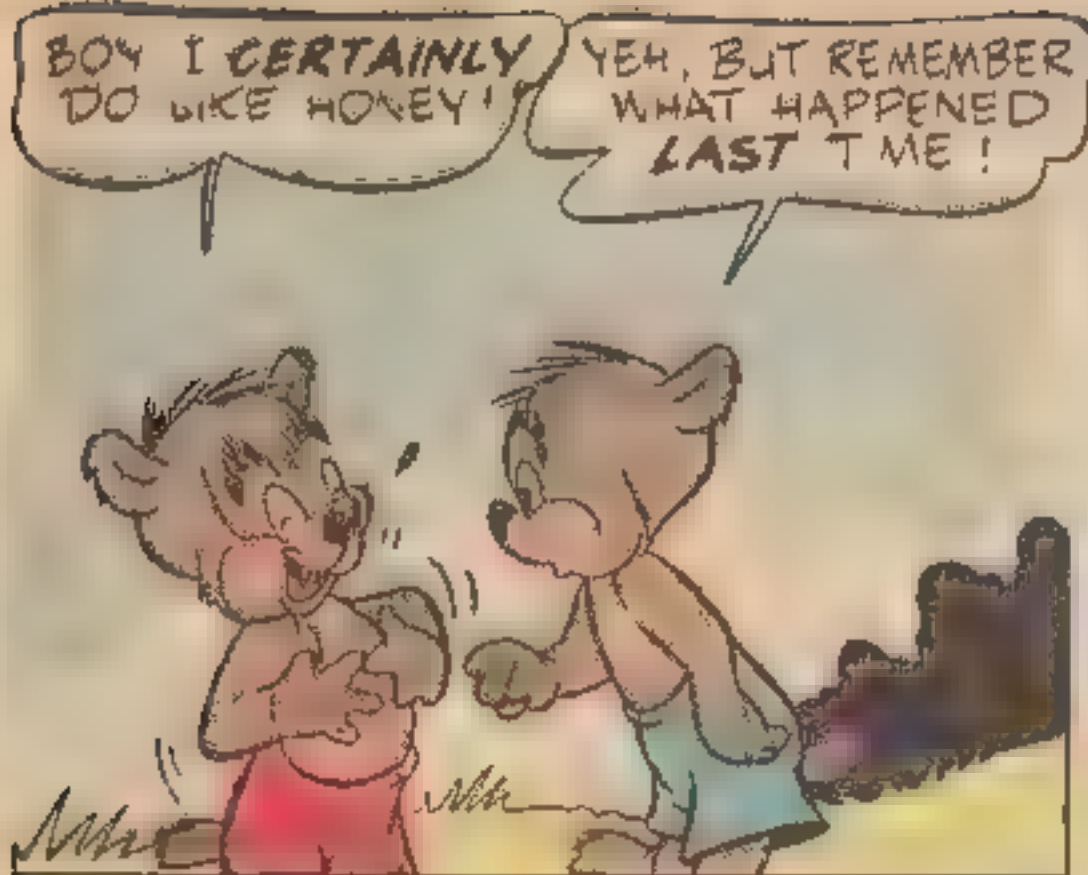
# fuzzy and wuzzy



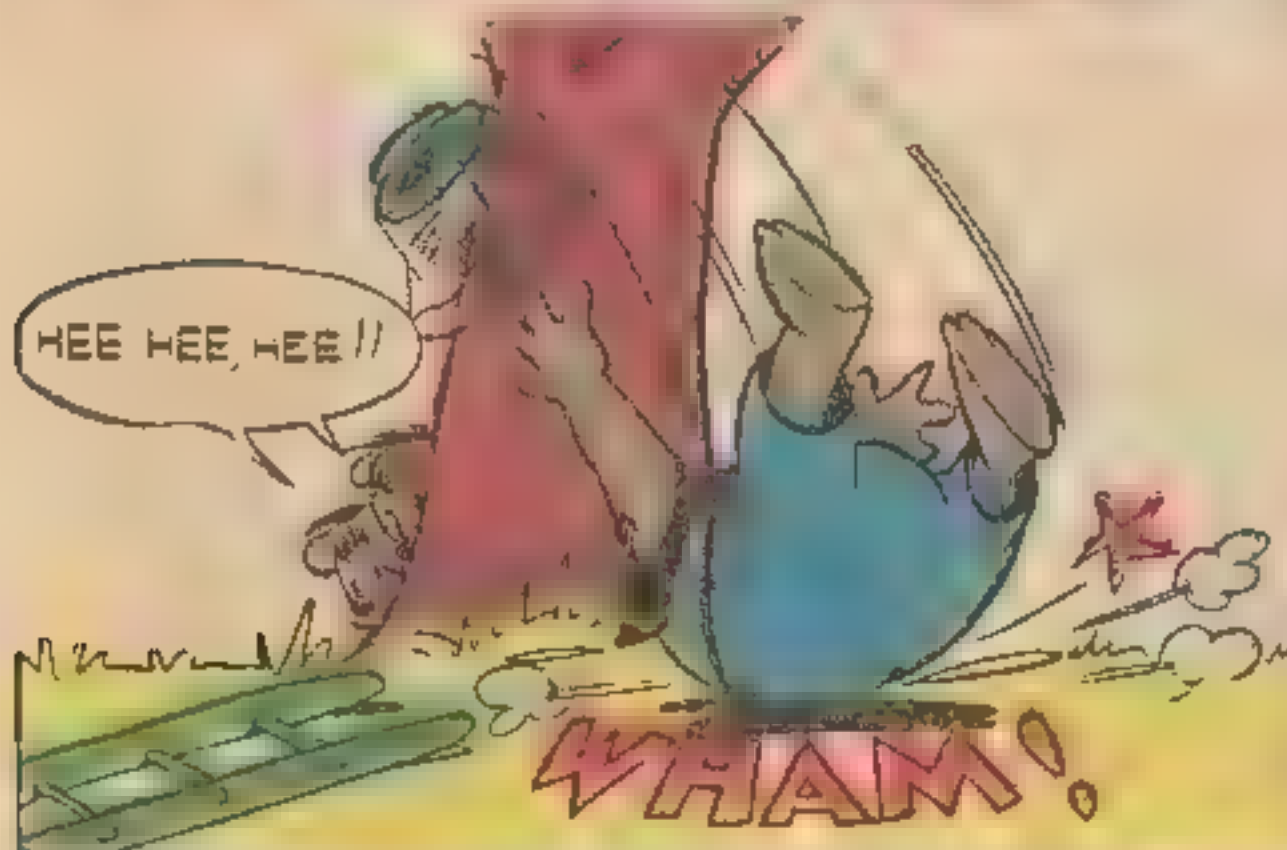
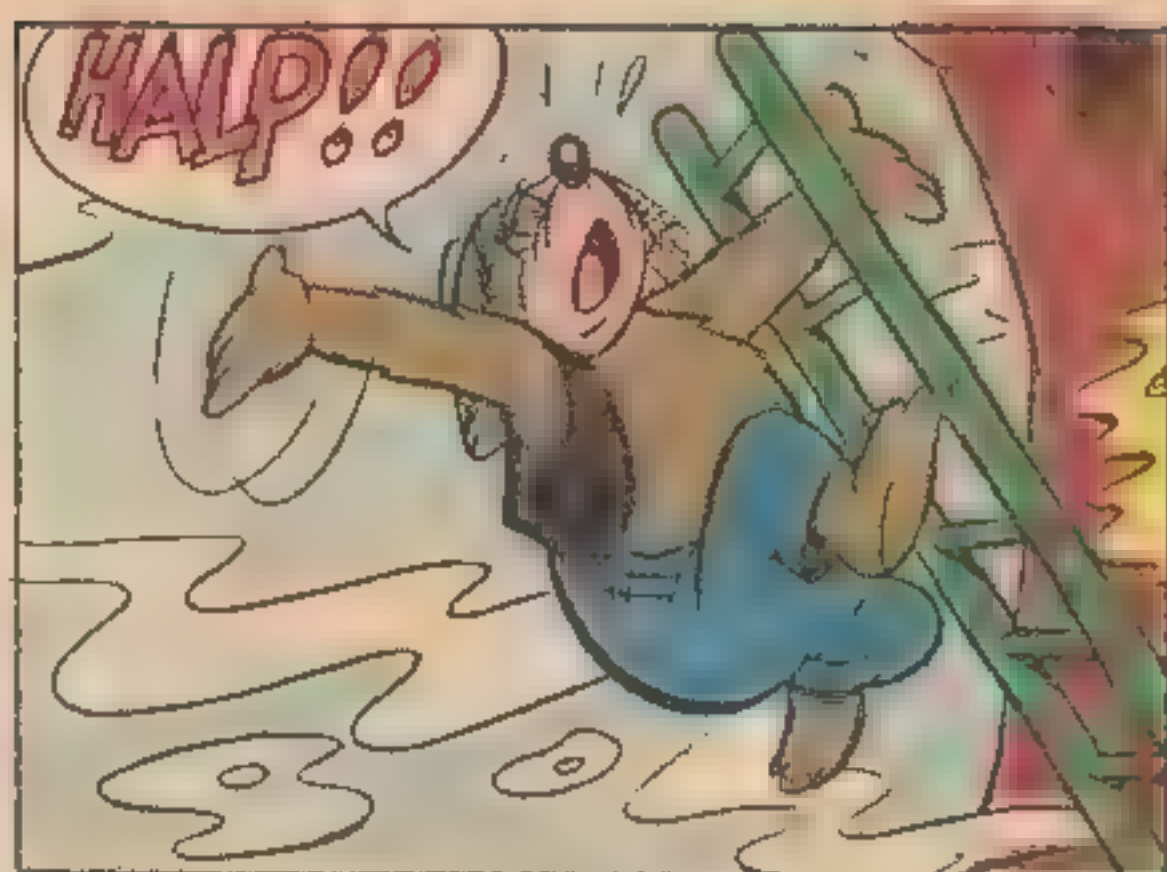




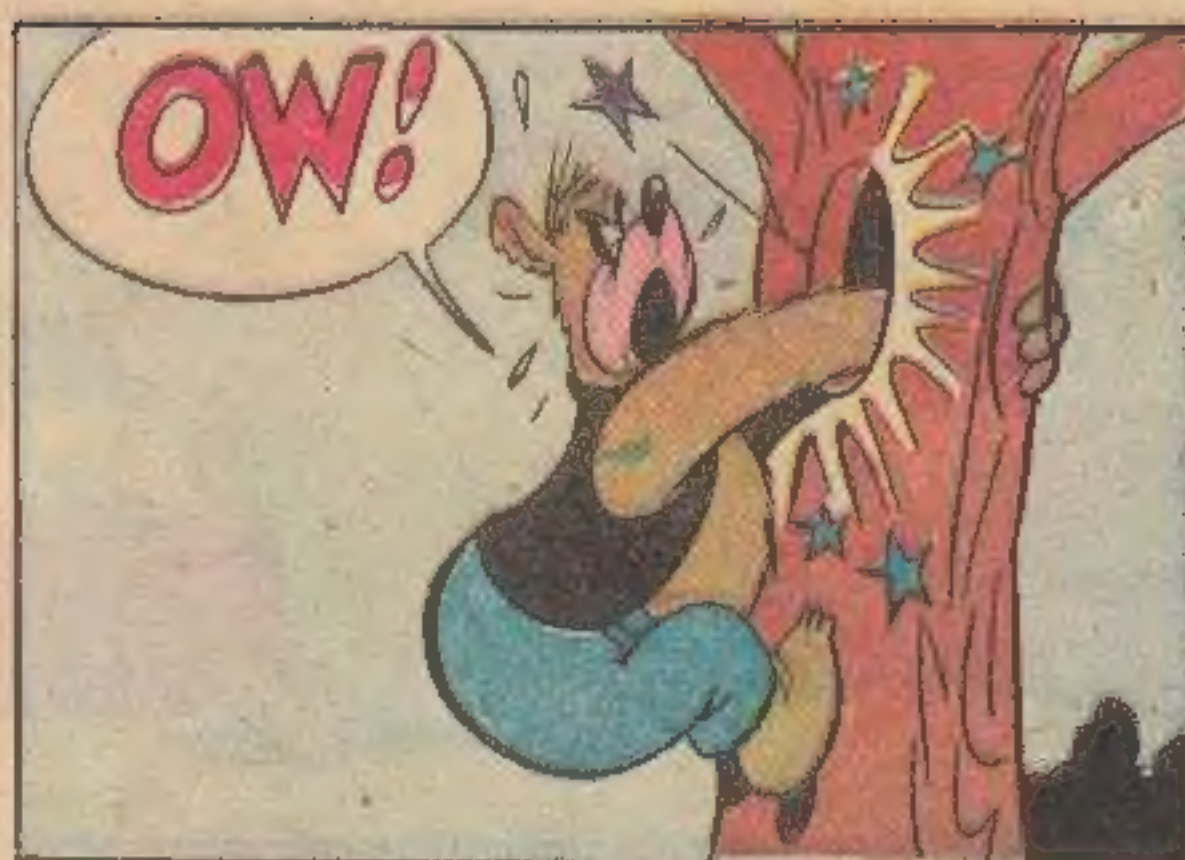




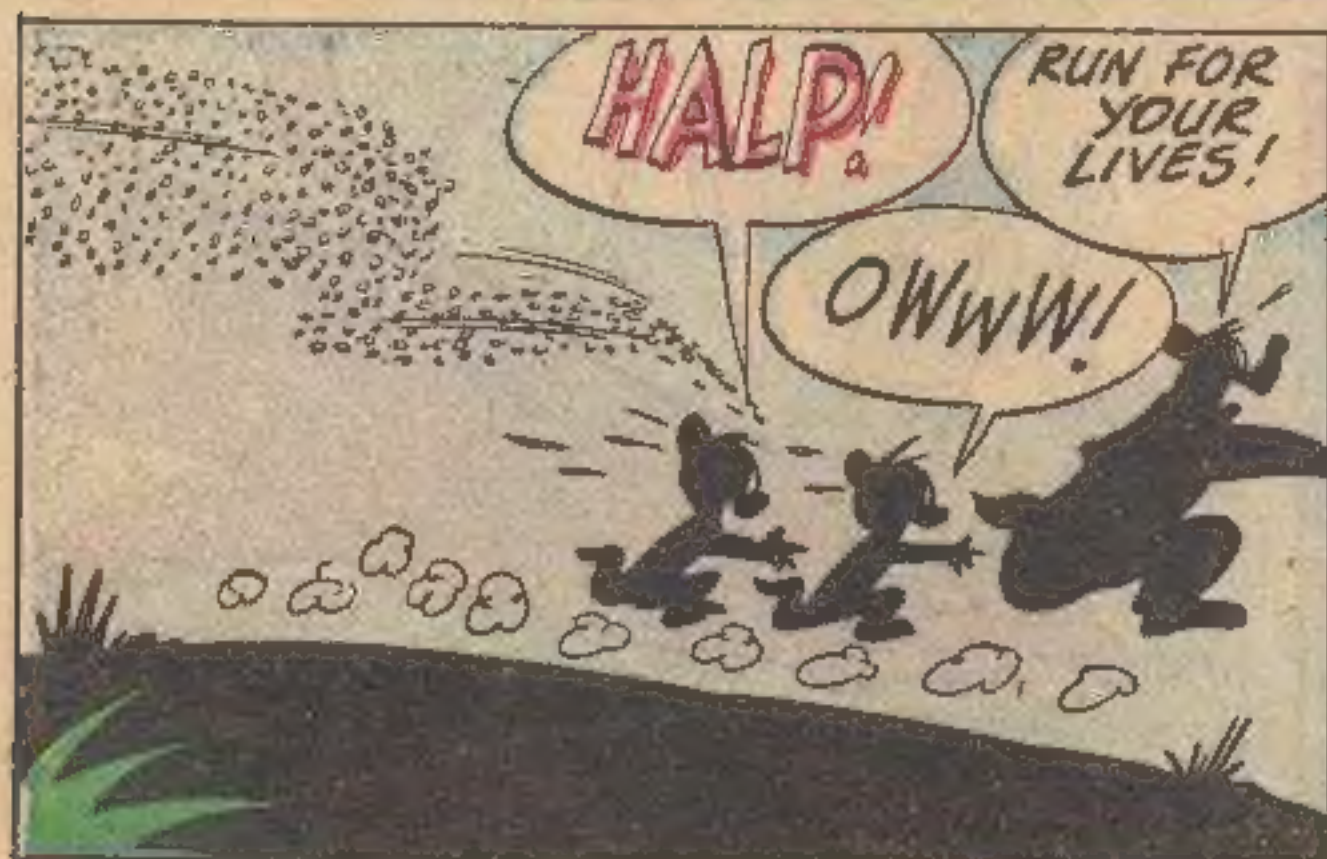






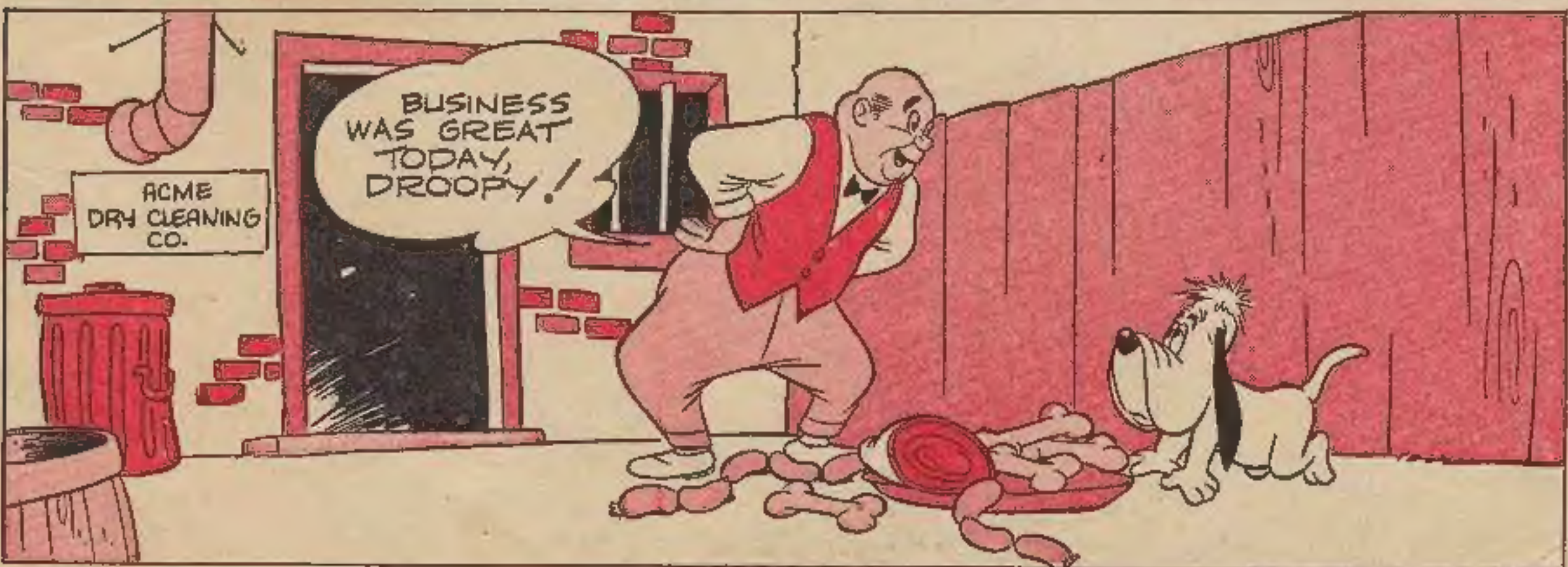
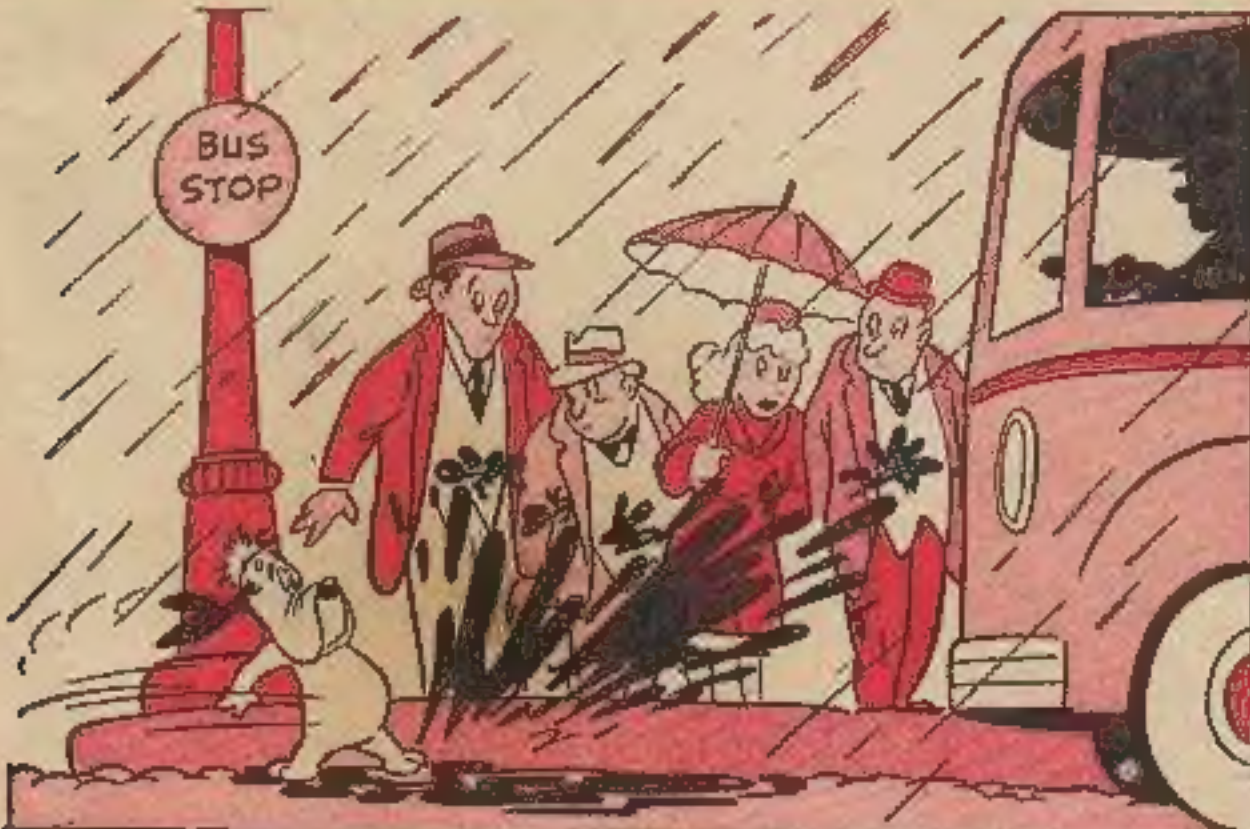
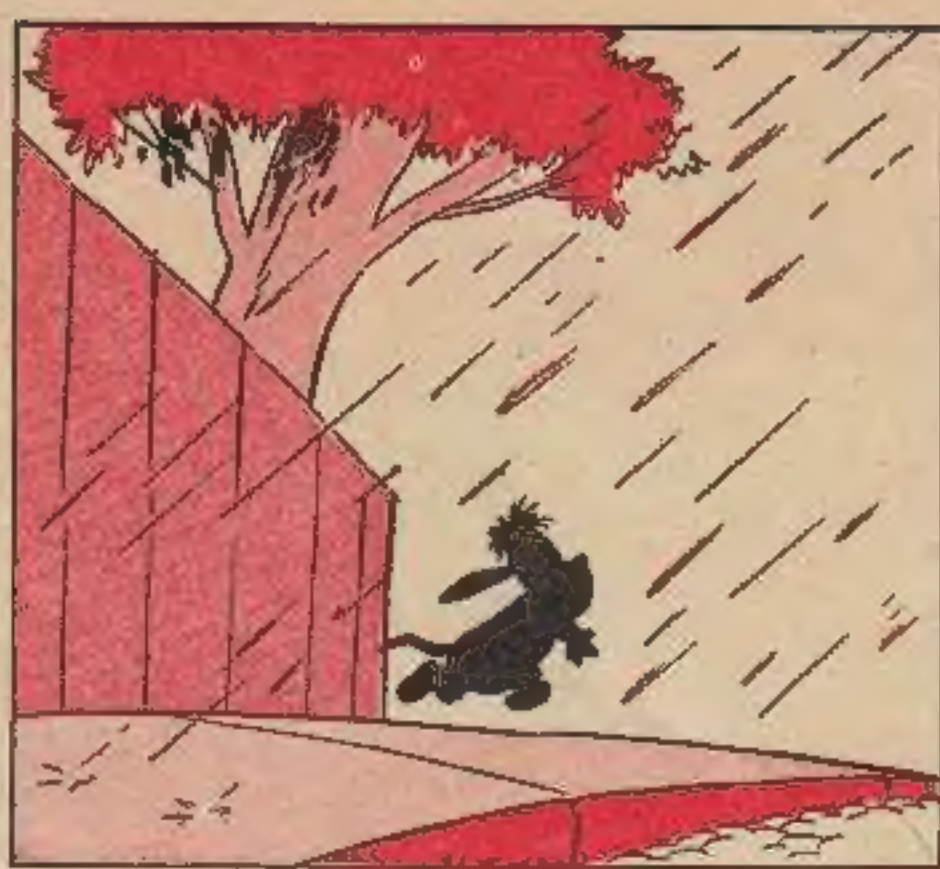








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